THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Garfield Visits Norman Rockwell Museum

Dance for Exercise

Dinner with the President

Caribbean Sun Spots

Andy Rooney

Increasing Danger of Tubal Pregnancies

Terry Cummings

Medical Mystery

Garfield's Jim Davis

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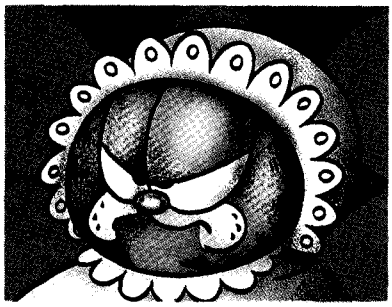
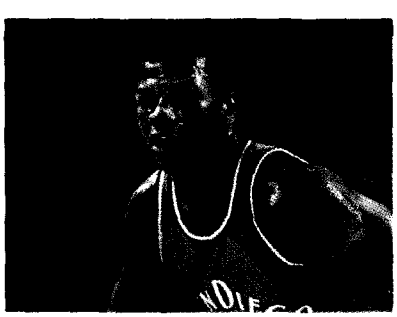


Picture This—Garfield pawing his way into 14 of Norman Rockwell's most famous *Post* covers. **44**

A White House Dinner—serves up an opportunity to chat with the President about his robust health. **60**

Steubenville's Salmonella Epidemic—If food wasn't the culprit, what could have caused it? **28**



Slam-dunking Preacher—Terry Cummings says when his basketball days are over he'll head straight for the pulpit. **70**

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TABLE OF CONTENTS, NOVEMBER 1984 Vol. 256, No. 8

FICTION

Three Times Around ..... *John Marke Smith* 56
Ride a Golden Horse, Part I ..... *Stewart Toland* 66

FEATURES

Elevators Floor Me ..... *Andrew A. (Andy) Rooney* 14
Unstuffing Thanksgiving ..... *Helen Hosier* 18
Dancing for Fun and Fitness ..... *Marian K. DeMyer, M.D.* 22
Stumped in Steubenville (Medical Mystery) ..... *Berton Roueché* 28
The Many Facets of Andy Rooney 42
Garfield Gets in the Picture ..... *Garfield* 44
Jim Davis: He's Got the World by the Tail ..... *Holly G. Miller* 52
Dinner with the President ..... *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 60
The Remarkable Rebound of Terry Cummings ..... *Alan Steinberg* 70

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Post People 12
Vets on Pets: Winterize Your Dog ..... *H. Ellen White, D.V.M.* 26
Post Scripts 34
Adventures of the Mind:
Making Science Work ..... *Lewis Thomas, M.D.* 36
Humor: One of Those Days—All Week ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 54
Religion: Terry Cummings ..... *Alan Steinberg* 70
Food: The Scoop on Potatoes ..... *Randal Fleet* 84
Travel: Warming Up to the Caribbean 90
Cartoons: Brass Tactics 106
Medical Mailbox: Ectopic Pregnancy ..... *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 108
Money Talk ..... *H.J. Ullmann* 112

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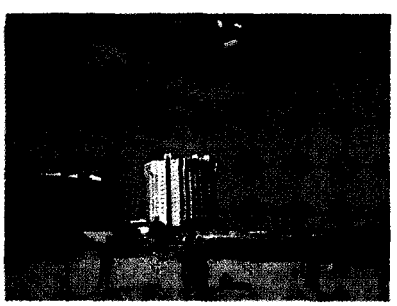
Dancing to Win—Once a world-wide craze, ballroom dancing has become a highly competitive sport for thousands of couples. **22**

The Scientific Method—After 300 years it's time to vote on whether we should go on with it or not. **36**



Around the Caribbean—Go where you will, you can't escape the sunny weather, sandy beaches and crystal-clear water. **90**

Andy Rooney on Elevators—and off elevators, and waiting for elevators. **14**

A Pig in a Poke—Is the last battle of the Civil War over a swine or a sweetheart? **56**

Letters

Good Food! Good Day!

Each issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* is better than the one before. Keep on keeping on.

Can you send me a succinct high-lysine, low-arginine diet? A list of low-arginine foods would suffice.

Paul Harvey News
Chicago, Illinois

For you, we'll write a whole book on the subject. In the meantime, succinctly, foods highest in arginine are: hazel nuts, Brazil nuts, peanuts, almonds, cocoa powder and peanut butter.

Galactosemia

Your article in the Jan./Feb. '84 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* entitled, "A Mentally Retarded Baby Is Forever," prompted State Representative Bill Grimsley and me to introduce a resolution which encouraged galactosemia testing in North Carolina. As you know, our state does not have a mandatory testing program for hypothyroidism or phenylketonuria (PKU), but we do have a statewide *voluntary* testing program for these disorders. Our voluntary testing rate for hypothyroidism and PKU among *all* newborns in this state is ninety-seven percent (97%). With this excellent statistic in mind, and the compelling logic of your article, the North Carolina General Assembly adopted a resolution that encouraged the inclusion of a test for galactosemia in our voluntary testing program.

In your article you stated, "The best way to get a law passed requiring that all newborns be tested for galactosemia in your own state is to write to your own state representative and state senator asking them to introduce a bill." Thanks to your excellent article, this is no longer necessary in North Carolina—keep up the good work.

J.L. (Joe) Mavretic
North Carolina General Assembly

Raise the Flag

RE: "I Am the American Flag," by Dr. Robert H. Schuller. The subject article in the July/August issue

continued on following page

EDITORIAL
Cory SerVaas, M.D., *Editor and Publisher*
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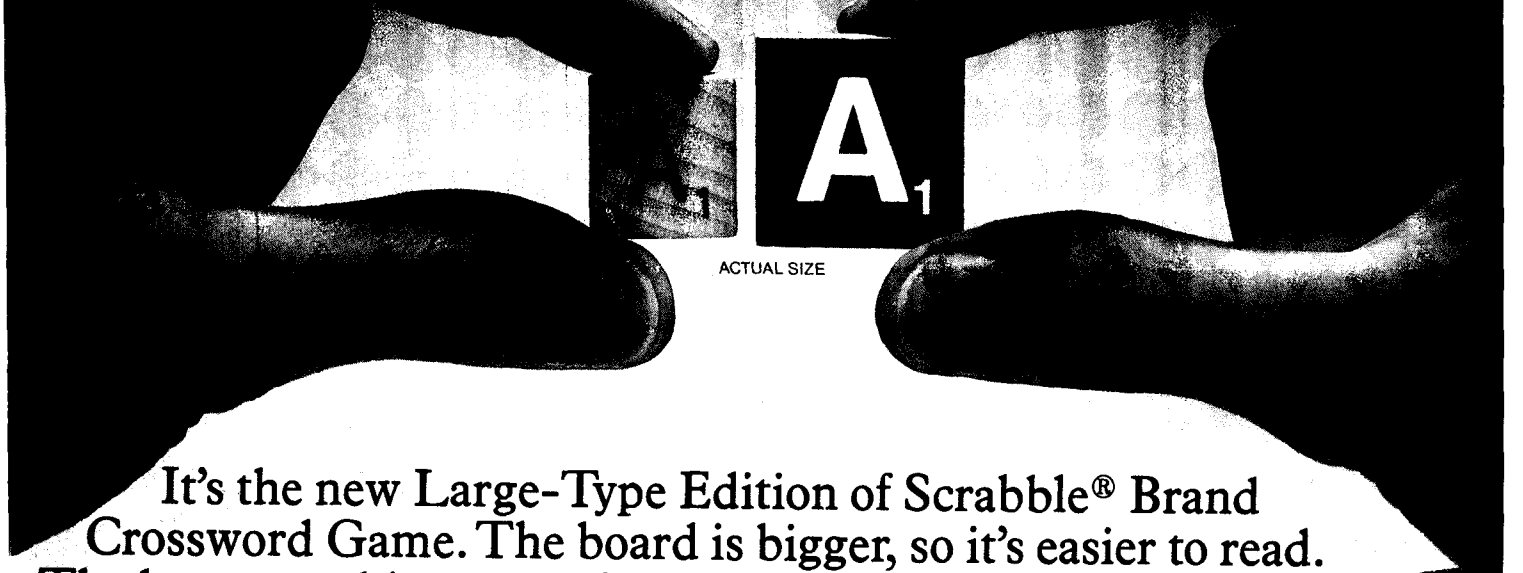

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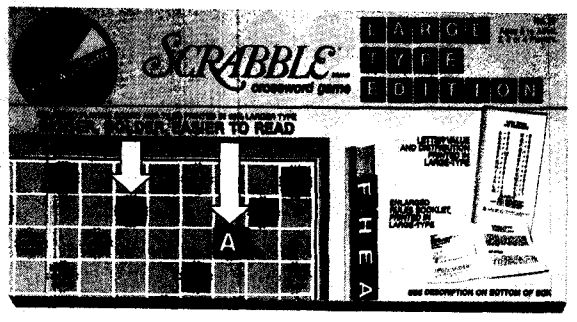

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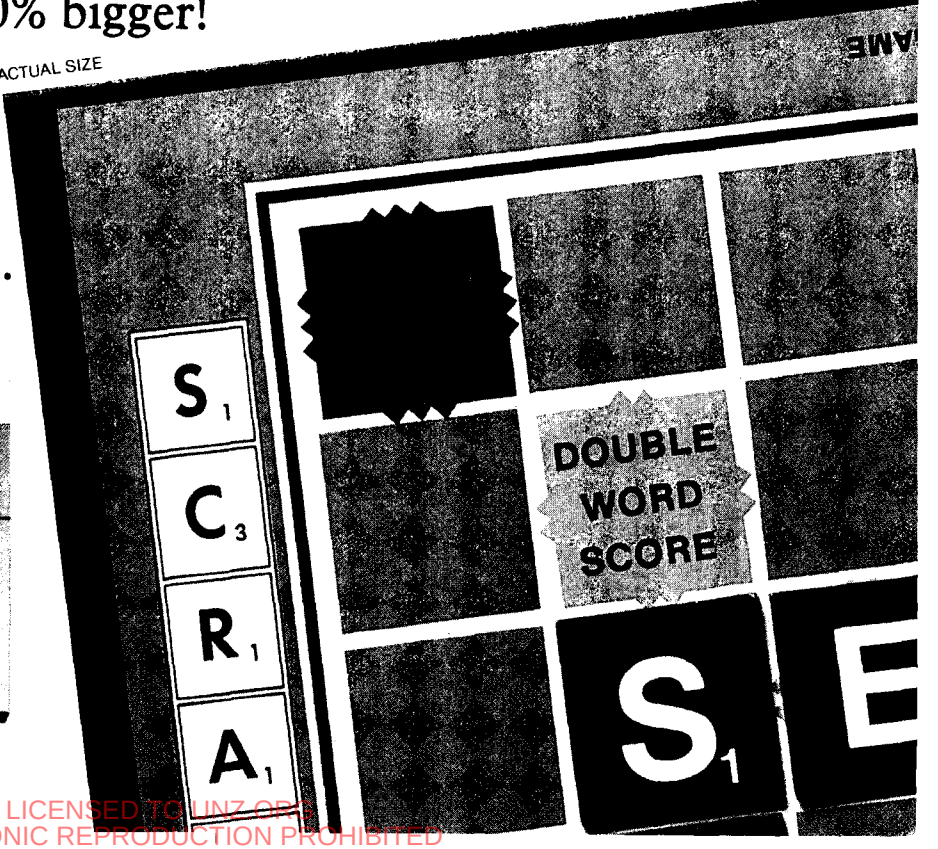

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beginning on page 30 is one of the finest articles I have ever read.

May we have your permission to duplicate it verbatim in our Better Business Bureau Beehive?

I look forward to making this timely article the outstanding American topic of our publication.

W.J. "Duke" Duecker
Stockton, California

Cancer Alumna

As a three-year alumna of the Breast Cancer Study at the National Institute of Health-National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland, I would like to comment on your article in the July/Aug. issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

It is everything your article claims it to be and more.

I live in a small community where most women who discover a lump in their breast are encouraged to have immediate surgery, without a second opinion.

With the knowledge and help of a daughter who cared about my health and well-being, I was given the opportunity to seek such an opinion from the wonderful and understanding staff in the Breast Cancer clinic at NIH. Being randomized, my treatment fell into the lumpectomy-radiation category.

Everyone is made to feel like a member of a large family. From the smiling face of R.N. Catherine Gorrell to the guard who admits you to the parking garage, you are made to feel at home.

I am fortunate enough to live within 100 miles of Bethesda and commute for my regular, three-month follow-up examinations, tests and X-rays.

I am told that I will be seen for at least ten years after surgery, maybe even as long as I live. I am 58 years old.

For anyone who has the need for this service, I would strongly recommend contacting Dr. Peggie Findlay or Catherine Gorrell, who would give you all the information necessary for a consultation.

Again, thanks for your splendid article on a subject I am very familiar with.

Mrs. J.M. Kuhn
Hanover, Pennsylvania

Cystic Fibrosis

I have enjoyed and learned many interesting findings from your current articles concerning various diseases that research and medicine are endeavoring to control.

One genetic disease that has received some prominence lately is cystic fibrosis. This disease has a high child-mortality rate, but a growing number of people with this disease are entering adulthood and even marrying.

I'm writing to ask you if your society would consider writing an article about this disease. The many new findings in this field will make it possible for many more children to live longer lives and become educated and successful parents.

As a married cystic-fibrosis parent, I'm sure your article would benefit many families.

Stanley Jakubowicz
Binghamton, New York

Could you tell me if you have any information on the disease called interstitial cystitis?

I understand many have been diagnosed as having the disease. Many have all of the symptoms, but have not been diagnosed as having it.

To have it is to suffer intolerably and endlessly without much help from any source.

Do you know of any research that is going on regarding the painful disease?

I watch you on the "700 Club" and send for many of your offers, and I enjoy you so much, as I do all of their programs. I think Pat is just 'super' and I can thank him for being "born again."

Thank you, Dr. SerVaas, for any information that you can give me.

Mrs. Marion E. Ivy
San Diego, California

Fit and Fiber, Y'all

I read your article in the Sept. '84 *SatEvePost*, p. 12, on "High Fiber with a Southern Accent." I especially noted in paragraph five that a high-fiber diet can help shed pounds. Since we are bombarded with diets (most of them harmful), could you recommend one that, if followed faithfully, would help shed these extra miserable pounds.

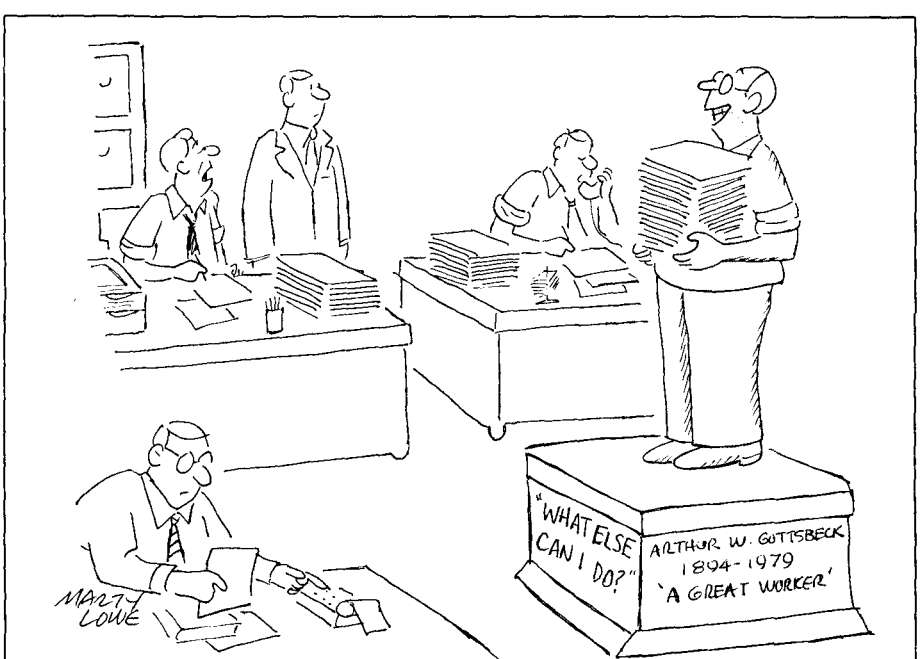
Mrs. E. Plass
Chicago, Illinois

Ed. note: Please read "Lose Fat With Fiber," SatEvePost, *September '83 issue.*

Allergy and Arthritis

I read with a great deal of interest many of the health ideas in *The Saturday Evening Post* and deeply appreciate your magazine's devotion to increasing our awareness of health problems. However, I must have missed the article in April 1984, "Arthritis—Are Food Allergies an Answer?" and have passed the magazine on to my local beauty shop.

I have arthritis and would appreciate someone sending me the list of the



"He's supposed to be our inspiration."

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six suspect foods James Coburn's article had. I also have high blood pressure under medicine control, but if you have ideas on foods, etc., that cause more stress, etc., I would appreciate that. I know about coffee, and have quit that, but perhaps some foods are worse than others.

Please keep the articles on ways to improve our health. I am learning a whole new way of life—all at 52! My parents lived to their mid-80s, but without a lot of help and knowledge. I doubt my generation will be so lucky.

Again, thank you and your fine staff for all your work and research.

Mrs. James R. Marcum
Lexington, Kentucky

Arouse the Public

I have my September issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* and I wish you to know that I am delighted with the article, "Emphysema: Stalking the Susceptible." I really appreciate your interest in the topic and I believe that widely disseminated knowledge to patients and hopefully to physicians will help the cause. I well recognize the personal reason you have given such special attention to emphysema and I deeply appreciate it.

If the public would be more aroused about more health problems, perhaps physicians' attitudes would follow. All too often physicians are doing patch jobs, putting on Band-Aids and putting out the fires or, alternatively, are even preoccupied by high-technology care. I have had my share of high technology and will continue with it on a limited basis, but what I really want to do is get the public oriented to health maintenance and the pursuit of happiness.

I will never be able to thank you enough for what you have done for the emphysema cause!

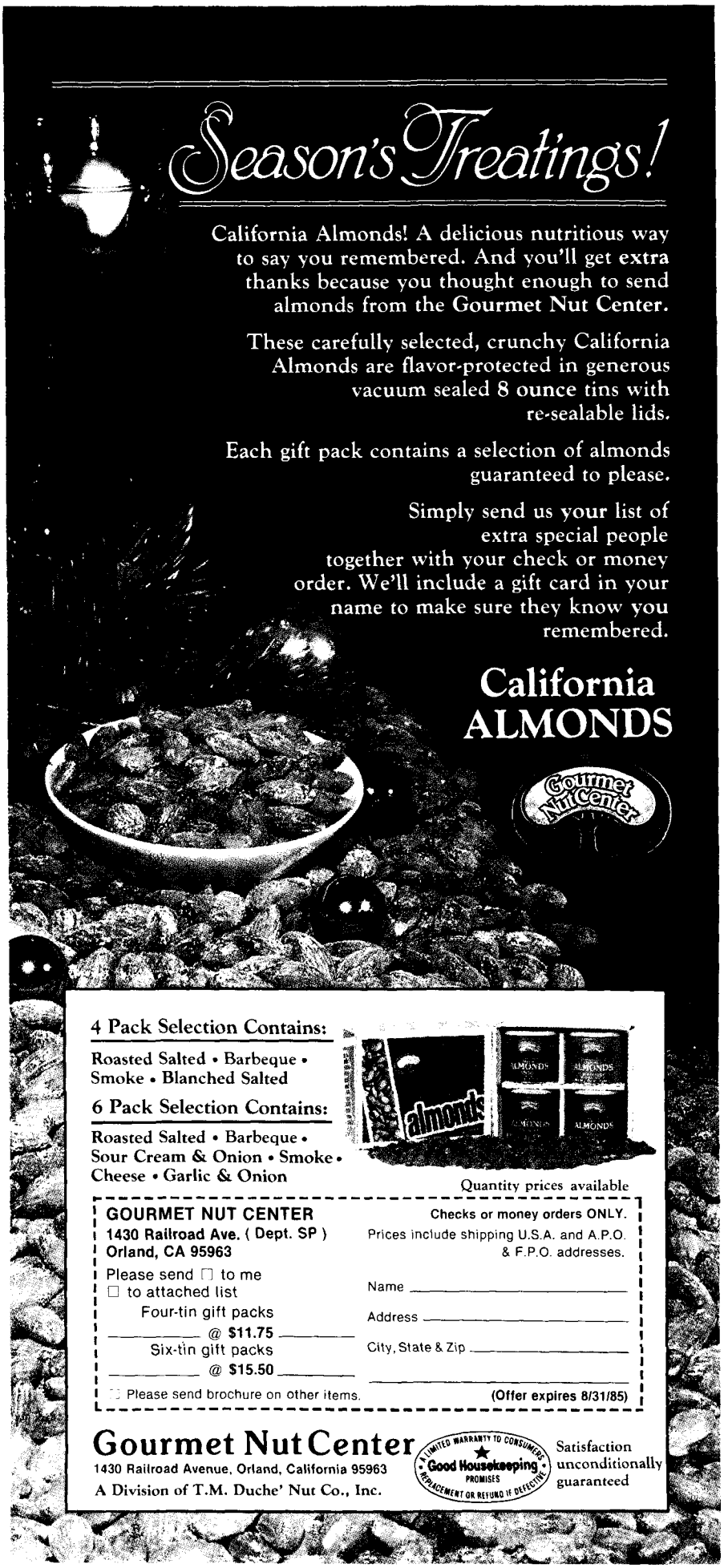
Thomas L. Petty, M.D.
Director, Webb-Waring Lung Institute

I want to thank you for printing the two articles on emphysema in the September issue of the *Post*.

I only wish that publications like the *Post* had done this type of writing over the years. But then, years ago, we did not have many facts that are available today that document the hazards of smoking.

In addition to my position with the Arizona Lung Association, I have the

continued on page 10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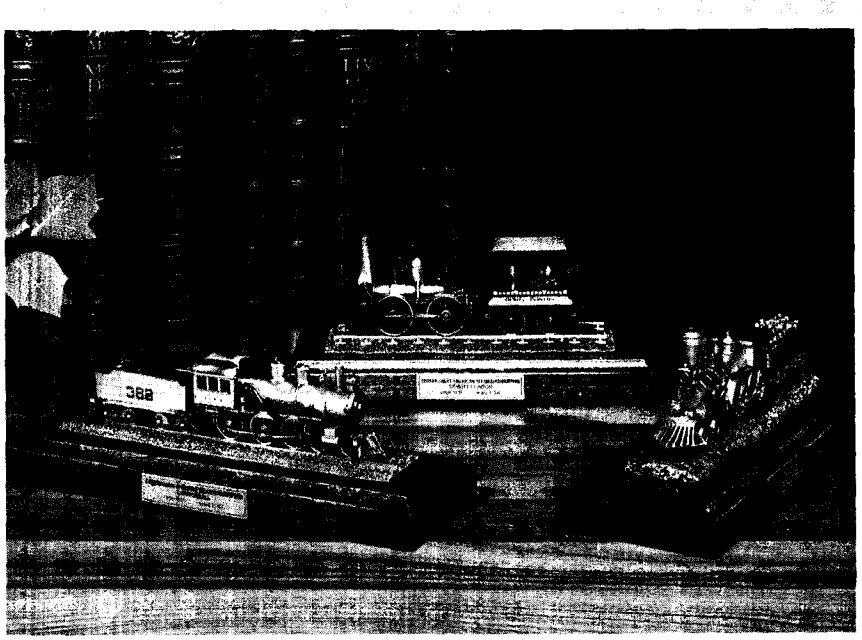

Shown above are three of the steam locomotives in one of the many ways you might display them in your home or office.

In the golden age of steam locomotives, bustling railroad yards teemed with passengers who were to make, in mere days, trips that had once required months. Looming over the passengers were the giant engines themselves, towering "iron horses" that propelled America into a new age. Now the Danbury Mint invites you to come "all aboard" with twelve beautiful pewter replicas honoring America's greatest steam locomotives!

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Also, the Union Pacific Number 119 which was present at the famous "Golden Spike" ceremony completing the transcontinental railroad. From the "Hiawatha" to the "Chattanooga Choo Choo," all these trains represent the irrepressible ambition and drive of the pioneering American!

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wood display stand that further enhances its presence in any setting. Whether placed on a desk, a table or a bookshelf, each locomotive and stand will quickly draw the admiration of friends and family alike.

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Even if you could find comparable replicas in stores, it is unlikely you could get them for this price. But this unique and exciting collection of twelve great American steam locomotives is not available anywhere else – it can be obtained only from the Danbury Mint.

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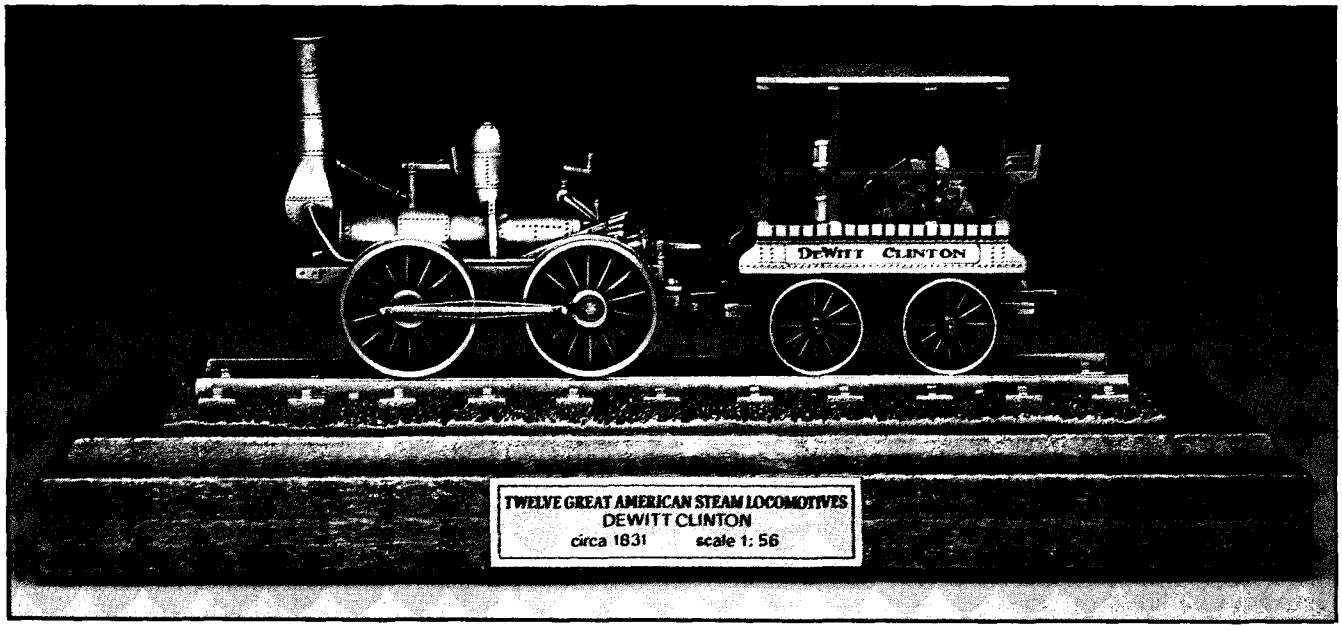
To reserve your collection, you need send no money now. You will receive a replica every three months, and you will be billed for each one in three convenient monthly installments of $30 each. You can charge each monthly installment to your VISA or MasterCard account. If you should receive any replica you are not satisfied with, you may return it upon receipt for replacement or refund.

Please act promptly

Now, with this handsome collection, your imagination can ride in the engineer's seat of the great old locomotives. To begin your journey, please return your reservation application today!



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Impressive size allows for incredible detail

The precise detail of these replicas lends them an unprecedented realism. Because of the replicas' exceptional size and weight – some measure up to ten inches long, and contain well over a pound of solid American pewter – the artisans could faithfully capture many fine details not found on other train replicas. Not only the locomotives, but the tenders as well as the railroad tracks, have been sculpted with meticulous historical accuracy.

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Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for initial shipment.

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unfortunate situation of having a mother who was recently diagnosed as having emphysema. You can't say, "I told you so," but you are deeply saddened to think it might have been prevented.

This letter is a request to use Admiral Synhorst's article for some of our programs within our area. I would especially like to pass it to the various letter-to-the-editor columns in Arizona and possibly as a reprint to distribute at military-base hospitals in Arizona. Of course, full credit would be given to the *Post*.

Thank you for your consideration of my request and a sincere "thank you" for your concern for America's health.

Ray Agee
Arizona Lung Association

Smoke No More

I quit smoking after 20 years and within weeks found that I was allergic to even the slightest whiff of tobacco smoke. My sinuses swell, postnasal drip ensues, my contact lenses have to be removed, my throat becomes painfully inflamed and the lymph nodes in my neck swell as large as bird eggs.

My allergy has banned smoky bars and restaurants from my social life. The typical party or neighborhood get-together is also outside my tolerance. I am even forced to choose my friends among nonsmokers.

I dream of a tobacco-free planet!

Jane McClellan
Douglas, Georgia

Reader's Report Card

I decided to take the September edition and rate it as I estimate the material within. A, of course, is excellent and the alphabet will go on down from there. Letters, A; *Post* People, B; high-fiber and health articles, B (I am starting to use L-lysine); the Statlers, B; Henry & the Gold Mine, F; Heston, B; Odd Socks, F; The Bat, F; love story (Barrett), D; The Irish, D; Stoddard, F; President fitness, excellent, A; the woman, B.

I look, and have for many years, for your magazine's arrival and hopefully for a good content. I am an old reader—your paper was about the first one my husband and I took when we were married in 1927.

I offer my criticisms for what they are worth.

Mrs. Robert M. Ferguson
Scobey, Montana

A Weakness for Cats

Will you research and do an article about allergies to cats?

Recently on the Phil Donahue show a woman spoke about one of her several children who had been cranky and fussy from the start. They tried changing formulas, etc., etc., and a long time later found he had been allergic—from the day they brought him home from the hospital—to cats.

And what about Martina Navratilova, the tennis player, whose strange muscle-weakness disease a few years ago was finally diagnosed as an allergy to her cat?

And what about the business of pregnant women who are not supposed to clean cat boxes?

And I read recently that Burt Reynolds has "hypoglycemia, painful joints and chronic inner-ear infection" they can't find a cause or cure for. I wonder if he's around cats?

. . .the reason I'm so interested is that one of my daughters (who has three cats and is a cat-lover) has hypoglycemia, muscle weakness, fatigue. Her diet helps but doesn't cure. I know it is hard to talk "reasonableness" to real cat fanciers, but could someone on your staff do some real research on this? It might be an eye-opener to us and possibly do some real good.

Lois Harvey
Merriam, Kansas

No Smoke in the Temple

I respond to the letter from Robert G. Schipf (October letters). Speaking of being a silly ass, I'm sure lots of us qualify and all of us have our own opinions on smoking, being a Christian and many subjects, but 1 Cor. 6:19 does tell us that our body is a temple where the Holy Spirit dwells and the Bible does indicate that we are to keep our bodies as a fit place where the Spirit of God may dwell; but I can't find any verse that says to smokers, nonsmokers, Christians or non-Christians to just be as good as most folks in general, as your letter says.

Marie Wilson
Springville, Indiana

Ap-pair-ent Solution

Just a note to Dr. Donald Van Liere regarding missing socks and handkerchiefs.

I, too, suspected consumption of handkerchiefs or something until I started to think.

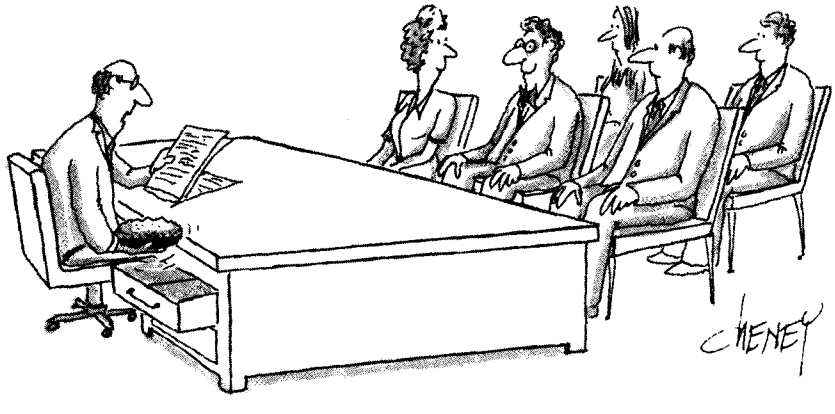
So—I searched through two or three closets, various drawers, checking rear pockets of trousers, work pants, shorts, etc., and lo and behold I resurrected three dozen handkerchiefs in various stages of laundry need. He might try it!

G.G. Harnwell
Onalaska, Wisconsin

Or Did the Dutch?

I want to express my appreciation for David Sisson's article "Did the Irish Discover America?" in the September '84 issue of your magazine. My only frustration with the article is my desire to know more. I would very much appreciate it if you or Mr. Sisson could let me know where I could read some of the scholarly literature on the subject. Thanks!

Rev. D. Gregory Van Dussen
Bergen, New York



"And to my nephew, Willis, who never failed to surprise me with a practical joke at every occasion. . ."

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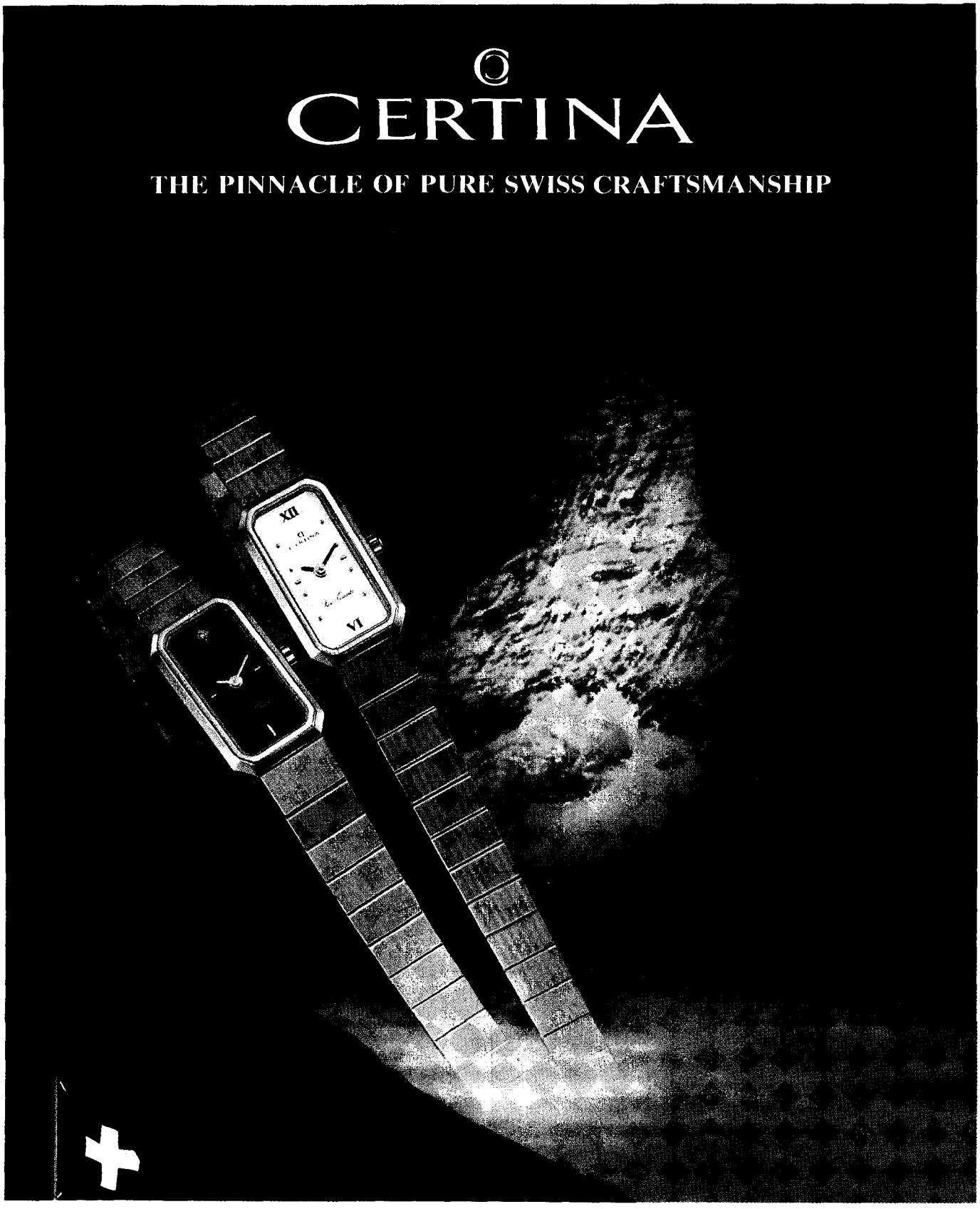
CERTINA

THE PINNACLE OF PURE SWISS CRAFTSMANSHIP



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Post People

Steven Cloud

When the bride is an only daughter of ***Rich DeVos*** (above), president of Amway Corporation, the wedding promises to be special. In a church resplendent with flowers, a symphony orchestra providing music for the mothers to cry by, Cheri became the bride of Robert Vander Wiede. Since the groom is a builder of homes in the Grand Rapids area, where the happy couple will live is not a problem.

Holly Coors

She is a little too young for the 1984 elections; nevertheless the Republicans can likely count on her vote, if not her presidential candidacy, early in the next century. Her name is ***Lauren Pierce Bush,*** the daughter of Neil and Sharon Bush. And you might recognize the couple congratulating her after her baptism in Denver, Colorado: the proud grandparents, Barbara and Vice President George Bush.

After writing 383 books about chaste heroines who do not surrender their virtue until the very last page, ***Barbara Cartland*** has taken an hour off to write a 1,200-word children's fantasy with pop-up pages. In the plot, royal jelly, the essence of honey on which a queen bee feeds, plays an important part, as it does in keeping this 83-year-old British writer looking more like one of her heroines.

For award-winning singer ***Crystal Gayle***, the "eyes" have it. Her first single for Decca Records, "I've Cried the Blue Right Out of My Eyes," reached the top 25. Her breakthrough hit, "Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue," became No. 1 on the charts. Quite a switch for a shy girl whose mother had to haul her out of the closet to sing for visitors. Her older sister—Loretta Lynn—might also have been an influence.

Robert Silvers

Meeting ***Peter and Arlyne Kladder*** is a real Dutch treat. He is the energetic chairman and chief executive officer of Zondervan Corporation, which recently acquired Revel Publishing Company. She is a nurse. If you have added the new International Bible to your library or bought religious books from any one of the 87 Family Book Stores around the country, you have been a Zondervan customer. One son a CPA, another son a practicing lawyer, a third son in law school, one daughter a registered nurse, still another daughter a violinist, the Kladder clan pretty well covers the fields of business and entertainment.

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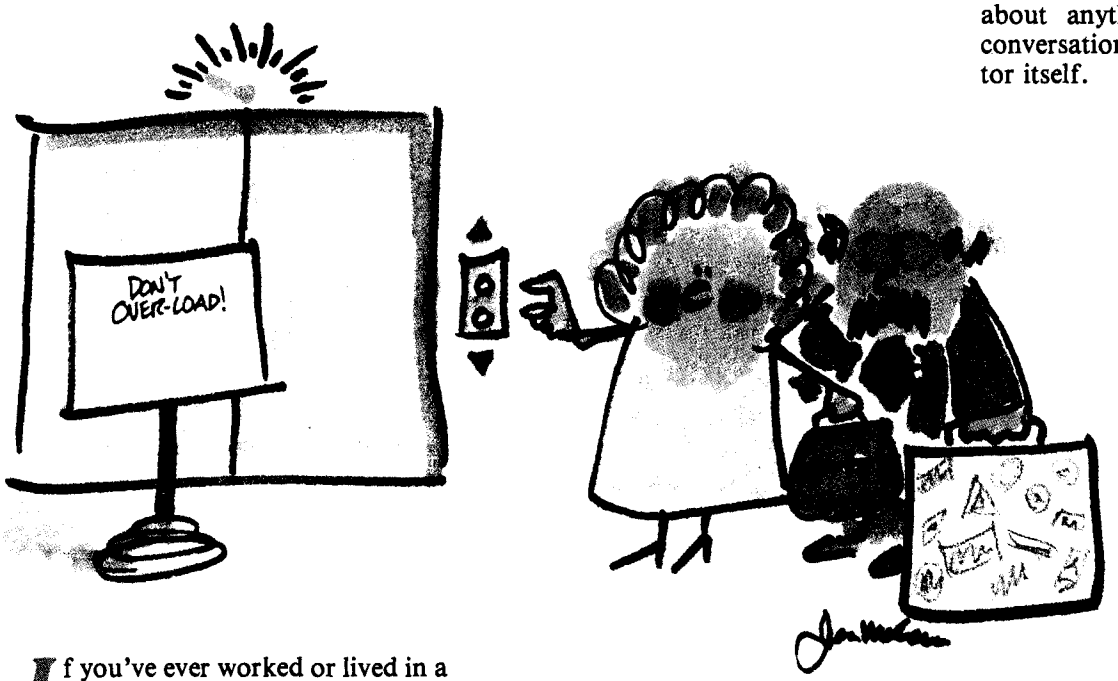
ELEVATORS FLOOR ME

Just waiting to step into that small box that goes up and down on strings can give a person a phobia.

by Andrew A. Rooney



If you've ever worked or lived in a building where you had to ride an elevator, you know that it becomes part of your life. It's been as much a barrier between you and the ground, or the ground and your office or apartment, as an open drawbridge.

No one is ever completely comfortable in an elevator. There's something about them we don't trust. Lurking in the back of our memory is the story we once read about the 12 people who were stuck between the seventh and eighth floors for nine hours. We look around, imagining what it would be like to be stuck with the people now on our elevator.

There's an uncertainty in our minds about the engineering principles in an elevator. We've all had little glimpses into the dirty, dark elevator shaft and seen the greasy cables passing each other. They never look totally safe. The idea of being trapped in a small box going up and down on strings induces a kind of phobia in all of us. There we are, standing on a platform, enclosed on all six sides, that could drop to the bottom of the building in an instant if any of the strings and the emergency brakes failed.

There's a predictable sequence to the little drama of an elevator ride. If you arrive at the elevator door first and the elevator is on another floor, you press the button and stand there with absolutely nothing to do. Usually someone else arrives before the elevator does. Depending on your relationship with that person, you say nothing, nod or say hello.

Invariably, the second person, and subsequent persons who arrive, stand there for ten seconds and then step forward and press the button themselves.

I've never been sure what motivates a person to press the button when I'm already standing there. Does he think I'm so dumb I was standing there without pressing it myself?

More often I think it's just a little action that relieves the embarrassment of standing there close to another person without saying anything. It's something to do. Often it's done with an impatient gesture, designed to produce a rapport among the standees, by suggesting a mutual disapproval of the machinery.

I work on the sixth floor of a building. I know some of the elevator riders well. Others I have only that nodding acquaintance with, and some are total strangers.

I prefer riding with the strangers. Those elevator friends whose names I'm not always sure of aren't comfortable with the silence, but we don't know each other well enough to talk about anything of substance. The conversation often turns to the elevator itself.

If it stops at more than one floor, they'll say, "We've got a local here." I suppose that remark has been made in my presence in that elevator a thousand times.

Any other conversation is limited to three topics, and they begin with a question. Those are:

1. "They keepin' you busy?"
2. "What's new with you?"
3. "Is it hot (cold) enough for you?"

My inclination is to just nod and smile when these are directed at me. I don't want to be unfriendly, but I'm not going to make a fool of myself by answering a question that wasn't really meant to be one.

Escalators have always been more fun than elevators, although most women approach them gingerly. Years ago I talked to a hotel architect named William Tabler who had just designed a new Hilton in New York. He'd put in lots of elevators, but he'd connected three meeting-room floors with escalators.

"They're really slower even if you have to wait for the elevator," he said, "but people like to be moving."

This week I've decided to get in shape by walking up and down the six flights in my building. It's something I've decided to do three or four times a year for the last ten years. My resolve disappears in a few days in a fit of heavy breathing, and I go back to the elevator.

"60 Minutes" humorist Andy Rooney's latest book is *Pieces of My Mind*, published by Atheneum.

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When you Search for the Necklace on Search for Tomorrow*

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Liza Sentell (Sherry Mathis) is a leading character on **Search for Tomorrow**, one of America's favorite daytime television serials. Check your local daytime listing for time and station.

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OCT 22	OCT 23	OCT 24	OCT 25	OCT 26
OCT 29	OCT 30	OCT 31	NOV 1	NOV 2
NOV 5	NOV 6	NOV 7	NOV 8	NOV 9

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UNSTUFFING THANKSGIVING

You don't have to stuff yourself or the turkey either to have the best Thanksgiving meal you've ever eaten.

by Helen Hosier

"Turkey Day"—that's what my children called Thanksgiving when they were little. The noble bird, stuffed, steaming and golden brown, was always the center of attention at the groaning board. Today, turkey with the trimmings is a tradition we all like to maintain, but busy modern working families' schedules cause many a cook to groan even before sitting down to the table. When, for example, will there be time to stuff the turkey. . .to do all those things that need to be done to make the feast complete?

Is it possible to balance tradition with a smaller expenditure of time and money? We often overextend our stomachs and our budgets both on Thanksgiving by indulging in too many foods with extra calories that a family doesn't really need. So how about unstuffing Thanksgiving this year? Let Turkey Day be a day of liberation for the cook and the calorie counter. Here is our proposal for a traditional, colorful and delicious feast.

We begin with a tasty turkey, as succulent, juicy and tender as any grandma ever made. And we'll have dressing, too. Oh yes, indeed—old-fashioned corn-bread "stuffing"—only baked in a covered casserole instead of in the bird. The dressing will be made from whole-grain, high-lysine corn meal that's tastier than regular corn meal and contains a greater proportion of corn germ, the part removed from commercial meal to extend shelf life.

Let's also have a tasty Broccoli-Cashew Casserole and Carrot-Salad Extraordinaire served individually on lettuce-leaf cups in a display of harvest colors. Dessert, anyone? Well, if you must, since it is a holiday, we will make a concession—a yummy, fluffy apricot cheese pie. And instead of pumpkin pie this year, why not opt for less calorie-laden pumpkin muffins?

A Thoroughly Modern Turkey

Plan on about one pound of bird per person. For easy roasting if the turkey is frozen, leave in its plastic bag and thaw it in the refrigerator on a tray for 2-3 days; in a heavy brown paper bag at room temperature, allowing 1 hour per pound of turkey; or for faster thawing, leave in its bag and cover with cold water, changing water frequently, for 30 minutes per pound of turkey. Remove turkey from plastic bag and remove neck and giblets from body cavities. Rinse with cold water and pat dry, tuck legs into hock lock or under skin band, turn wing tips "akimbo" under back and skewer neck skin to neck. Place breast side up on rack in shallow roasting pan. Brush with melted butter. Cover with foil tent and roast in 325° F. oven. Remove foil tent for last 30 minutes of cooking and baste occasionally with mixture of melted butter, corn syrup, soy sauce and garlic salt (if you want to be different).

Approximate roasting time:

Weight Unstuffed	
8-12 lbs.	3-4 hours
12-16 lbs.	3½-5 hours
16-20 lbs.	4½-6 hours
20-24 lbs.	5½-6½ hours

Several factors affect roasting time, notably variations in ovens, shape of turkeys and degree of thawing. It is important, therefore, to begin checking for doneness about an hour before the end of the recommended roasting time. Turkey is done when roast meat thermometer registers 180-185° F., when thick part of drumstick feels soft when pressed with thumb and forefinger or when drumstick and thigh move easily.

Corn Bread Stuffing

(Makes 3 to 4 cups)

Old-fashioned corn bread, broken into crumbs (recipe below). You will need 2 to 3 cups of crumbs. Bake in a covered casserole dish.

½ cup onion, finely chopped
½ cup celery, finely chopped
½ cup corn-oil margarine, melted
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 cup soft whole-wheat bread crumbs
1 teaspoon parsley
¼ teaspoon white pepper
¼-½ cup hot water

Sauté the onion and celery in the hot margarine until the celery is almost tender. Add the corn bread, bread crumbs and seasonings and toss lightly to mix. Sprinkle the hot water over the top. If you prefer a dry stuffing,

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add ¼ cup. Increase the amount of water for a more moist dressing. Toss until blended. Taste for seasoning.

Corn Bread
(Makes 12 to 16 servings)

1 cup unbleached white flour, sifted
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup yellow corn meal
1 cup skim milk
1 egg white, beaten
¼ cup honey or maple syrup
¼ cup corn-oil margarine, melted

Preheat the oven to 425° F. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add the corn meal and stir until well mixed. In another bowl combine the milk, egg, honey or maple syrup and the melted margarine. Add the liquid to the dry ingredients and stir just until all are moistened. Pour the batter into an oiled 8-inch square baking pan and bake about 20 minutes or until done in the center and lightly browned. To test for doneness insert a toothpick or cake tester in the center. If it comes out dry the corn bread is done.

Crunchy Sweet Potato Casserole
(Makes 6 to 8 servings)

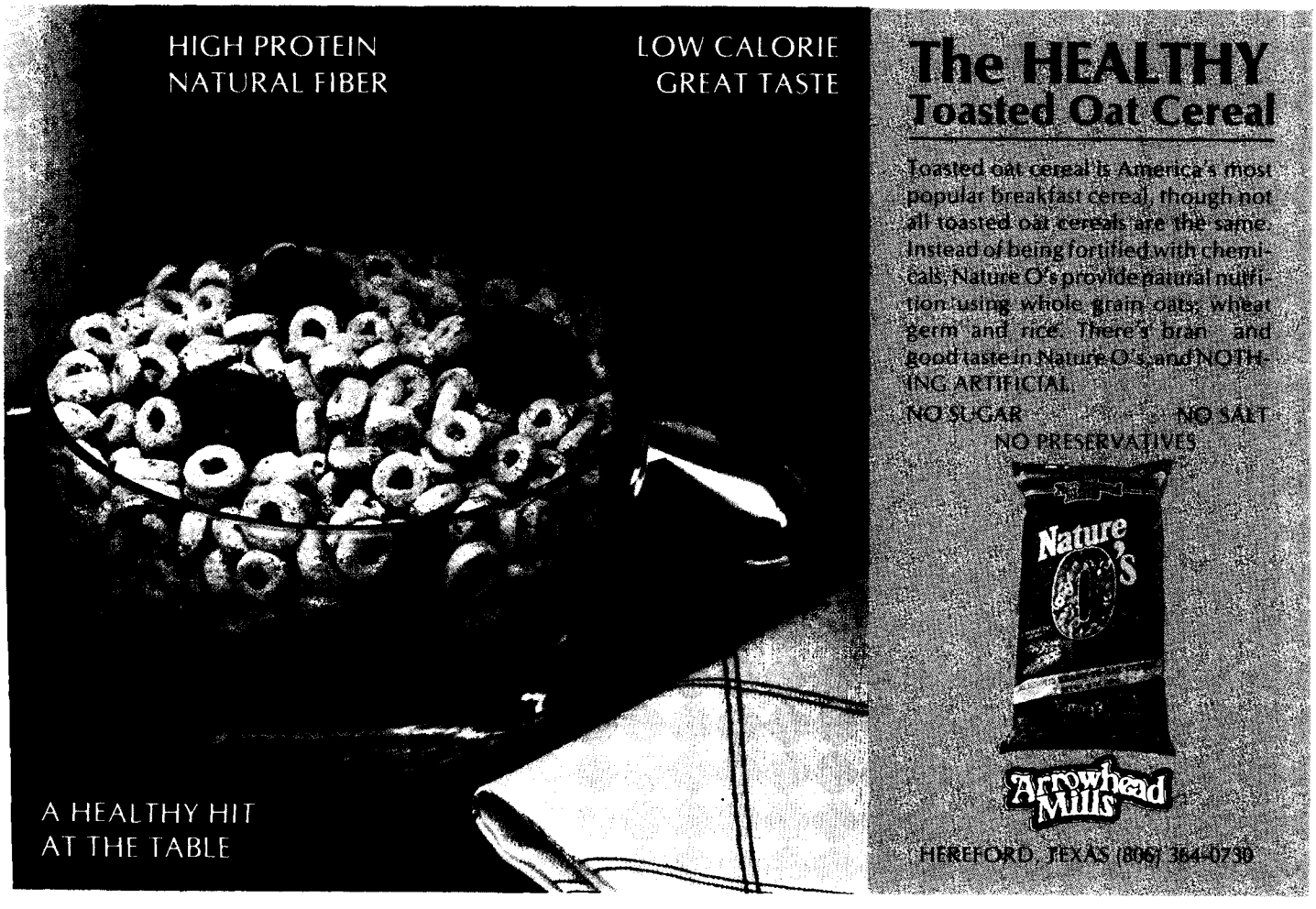
2 pounds (6-8) sweet potatoes
⅓ cup corn-oil margarine
½ cup honey or molasses (unsulfured)
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup milk
⅓ cup pecans, chopped
⅓ cup coconut, shredded
2 tablespoons unbleached flour
2 tablespoons corn-oil margarine, melted

Peel, halve and boil the potatoes in lightly salted water until soft. Drain well and mash with potato masher or with an electric beater. This should measure 4 cups. Beat in the margarine, 2 tablespoons of honey or molasses, beaten eggs and milk. When they are well blended, spread the mixture into a lightly buttered 1½- to 2-quart casserole dish. Stir together the pecans, coconut and flour. Add the rest of the honey or molasses and the melted margarine. When they are well blended, spread the mixture over the sweet potatoes. Bake for 1 hour at 325° F.

Broccoli-Cashew Casserole
(Makes 8 servings)

1 large bunch broccoli or 2 packages frozen broccoli
1 pound whole-wheat or spinach noodles
2 tablespoons corn-oil margarine
8 ounces Swiss cheese, cubed
⅓ cup whole-wheat flour
2 cups milk
¾ cup Parmesan cheese
¼ cup poppy seeds
2 egg yolks
2 cups cashews
Onion powder and pepper

If using fresh broccoli, wash carefully and cut off the thick stems. Quarter the florets and cut the tender stems in bite-size pieces. Steam lightly for 3 minutes; or thaw the frozen variety and drain well. Cook the noodles in a large kettle of boiling water for 6 to 7 minutes or just until tender. Do not overcook. Drain and rinse very briefly in cold water. Drain again and toss with the margarine. Set aside. In a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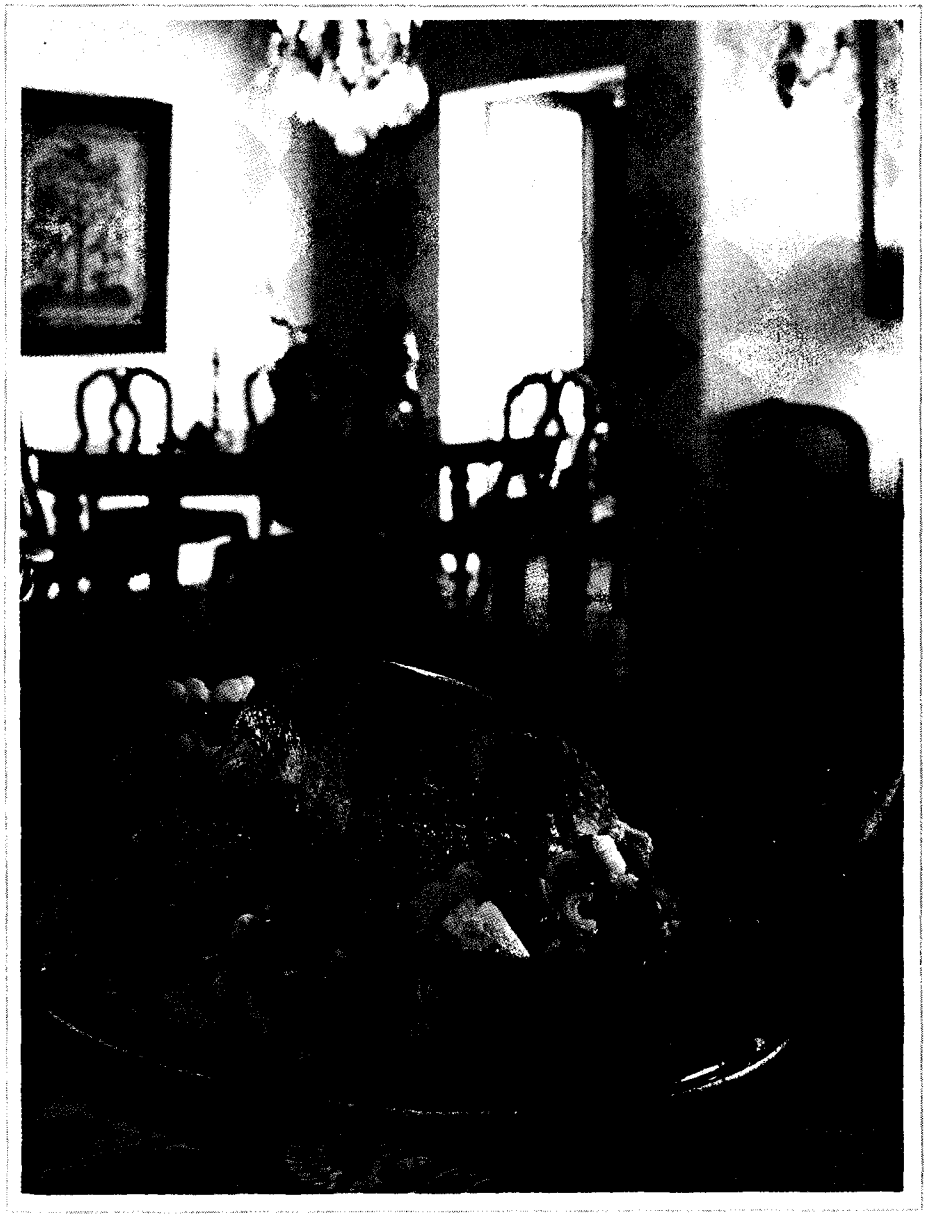
saucepan toss the cheese cubes with the flour and stir in the milk. Place over moderately high heat and stir until thick and smooth. Add ½ cup of the Parmesan cheese and the poppy seeds and continue to cook until thoroughly blended. Remove from the heat. Beat the egg yolks well and add a little of the hot sauce gradually. When those ingredients are blended, add the mixture slowly to the rest of the sauce and stir vigorously. Season to taste with onion powder and pepper. Spread a little of the cheese sauce in the bottom of a lightly oiled baking-serving dish. Cover with a layer of noodles and then with a layer of broccoli. Sprinkle with ¾ cup of cashews and pour over half the remaining sauce. Repeat the layering process. Garnish the top with the rest of the Parmesan cheese and the remaining ½ cup of cashews. Bake 20-30 minutes at 325° F. If this is prepared in advance and kept in the refrigerator, allow 40 minutes for baking.



Pumpkin Muffins
(Makes 12 muffins)

1½ cups unbleached white flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground nutmeg
1¼ cups wheat-bran cereal
⅔ cup milk
¾ cup seedless raisins
½ cup sugar
1 egg
½ cup soft shortening
1½ teaspoons sugar

Preheat the oven to 400° F. Stir together flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg. Set aside. Measure the cereal, milk, raisins, pumpkin and the ½ cup sugar into a large mixing bowl. Stir to combine. Let stand 2 minutes or until the cereal is softened. Add the egg and shortening. Beat well. Add the dry ingredients and stir only until combined. Portion the batter evenly into 12 greased 2½-inch muffin-pan cups. Sprinkle with the 1½ teaspoons sugar. Bake about 35 minutes or until the muffins are golden brown. Serve warm.

Carrot Salad Extraordinaire
(Makes 10 servings)

1 pound carrots
4 tablespoons safflower mayonnaise
1 cup seedless raisins
½ cup dry-roasted sunflower kernels, unsalted

Peel and grate carrots and pour into large mixing bowl. Stir mayonnaise into carrots until all of the carrot pieces are glazed with the mayonnaise. Add raisins and sunflower kernels. Keep covered in refrigerator until serving time. Serve individually on lettuce leaves.

Fluffy Apricot Cheese Pie
(Makes 1 9-inch pie)

1 cup dried apricots, chopped
2 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon lemon peel, grated
½ cup date sugar or brown sugar
1 tablespoon whole-wheat flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups ricotta cheese
1 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Rinse the apricots and place them in a saucepan with just enough water to cover them. Bring to a boil; then reduce the heat and simmer for 5 minutes. Preheat the oven to 350° F. In a mixing bowl, stir together the egg yolks, lemon juice and grated lemon peel. Combine the date sugar or brown sugar, flour and cinnamon. Add gradually to the egg mixture, beating continuously. Stir in the ricotta cheese. Beat the egg whites until they stand in stiff peaks, then gently fold them into the cheese mixture. Arrange the cooked apricots in the bottom of the unbaked pie shell. Pour the cheese-egg mixture over them and bake for 40 minutes.

If you would like to add a little extra elegance to your Thanksgiving

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meal, select some delicious recipes from the following:

Watercress Salad
(Makes 4 servings)

1 large bunch watercress
1 fresh cucumber, seeded and diced
3 tablespoons red wine vinegar
¾ cup low-fat cottage cheese
2 tablespoons corn oil
1 tablespoon chives, chopped
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
½ teaspoon salt (optional)

Pick over the watercress and remove any yellow leaves and break off all but the very tender stems. Wash and chill in the refrigerator. Peel, seed and dice the cucumber. Stir the vinegar, cottage cheese and oil until well blended. Stir in the diced cucumber, the chives and parsley. Add salt if desired. To serve, put ¼ cup of the dressing in the bottom of individual salad bowls or plates. Top with the cold watercress leaves.

Crab and Rice Stuffed Tomatoes
(Makes 4 servings)

½ pound crab meat
1 cup brown rice, cooked
1 tablespoon chives, chopped
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
½ cup Herb Vinaigrette
4 large tomatoes
2 tablespoons pine nuts
3 tablespoons mayonnaise
Lettuce leaves

Pick over the crab meat to be sure there are no filaments. Separate all the nice pieces of claw meat. Combine the crab meat with the cooked rice, chives and parsley and toss with Vinaigrette. Cover and let stand 30 minutes. Choose tomatoes of approximately the same size and shape. Scoop out the center and remove all the seeds and excess liquid. Turn upside down on a rack to drain. Stir in the pine nuts and just enough mayonnaise to bind the stuffing. Season to taste with white pepper. Mound the stuffing into the tomatoes and smooth the top into an inverted cone. Place the claw meat around the sides of the cone and put a sprig of parsley on the top. Serve the stuffed tomatoes on individual salad plates lined with a lettuce leaf. Include an extra bottle of Vinaigrette on the table.

Herb Vinaigrette
(Makes 1½ cups)

⅓ cup red wine vinegar
⅔ cup safflower oil
⅓ cup olive oil
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon basil, chopped
2 teaspoons parsley, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced (optional)
2 teaspoons soy sauce
¼ teaspoon black pepper, freshly ground
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco

Combine all the ingredients and allow the flavors to meld for several hours before serving.

Snow Pea and Tomato Salad
(Makes 4 servings)

1 pound young snow peas
½ pint cherry tomatoes
2 tablespoons chives, minced
Herb Vinaigrette

Clean and remove the ends from the snow peas. Then throw the peas into a large kettle of boiling water. Allow them to return to a boil and cook ½ minute. Drain and put into a pan of very cold water to freshen. Drain and dry. Wash and halve the tomatoes. Arrange the snow peas spokelike in a very shallow round platter. Mound the tomatoes in the center and sprinkle with chopped chives. Toss at the table with ½ cup of Herb Vinaigrette.

Orange Prune Whip
(Makes 4 to 6 servings)

8 ounces sun-dried pitted prunes
1 tablespoon frozen orange concentrate
2 tablespoons orange Cointreau (optional)
⅓ cup candied orange peel, finely diced
3 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar

Cover the prunes with cold water. Bring to a boil and simmer for 20 minutes or until soft. Allow to cool.

Spin in a food processor. The result should be 1 cup of thick, dark paste. Boil down again if too thin.

Combine the orange concentrate and Cointreau (if desired). Stir in the diced orange peel.

Beat the egg whites and, when frothy, add the cream of tartar. Beat until stiff but not dry. Fold into the prune mixture and pour into an unbuttered soufflé dish (4-cup size).

Place in a pan of hot water and bake 40 minutes at 300° F. Serve plain or with whipped cream. ✖

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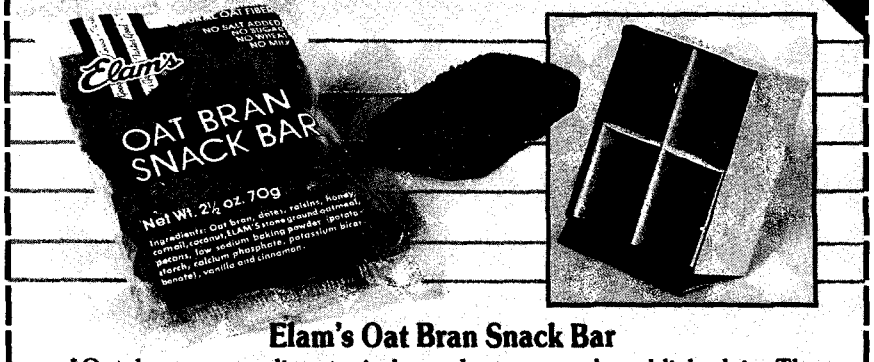

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DANCING FOR FUN AND FITNESS

No matter what your age, the fast-paced world of competitive ballroom dancing can keep you on your toes.

by Marian K. DeMyer, M.D.

The arena is filled with handsome, perspiring athletes performing to their utmost. An electric tension in spectators and performers alike fills the air. The fans are yelling and applauding for their favorites, who are providing a spectacular contest of strength, agility and stamina combined with beautiful movement and grace. Where is this arena?—Wimbledon? The Olympics? The Super Bowl? No. It is a large ballroom. The athletes are ballroom dancers who combine their athleticism with artistic expression.

The man in the street is probably not convinced that the term "athletic" can properly be applied to ballroom dance. Social dancing cannot be called athletic, but competitive dancing meets all the requirements. At times even competitive dancing may look easy, but that is an illusion. The thigh, calf, ankle and foot muscles must work strongly and in precise control. The action of moving with long strides from one foot to the other demands muscles like steel springs that can be set to any tension for a quick and total spring-off or catch of the body weight. This leg and foot action must also be timed perfectly to the music. The remainder of the body must dance in a prescribed way, each part in harmony with the other.

The world of competition ballroom dancing is little known to most Americans. In many other countries such as Japan, Canada and England, ballroom dance is more widely practiced and admired. The best ballroom dancers in the world generally come from England. Except for the United States Ballroom Dance Championships, held once a year in New York City, little publicity is provided about dance contests in the United States. TV stations send few cameramen. Newspapers rarely send reporters. Yet at many dance contests, more than 1,500 enthusiastic participants crowd the ballroom.

A prominent dance promoter, David Key, has said, "Ballroom dance contests are one of the best-kept secrets in the U.S." The reasons for such secrecy are difficult to fathom. In the world of ballroom dance contests there is something for everyone, whatever the age or level of competence. There are sections for newcomers, novices, juniors and seniors at amateur, professional and pro-am levels. Nearly all amateurs win at least one trophy plus new friendships and the privilege of watching the pros perform.

Part of the "everyone" in this exciting dance world is my husband and I, old duffers whose life is largely headwork. We are among the perspiring athletes and also join the cheering spectators after our contest heats are finished. How did we arrive at this "secret" world? How can we remain performers at an age after which most athletes have retired? The reason is partly because senior divisions are provided and we often compete with other couples our

It looks elegant, it looks graceful and it looks ever so easy. But it is the strenuous sport of competitive ballroom dancing that puts champions Marian and Bill DeMyer on display.

Dr. Marian DeMyer is a world-class dancer who is better known in some circles as a world-class authority on autism in children. As professor of psychiatry at the Indiana University School of Medicine—where her husband and ballroom partner is professor of neurology—her research has produced more than 60 papers for psychiatric journals and a landmark book on infantile autism. Her current research involves the use of nuclear magnetic resonance to search for the origins of biochemical factors in adult schizophrenia. And she finds dancing to be good exercise for the body and good therapy for the soul.

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own age. However, we also pit ourselves against the younger couples because we have studied hard and kept ourselves physically fit.

About ten years ago, my husband, a busy neurologist and university professor, decided he would fulfill a boyhood dream and learn to dance. Without telling me, he enrolled in an introductory course at a dance studio, sure that he would learn everything he needed to know about dancing in three lessons. Then he would teach me all I needed to know. After all, he is smart and a good athlete. Learning something as easy and sissified as ballroom dancing should have been duck soup. After the three lessons, he could get around the floor with his teacher but not with me. He signed me up for three lessons to take care of that problem. Despite my three lessons and his, by now, six lessons, we could barely stumble around together. But there was hope. We were dancing with our instructors—or thought we were dancing—and it was great fun.

After several months of training, our teachers suggested we enter a dance contest. It was a heady experience at the beautiful Netherlands Plaza Ballroom in Cincinnati. We won trophies with our teachers as partners in the newcomers division. We saw people older than we who danced well together as amateur couples. They told us not to give up, because they were worse dancers and older at the start than we were. (All experienced couples tell these things to new couples to give them courage.) But most exciting was the demonstration performance of a professional couple, Beverly Donohue and Vernon Brock. Dancing the Latin American dances—the rumba, the samba, the cha-cha, the paso doble—they rivaled any dance presentation we had ever seen. The Bolshoi Ballet could not have been better. We were hooked on the world of ballroom dance contests.

We went back to the studio in Indianapolis and enthusiastically studied ten different dances, including four Latin American dances, a U.S. contribution, the swing, and four smooth dances—the waltz, the tango, the fox trot and the quickstep. We entered more contests, mainly in pro-am divisions. At one contest we saw another superb professional couple, Joe and Nancy Jenkins, dancing an elegant style of smooth dancing called the international or English style. We knew that kind of competition dance was for us. We did not have the feel for the Latin American rhythms but we had the body builds more suitable for international and smooth dances—the romantic and elegant fox trot and the waltz, the stealthy tango, the bouncy, joyous quickstep. Little did we know how long and difficult our search for even a modicum of proficiency would be.

We journeyed to good teachers in the United States, or the studio brought them to Indianapolis to train the staff and widen the horizons of the students. We attended a medical meeting in London, England. There we worked a few spare hours with one of the great masters of all time, Peter Eggleton, and a couple who were then ranked second in the world, Byron and Dorothy Charlton. We studied a few hours back in the United States with national champions Brian and Kristi McDonald and John Kimmons and Al Franz.

Bill took copious notes from all these lessons and became knowledgeable about certain aspects of the dance figures. We could perform fairly well on our lessons but did worse in practice. The two or three times a year we entered contests were generally a disaster, and except for a few novice events we came in last. On one occasion when there were only seven couples on the floor, one judge marked us eighth!

About two years ago we took stock and tried to determine the reason for our lack of contest success. Foremost among our problems was the lack of follow-through in our lessons, which were generally spaced far apart. Someone has said learning to become a good dancer involves constant correction under the constant vigilance of highly knowledgeable coaches. Until a couple reach a high level of knowledge they cannot coach each other. We had the teachers, but we danced for them sporadically.

We needed more contest experience, not an easy accomplishment for people as busy as we with heavy work and family responsibilities. And in the United States, contests are far apart geographically and make it expensive and time-consuming to attend. Most depressing was the underlying worry that we didn't have even

continued on page 101

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Literary & Medical
· SOCIETY ·

Dear Reader:

We can't think of a single gift which would do more for your good health than to start you using high-lysine corn meal and high-fiber unprocessed miller's bran.

We've been writing about the virtues of high-fiber wheat bran for years, and lately we've been telling you why we believe a high-lysine, low-arginine diet is so beneficial to ward off viruses. Now we're going to put our money where our mouths are. We've bought corn-grinding equipment and our volunteers are bagging the high-lysine corn meal as well as unprocessed miller's wheat bran, which has been donated to us by a generous miller. We're packaging both in lined, brown paper bags to get people started who haven't yet discovered the amazing benefits of adding back the bran, or going on a high-lysine, low-arginine diet.

Readers ask us repeatedly, "Exactly how much bran should I take?" So we called Dr. Denis Burkitt, the godfather of the high-fiber discoveries. From London, in his inimitable British accent, he said, "It varies enormously with different people. What we tell them now is, 'If you have enough fiber, your stools normally float.' And everybody can find out whether their stools float or sink. Take enough to make your stool float," he said. "Some people need more than others." Getting your stool to float will probably double the size of your stool, and this is what you want, says Dr. Burkitt. "Speeding up the transit time is important but it isn't nearly as important as increasing the amount of stool you pass," he said.

We asked him how much stool the average adult male should pass. He replied, "I think he should pass at least 225 grams (about 1/2 pound). The average American today is passing a little over 100 grams (less than 1/4 pound). Stool weights are even more closely related to cancer than the transit time of the food. If I were a doctor examining candidates for life insurance, the first question I'd ask would be, 'How much stool do you pass daily?' If the candidate says, 'About 250 to 300 grams,' well, I'd say, 'I'm not wasting time on blood chemistry tests, you're okay--you can get your policy,' and if he says, 'I don't even get out 100 grams a day,' well, I'd say, 'It's not worthwhile to test you because you're a pretty poor risk.' That's how important a high-volume stool is to your health."

If you care about wellness, I hope you will read the next page.

To your good health,

Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Cory SerVaas, M.D.
Research Director

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Wheat bran is available in most grocery stores, but if you can't find it, write to the Society and we will substitute a bag of wheat bran for the corn meal or triticale as often as you like. (Whole-grain corn meal is also high in fiber. *High lysine* makes it an excellent protein food as well.)

Those lucky first 500 who wrote for their free bags have told us that their cornbread and corn waffle recipes taste better when made with high-lysine corn. When we offered the free high-lysine corn to the first 500 who wrote, we had no idea that we would receive more than 12,500 inquiries.

We wish we could mail gift bags to all our members but we must now limit it to those who send a contribution to support [illegible] cancer and heart-disease research.

Please know that it will be spent on practical medical research to find out how to prevent cancer and heart disease. Our gift to you is for your good health. Your gift to us helps others as well.

The Saturday Evening Post Society

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VETS ON PETS

WINTERIZE YOUR DOG

Here are some tips from the pet maintenance manual that will help get your dog comfortably through the cold months of the year.

H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

"Never do today what can be put off until tomorrow." That may not be a very good motto, but it worked for me this year. By neglecting to remove my snow tires this summer, I am closer to having my car ready for winter.

Ready or not, winter does have a way of appearing, sometimes unexpectedly, and just as you should think about preparing the car, home and children for cold weather, you should also consider winterizing your dog or cat.

The essentials of life—food, drink and shelter—become more important than ever in winter. During the coldest months, outdoor animals may require up to 50 percent more calories to maintain body condition. This requirement is not true for indoor pets, because their exercise is restricted in winter months. They may require even fewer calories than in summer. If your dog or cat goes outside during winter, be sure to change his water frequently in winter because of freezing. Never let ice or snow substitute for fresh drinking water.

Although animals and their built-in fur coats are generally better adapted to frigid temperatures than human beings, they still look to people for protection from the elements.

Dogs become acclimated to living outside in winter, but they must have proper shelter, free from drafts and dampness. Bedding should be added to doghouses in winter and changed as soon as it becomes wet. Check outdoor dogs for cuts or bruises to sensitive foot pads, a frequent problem caused by jagged ice. A small house dog that goes outside only for elimination may benefit from a winter sweater to conserve body heat.

Wind and dampness can create hazardous weather conditions for both animals and people. Dogs, like people, are susceptible to frostbite, which usually occurs on areas of the body with little hair, such as ears, tails, genitals, nipples and foot pads. Suspected frostbitten areas of the body must be rewarmed slowly. Sponge warm water on affected parts and dry immediately. Do not rub! Obtain emergency veterinary care.

Young animals are more susceptible to cold weather than adults, and they may develop hypothermia. In such a case, take the cold animal into a warm environment and wrap it in blankets. A small hot-water bottle wrapped with a towel provides a warm surface for a tiny puppy or kitten to snuggle against. A heating pad may be used if monitored closely.

Never leave your pet alone in a car in cold weather. A car can act as a refrigerator in the winter. The U.S. Department of Agriculture regulations require that dogs or cats be refused air travel if temperatures in airport holding or transport areas are less than 45° F. Exceptions will be made if your pet is accompanied by a statement from your pet's veterinarian that the animal is acclimated to temperatures below 45°.

Antifreeze poisoning of dogs and cats occurs all too frequently in fall and winter, when curious animals indulge in the sweet taste of automobile radiator drainage. This poisonous mixture can be fatal to cats as well as dogs. Clinical signs may be observed in the poisoned animal 30 to 60 minutes following ingestion. The signs include vomiting, progressive depression, muscular incoordination and involuntary forced muscular activity (paddling), coma and death. If you determine that your pet has ingested antifreeze, this is an emergency situation! Recovery depends upon the amount of antifreeze ingested and absorbed by the animal and a rapid diagnosis and treatment of the condition by a veterinarian.

Cold-weather holidays may include Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's. Certain precautions should be taken to ensure that young, curious animals do not ingest decorations. Veterinarians frequently see overindulged pets suffering gastrointestinal upsets from too much turkey, dressing or alcohol; you are not unkind to deny Fido the eggnog. Easily frightened pets should be kept away from loud holiday gatherings.

Winter is not the time of year to give Fido the annual haircut. Avoid frequent bathing; if necessary, use a dry shampoo or dry well after a conventional bath and use towels and hair dryer. Attend to your pet's grooming with frequent brushing.

Keep in mind that because animals become disoriented in ice and snow, more animals are lost during winter

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than in any other season. Every pet should wear an identification tag with your name, address and telephone number clearly visible.

Adequate preparation and precautions can make winter less traumatic for you and your pet.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

I've read your *Saturday Evening Post* article (July/Aug. issue) about dog fleas. I have a male, four-year-old Lhaso apso. It's impossible to find the cussed fleas in his long and thick-coated hair. What is the dosage of brewer's yeast with B-complex vitamins? Is B complex in the brewer's yeast, or do I buy this separately?

Thank you for any information that would be helpful.

Helen Mascaro
Warren, Pennsylvania

Dear Mrs. Mascaro:

Fleas certainly present a problem for a dog like yours. I mentioned brewer's yeast in my article about flea control, as I tried to cover most methods used currently. However, brewer's yeast is somewhat of an empirical treatment. A recent article in the *AVMA* (American Veterinary Medical Association) *Journal* reported no significant difference in flea counts between a group of dogs fed the brewer's yeast and a group that was not, in a controlled study.

However, if you would like to try brewer's yeast, it is sold by most health-food stores in several forms such as powder, tablet or a mixture with garlic. Use directions on the label for dosage. Brewer's yeast also contains B-complex vitamins.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I have a toy Boston that is my constant companion since my husband's death. She has a noisy breathing problem. The vets say she has an abnormally long palate.

She's been on prednisolone, a steroid, for several months, as necessary. What danger is there in giving her this medication on a continuous basis?

As an alternative the doctor is suggesting surgery soon, which I dread.

Mrs. Morris Ralston
Vinton, Iowa

continued on page 103

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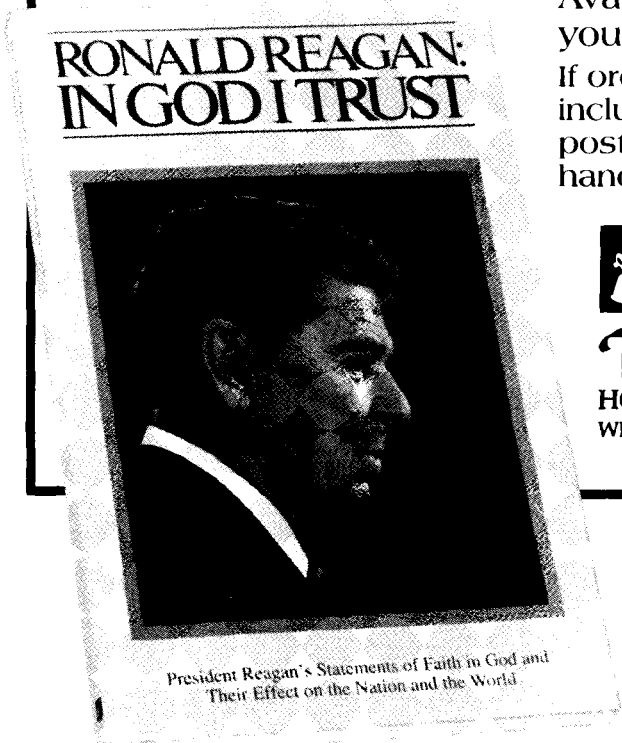

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STUMPED IN STEUBENVILLE

The cases of gastric poisoning were scattered all over town and there seemed to be no common denominator—this one was a total mystery.

by Berton Roueché

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Mr. Taylor—David N. Taylor, an Epidemic Intelligence Service officer attached to the Enteric Diseases Branch, Bacterial Diseases Division, of the national Centers for Disease Control, in Atlanta—pushed the telephone away and sat for a moment glancing over his notes. Then he gathered them up and walked down the long hall, the fifth-floor hall, to the office of his superior, Dr. Roger A. Feldman, the director of the Bacterial Diseases Division. That was around three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, January 28, 1981. Dr. Feldman, a tall man with a pepper-and-salt beard, a wide smile, and a riveting eye, was at his desk, and he smiled Dr. Taylor into a chair. Dr. Taylor—slim, straight, neatly parted sandy hair, small sandy mustache, steel-rimmed glasses—is 33 years old and a product of Kenyon College, Harvard Medical School, and the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. He took out his notes and made his report. He had, he said, just received a call from an epidemiologist named Frank Holtzhauer, at the Ohio State Department of Health, in Columbus. Holtzhauer was calling for Dr. Thomas Halpin, the state epidemiologist, and his call was a call for federal help in investigating a perplexing outbreak of gastroenteritis in the town of Steubenville. The outbreak had begun on December 10 with the illness and subsequent hospitalization of a five-month-old girl. Since then, in the course of the past six weeks, 12 more cases, both adults and children, had been reported to the local authorities, and it was expected that there were more to come.The nature of the outbreak had been established. The enteritis was bacterial in origin. Laboratory analysis of stool samples of the victims had shown the microorganism involved to be a member of the genus Salmonella and of the species known as *S. muenchen*. But that was all. There was no other apparent link between the several victims.

"Roger listened and smiled and nodded," Dr. Taylor says. "He asked a couple of questions. I knew he would be calling Dr. Halpin for a formal confirmation and for a formal invitation to intervene. But the handwriting was already on the wall. I was going to Steubenville."

Salmonellosis, as the disease caused by the Salmonella organism is properly called, is the most frequent single cause of what is commonly called food poisoning. It accounts for at least 25 per cent of the numberless outbreaks of mingled nausea and vomiting, abdominal cramps, diarrhea and fever that occur in this and every other country every year. Its name commemorates the 19th-century American pathologist Daniel Elmer Salmon, who first identified the genus, and it is a commemoration of international reach. "Bacteria of the genus Salmonella," Robert H. Rubin and Louis Weinstein, both of the Harvard Medical School, noted in a 1977 monograph, "are perhaps the most ubiquitous pathogens in nature, affecting, in a worldwide distribution, not only man and his domestic animals but also reptiles, wild mammals, birds, and even insects." The usual cause of human salmonellosis is contaminated (and insufficiently cooked) beef, lamb, pork, duck, turkey, chicken, or, particularly, eggs. Other causes include food or drink contaminated by the excreta of infected animals or by tainted equipment.

An outbreak in Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital in 1966 was traced to contaminated carmine dye, a diagnostic staining material. The salmonellae are almost as various as they are abundant. Since 1941, when the Danish bacteriologist Fritz Kauffmann perfected a serotyping technique by which the different salmonellae could be specifically identified, the number of species that make up the genus has grown from a handful to the hundreds. Some 2,200 distinct serotypes are now known. The names of these (with two or three exceptions) indicate where they were first isolated—*S. moscow*, for example, and *S. panama, S. miami, S. senegal*. Some of these are still found only in their place of discovery, but most have long since achieved a cosmopolitan prevalence.

"*S. muenchen* wasn't much of a clue," Dr. Taylor says. "A really common—a relatively localized—serotype can make things somewhat easier. At least conceivably, it can tell you where to look, and even what to look for as the source of contamina-

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tion. But *S. muenchen* turns up everywhere—all over the country, all over the world. Around 350 cases are reported to the CDC every year. So I was prepared for some hard work, for plenty of old-fashioned shoe-leather epidemiology. I should say *we* were prepared. I had an assistant—a fourth-year medical student at Duke who was assigned to the CDC for a term as a sort of intern. A very bright guy named Emmett Schmidt. Emmett and I left the next morning—Thursday morning—by plane for Pittsburgh. We rented a car there and drove on down to Steubenville. Steubenville is in the eastern part of the state, across the Ohio River from West Virginia. I come from Ohio. I was raised in Columbus. But Steubenville was an Ohio I had never seen before. It's a mill town—a steel town, down in a deep valley, very old and run-down. I don't know—maybe it was the time of year, the dead of winter, or because most of the mills were barely running and everybody was out of work, but I've never seen a more depressing place. It took the heart out of me.

"There was a Holiday Inn. We registered there and then drove around to the city Health Department and met some of the people we would be working with. We met Maurice Pizzoferrato, the Steubenville Commissioner of Health, and two state epidemiologists—Charlene Steris and Robert Campbell—and Janice Schrader, a microbiologist. It was Janice who had determined that the cause of the outbreak was Salmonella, later serotyped in Columbus as *S. muenchen*. The first thing we learned was that the outbreak was still going on. I've forgotten just how many new cases there were—I didn't keep a daily report card. But I can tell you the total. By the time the outbreak had finally run its course, we had 36 confirmed cases.

"Janice Schrader was a remarkable person. She was doing *all* the laboratory work for the whole area, and she was still able to find time to help us every way she could. She was a big help in working out our game plan and getting it into action. She seemed to know just about everybody in town. She was involved, she cared about what had happened. Charlene briefed us on the cases—age, sex, date of onset. The incubation period for salmonellosis is about three days.

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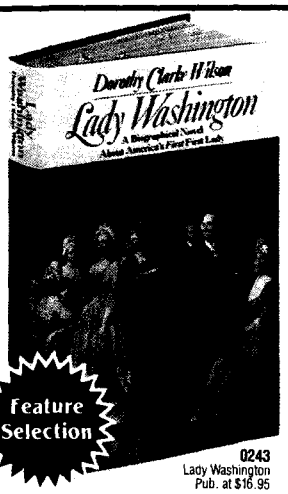

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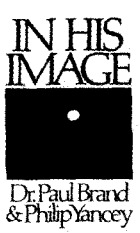

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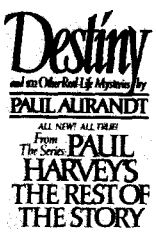

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Saturday Evening Post

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The date of the appearance of symptoms indicates the approximate time of exposure and can often indicate its place and nature. We learned that the outbreak was, on the whole, pretty severe. There is no treatment for salmonellosis. Antibiotics tend to do more harm than good. But 80 percent of the affected children here were sick enough to be hospitalized, and about 65 percent of the adult cases. The age range was enormous. It stretched from a one-month-old boy to a woman of 73.

"We formed two teams. I joined up with Charlene, and Emmett worked with Bob Campbell. There was nothing to do but start almost from scratch —to start visiting the households of the patients. I was especially interested in the first two cases reported—the 5-month-old girl and a 25-year-old man. That was because the baby's father—a man I'll call Frank Lowell —was bosom buddies with the second case, whom I'll call Gene Russell. And then there was case No. 3, a close friend of both Lowell and Russell. He was a 27-year-old man I'll call Paul James. Russell was out of work, but Lowell and James both had jobs on a municipal garbage truck. The three of them had been friends since high school.

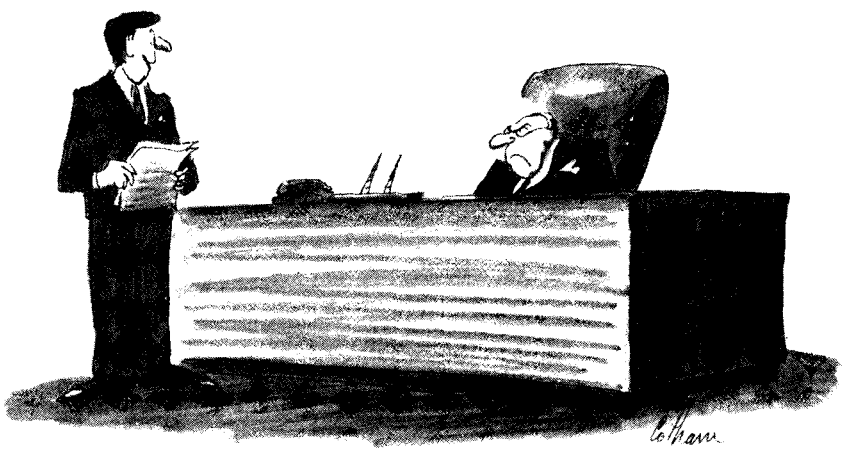
"My thinking was this: "Young guys, young couples, do things together, so let's see what the Lowells, the Russells, and the Jameses do for recreation. They all lived in the same neighborhood, down by the river. We decided to start with Mrs. Lowell. It's easier to talk to the mother of a sick infant than to a sick adult. The mother cares, the adult tends to shrug it off. Mrs. Lowell was sort of typical—27 years old, pretty face, overweight. And very nervous. Her house was old and rundown, but it was scrubbed clean. Not a speck of dust. The baby's illness seemed to embarrass her, as though it reflected on her as a mother and a housekeeper. She didn't see how a thing like food poisoning could have happened in *her* house. I asked about formulas, about Christmas or holiday foods. There was a famous outbreak of *S. eastbourne* that involved contaminated chocolate Christmas candy. I asked about deli meats—a notorious vehicle. The Lowells couldn't afford to eat in restaurants or patronize delis. During the holidays, they had eaten turkey, ham, and some venison. Gene Russell had shot a deer and dressed it himself at home. They rarely went out. They sometimes played cards with the Jameses and the Russells, or just hung out together.

"So Charlene and I moved on down the street to the Russells," Dr. Taylor went on. "Same kind of household—father, mother, two-month-old boy. Russell was out of work and at home. But this wasn't like the Lowell house. These people were relaxed. Mrs. Russell said that she hadn't been sick, and neither had the baby, even though later tests showed that both had been infected. And Russell himself was the picture of unconcern: 'Gee, Doc, I don't know what happened. I got sick, but I feel O.K. now. What do you think it was, Doc? Could it have been that deer? I shot it out near an old abandoned dump. But, what the hell, it's all over now.' Another dead end.

"It was the same with the Jameses, around the corner. James was at work and his wife was at home with two children—a boy of five and a daughter of six. James and the boy had been sick, and were treated at the Ohio Valley Hospital. The Jameses hung out with the Lowells and the Russells, played cards, drank a little beer. Had a ham for Christmas. That was interesting. I had never thought of ham as a holiday food, but everybody around here seemed to eat it at Christmastime. I filed the thought away.

"And on we went, from house to house, still fishing, still getting nowhere. But two things did take shape—three, including those Christmas-ham dinners. The first thing was that the cases seemed to fall into three groups. There were the blue-collar cases down in the valley. There were a couple of middle-class cases up on the hill, in a neighboring village called Wintersville. And there were some cases in a middle-class neighborhood of a suburb called Mingo Junction. Which, of course, was the reverse of helpful. It simply made things more mysterious.

"The other finding was a little more positive. It was only a statistic, but it had the feel of something solid. This was the age breakdown. The largest single age group in the outbreak was the one between 20 and 29. That group accounted for 28 percent of the cases. But the national average of salmonella outbreaks in that group is just 12 percent. This suggested that something a little different was happening here. Why the prevalence of young adults? Was there a preponderance of families of young adults in Steubenville? We decided to find out. So we picked out a set of controls. We selected at random 32 households in the neighborhoods of our established cases and called them up. What was the makeup of the household? And—aha! It was *not* usual in Steu-



"Thank you, sir. I find that I do my best work after having been threatened."

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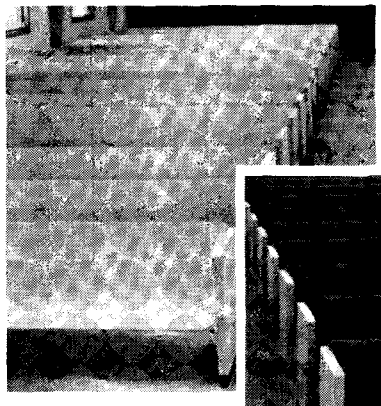

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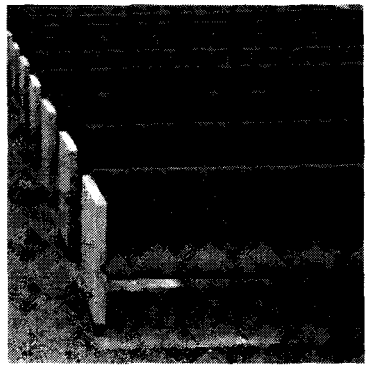

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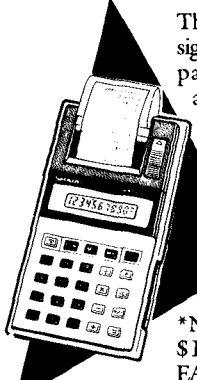

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benville to find a young adult in every family. All our case households included persons aged from 15 to 35, but only 41 percent of the randomly selected households included persons in that age range. Well, now we had a common denominator. Maybe not *the* common denominator but *a* common denominator. The next question was: What do young adults do? Where do they go? Bars. Fast-food places. We went back to shoe leather, walking the streets. Nothing came of it. These people still didn't have any haunts in common.

"There were two cases up in Wintersville. Both were students—a 17-year-old boy and an 18-year-old girl—at the local Catholic high school. The boy was in the hospital. The girl had been treated in the emergency room and sent home. We talked to the boy, and he gave us the story of his life. Video games. Pizza parlors. A few private parties. We talked to the girl's parents. The mother had a theory: her daughter had been poisoned by frozen king crab. I thought of the Lowells and the Russells and the Jameses. They had probably never even heard of king crab. And then the girl's mother seemed to finish things off. She said that her daughter and the boy in the hospital moved in entirely different circles and hardly knew each other.

"I'm going to go back a few days now," Dr. Taylor continued. "The morning that Emmett and I left Atlanta, I had had a few words with Roger Feldman, in the Bacterial Diseases Division, and he showed me a yellow office-memo slip. It said, '*S. muenchen,* Michigan.' It was dated about a week earlier. Roger told me what it meant: Michigan had reported an outbreak of *S. muenchen* and wanted to know if the CDC had had any similar reports. Roger said he had told them about Steubenville. He would pass my reports along to them. O.K. So on the way back down the hill to the Holiday Inn after that wasted day in Wintersville, I got to thinking about that Michigan outbreak. *S. muenchen* is common enough, but still. . .Back at the motel, I called a man I knew in the Michigan State Department of Health named Harry McGee. Harry told me they had 20-odd cases, all with onset dates much like ours here, and all were in Lansing. Not in East Lansing, the university town, but in Lansing, the blue-collar auto town. They hadn't a clue to the source. Eight of the cases were young adults, and nine or ten were babies—infants—which meant that they were in households that included young adults. I began to get a little excited. I thanked Harry and called Roger Feldman. I told him the situation here, that we were stymied. The people were getting tired of us. The health commissioner wanted the case solved and cleared up and ended—he had all the eating places in town on his back. I suggested that a trip to Lansing and a look at those very similar cases might give us a new perspective. Or something. Roger said no. He said to stay where we were. He said that the answer was there and that we'd find it. And to let him know when we did. That was on Thursday, February 5. It was snowing. The charm of motel life fades very quickly. Emmett and I were homesick for our wives, who kept asking when we were ever coming home. We went out in the snow and found a new place to eat and had another awful dinner. Then we went back to the motel. We stared at our data, turning it this way and that, until about 2 a.m. And the only item that meant a thing was all those young adults.

"We started out the next morning on a new tack. I still had ham on my mind—those holiday ham dinners. So we decided to settle the question one way or another. Commissioner Pizzoferrato lent us one of his department's sanitarians, and with him as our guide we undertook a tour of the city's meat markets. We picked up samples of different kinds of ham at each place, and Janice Schrader would culture them for possible salmonellae. Most of the markets were ethnic—Polish, Italian, Greek. Steubenville is that kind of town. The proprietors were a little suspicious. They didn't want to get involved in food poisoning. But we got what we wanted. And, all in all, it was a pretty dull tour. There was one incident. It was at the third place we visited. As we were leaving, a young woman came in. Pretty but bedraggled. She was crying, her eye makeup was smeared and she was acting strange. Stoned. Spaced out. Something. The proprietor went over to her and soothed her, and she left. It was sort of sad, and we talked about it on the way to the next market. Was she drunk? Or was she on drugs? The sanitarian said something about a relationship between unemployment and drugs and alcohol. Looking around Steubenville—those crippled mills, all that depression—I could believe him. Anyway, we finished up and took our samples to Janice. And that, as it turned out, was the end of the ham idea. The cultures all were negative.

"Emmett and I had dinner that night with Janice. We ate at an Italian place she knew about, and for once it wasn't bad, and we sat there afterward, drinking coffee and shooting the breeze about what the heck was going on. We got to talking about those first three families—the Lowells and the Russells and the Jameses. In case you've forgotten, the outbreak was still not over. We were still getting new cases, and all the cases, new and old, were being monitored once a week. Their stool samples came to Janice, and she cultured them. Well, Janice said we might be interested to know that one of the cases had just been cleared. That was Mrs. Russell. For the first time, her weekly sample was negative. The rest of her family was still positive, and so were the Jameses and the Lowells. It *was* interesting. We wondered why her. Janice said that maybe Mrs. Russell was

continued on page 98

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"Vitamin Side Effects Revealed"

An Interview with Frank K. Wood, President, F C & A

(Atlanta, GA) —

FC&A, a nearby Peachtree City, GA, company announced today the release of a new $5.99 research book, ***"Vitamin Side Effects Revealed".***

It reveals surprising side effects and other secrets about vitamins. . . facts that aren't generally known by the public. Read on through this interview with FC&A President, Frank K. Wood.

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Answer: Yes, two vitamins can actually be harmful in high doses. Other vitamins can sometimes cause diarrhea, dizziness, sleepiness, depression, upset stomach, cramps, high blood pressure, fear, ringing sounds or poor heart function.

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Questions: What other vitamin secrets are revealed in this new research book?

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- How you can get vitamins for free.
- Not one but two vitamins which can help fight hardening of the arteries, and coronary heart disease.
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- Two minerals that can help lower high blood pressure.
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- A vitamin that protects against sunburn.
- A vitamin that helps fight viruses.
- A vitamin that helps prevent kidney stones.
- A mineral complex that may slow down aging.
- An amino acid that combats cold sores and Herpes infections.
- A vitamin that helps increase circulation in the legs.
- A vitamin that helps alcoholics control their drinking.
- A vitamin that helps control premenstrual tension and fights depression.

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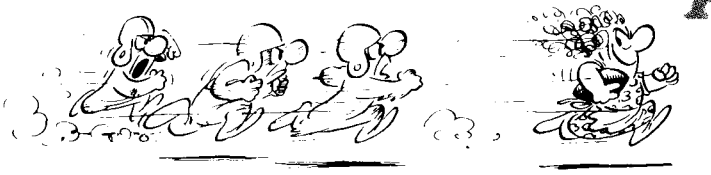

POST SCRIPTS

Social Security 101

Two fathers were overheard discussing their children. "What's your son going to be when he gets out of college?" asked one.

Replied the other, "Looks like he's going to be an old man."

—Henry E. Leabo

Flowery Tribute

"What's wrong with the leading lady?" asked a Broadway actress on opening night.

"Only nine bouquets came to her dressing room," answered another actress.

"Goodness, isn't that enough?"

"She paid for ten."

—James Curnane

How Much Is the Beef?

Mom and Pop, owners of a small farm, went to town for a Saturday-night movie and a bite to eat. They stopped at a deluxe hamburger place and looked at the menu. Mom panicked and told Pop they had to get home fast.

"What's the trouble?" asked Pop.

"Did you see the price of a hamburger? $2.25! That means we have a $10,000 cow standing in the back pasture and no one to guard her."

—Mrs. V. Myers

Speak English!

The teacher asked Johnny to name two pronouns and Johnny said, "Who, me?"

—Lane Olinghouse

Sour Note

A man was passing a house where a sign was posted:

BEWARE OF THE CANARY!

The homeowner, outside watering the lawn, was asked by the passer-by, "Why should anyone beware of a canary?"

Without looking up, the homeowner replied, "This one whistles for the dog."

—Lawrence E. Miller, Sr.

Close-out Sale

She: "Here's your ring back. I can't marry you. I love somebody else."

He: "What's his name?"

She: "You're not going to beat him up or shoot him, are you?"

He: "No, but I sure want to sell him this ring."

—G.G. Crabtree

What About the Warranty?

The door-to-door salesman was trying hard to sell the lady of the house a vacuum cleaner. "No, thanks," she said, "but maybe you should try my next-door neighbor. I'm always borrowing hers and it's in terrible shape."

—A.H. Berzen

The Greatest Show on Earth

Mrs. Johnson came into young Billy's room to find him bandaging his thumb.

"What happened?" she asked.

"I hit it with a hammer."

"But I didn't hear you cry."

"I thought you were out."

—A.H. Berzen

Heinrich Schnibble and the Political Worker

"How do you do, sir; my name is Grimpton. I'm cam——"

"Meinself ist Heinrich Schnibble."

"Pleased to know you, Mr. Schnibble. I'm campaigning for Aloysius P. Burfer, the farmer's friend; a man who——"

"Meinself ist nicht knowen Herr Burper."

"Burfer, Mr. Schnibble—Aloysius P. Burfer, candidate for the legislature. I hope we can count on you to support him."

"Himmel, nein! Ich ben strugglen mit supporten meinself. Der taxen und steepisch costen ist——"

"Oh, I don't mean financial support, sir. Aloysius P. Burfer asks only for your vote in the coming election."

"Mitout money, ja?"

"Mitout money. Our candidate knows the farmer's problems—your problems, Mr. Schnibble. He pledges himself to——"

"Mein problem ist das hitten-

"The Senator now has three minutes for his *rebuttal."*

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huntenfield besiden mein pasture."

"Exactly, sir, and I can assure you——Your problem ist what?"

"Das field mit der folkers hitten und hunten der smallisch ball."

"Oh, the golf course! Having trouble mit—er—with, your game?"

"Ach, nein! Mein trouble ist mit der milchencows. Der golfenballers been zoomen insiden mein pasture und hitten der milchers, und also der hittenhunters ist breaken das fence und scaren mein milchers mit der schtunken puttputtzenscooters."

"That certainly is a prob——Mitt der schtunken putt-whatzen?"

"Der scooters der folkers ist riden mit puttputtzen."

"I get it! Motor scooters. They scare your cows?"

"Ach, ja! Mitout failen. Ist Herr Burper ein hittenhunter?"

"Well, in a small way. Herr Burp—Burfer—ist hitten—I mean, he sometimes ben playing, but mitout——"

"Ach, du lieber! Ist meinself supporten ein fencen-gebreaker mit scaren der milchencows? Himmel, nein!"

"But, sir, Herr Burper don't even ben riden ein putt-puttzenscoo——"

"Ich ben refusen der voten."

"Confound it, Schnibble, Burper's ben got a right to——"

"Das Burper ist ein donderhead!"

"You can't call Donderburp a——"

"Und also ein dummkopf!"

"Now see here! Mein dum—mein candidate hardly even ben playen der hittenscooter on das schtunken—I mean, der hunten ist——Ach, Herr Schnibble! Vote for Burperhead, und Ich ben promisen das dummkopf ist never puttputtzen on der milchenfield again!"

—Dave Morrah

Bummin' Around

A bum accosted Mr. Jones on the street.

"Mister," whined the bum, "could you spare a dollar for a meal?"

"No, not for a meal," said Mr. Jones. "But I'll give you a dollar for a drink."

"Thank you kindly," said the bum. "But I'm not a drinking man. I just want somethin' to eat."

"You don't drink?" exclaimed the surprised Mr. Jones. "Then I'll give you a dollar for cigarettes—or buy yourself some cigars."

"I don't smoke either."

"Then take this dollar and spend it on your girl."

"I've no interest in women," said the man stubbornly. "It's just a meal I want."

Mr. Jones eyed the shabby bum for a long moment. Then he said, "All right, I'll give you a dollar—in fact, I'll give you two—but first I'd like you to come home with me."

"Why?" asked the bum suspiciously.

"For a very good reason," replied Mr. Jones. "I want my wife to see what happens to a man who doesn't drink, smoke or chase women."

—H.F. Shueh

Blame It on the Casanova

A flirt is someone who indulges in wishful winking.

—Frank Walsh

Can You Dig It?

A visitor in a zoo saw one of the keepers sitting on a concrete wall crying. When he asked another keeper what was the matter, he was told that the elephant had died.

"He cared a lot about the elephant?" the man asked.

"No, he's the one who has to dig the grave."

—Martha J. Beckman

A Fuelish Notion

Our son loves his bottle,
Just hear how he's slurping.
At the rate he's been growing,
He'll soon be self-burping.

—Hans G. Mueller

Hired

Work
Tired
Shirk
Fired

—Stuart Citrin

Camera Bugged

I brought great joy
To my family and friends
By "shooting" Europe
With my cap on my lens.

—Don Spatz

. . .But the Tongue Is Mightiest!

Two rival authors met. One had just published a book.

The other told him: "I've read your book and I thought it was great. Tell me, who wrote it for you?"

Replied the author: "I'm so glad you enjoyed it. Tell me, who read it to you?"

—Rose Sands

Unchecked Spending

One mother of a boy in college advised another, "The surest way to get your son to write home is to send him a letter saying, 'Here's $50. Spend it any way you like.' "

"And that will make my son write home?" the other mother asked.

"Yes, indeed," came the reply. "Just forget to enclose the money."

—Gladys Kent

Hey, look everybody! Here comes Bob Hope!

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

MAKING SCIENCE WORK

"We need...the brightest and youngest of our most agile minds, capable of dreaming up ideas not dreamed before..."

by Lewis Thomas, M.D.

For about three centuries we have been doing science, trying science out, using science for the construction of what we call modern civilization. Every dispensable item of contemporary technology, from canal locks to dial telephones to penicillin to the Mars Lander, was pieced together from the analysis of data provided by one or another series of scientific experiments, as were the technologies we fear the most for the threat they pose to civilization: radioactivity from the stored, stacked bombs or from leaking, flawed power plants, acid rain, pesticides, leached soil, depleted ozone and increased carbon dioxide in the outer atmosphere.

Lewis Thomas, born in New York and educated at Princeton and Harvard, is past president and chancellor of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. Dr. Thomas is the author of four books. His *The Lives of a Cell* won the National Book Award in 1974.

Three hundred years seems a long time for testing a new approach to human interliving, long enough to settle back for critical appraisal of the scientific method, maybe even long enough to vote on whether to go on with it or not. There is an argument. Voices have been raised in protest since the beginning, rising in pitch and violence in the 19th century during the early stages of the industrial revolution, summoning urgent crowds into the streets any day these days on the issue of nuclear energy. Give it back, say some of the voices, it doesn't really work, we've tried it and it doesn't work, go back 300 years and start again on something else less chancy for the race of man.

The scientists disagree, of course, partly out of occupational bias, but also from a different way of viewing the course and progress of science in the past 50 years. As they see it, science is just at its beginning. The principal discoveries in this century, taking all in all, are the glimpses of the depth of our ignorance about nature. Things that used to seem clear and rational, matters of absolute certainty—Newtonian mechanics, for example—have slipped through our fingers, and we are left with a new set of gigantic puzzles, cosmic uncertainties, ambiguities; some of the laws of physics are amended every few years, some are canceled outright, some undergo revised versions of legislative intent as if they were acts of Congress.

In biology, it is one stupefaction after another. Just 30 years ago we called it a biological revolution when the fantastic geometry of the DNA molecule was exposed to public view and the linear language of genetics was decoded. For a while things seemed simple and clear; the cell was a neat little machine, a mechanical device ready for taking to pieces and reassembling, like a tiny watch. But just in the last few years it has become almost imponderably complex, filled with strange parts whose functions are beyond today's imagining. DNA is itself no longer a straightforward set of instructions on a tape. There are long strips of what seem nonsense in between the genes, edited out for the assembly of proteins but essential nonetheless for the process of assembly; some genes are called jumping genes, moving from one segment of DNA to another, rearranging the messages, achieving instantly a degree of variability that we once thought would require eons of evolution. The cell membrane is no longer a simple skin for the cell; it is a fluid mosaic, a sea of essential mobile signals, an organ in itself. Cells com-

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If you're over forty, you'd be wise to read this.

If there's a history of cancer in your family, you'd be foolish not to.

Early detection can save 3 out of 4 lives.

Colorectal cancer is a serious disease that strikes the colon or rectum. Next to lung cancer, it's the leading cause of cancer-related deaths in this country. 130,000 new cases will be diagnosed this year, and nearly half of them (59,000) will prove fatal. It doesn't have to be that way. If detected early, the chances of surviving colorectal cancer are greatly improved.

Why Should I Worry? I've Never Been Sick a Day in My Life.

Wonderful, but unfortunately it's no guarantee that you won't get cancer of the colon or rectum. Colorectal cancer strikes men and women with equal frequency, and the risk increases dramatically in people over 40. If you're past that age, or if there is a history of cancer (especially colorectal cancer) in your family, you should know about the Hemoccult® Home Test, an easy examination for a sign of colorectal cancer that you can give yourself, in the privacy of your own home.

Detecting Hidden Warnings.

The name Hemoccult comes from *hemo,* meaning "blood," and *occult,* meaning "hidden." The test materials have been chemically treated to detect otherwise unnoticeable traces of blood in a person's stool—blood that could be an early tip-off to the presence of cancer or other colorectal diseases.

Using the test is simple. Everything has been provided to make it fast, easy and painless (read and follow package directions carefully.) Within 60 seconds the results will be evident. If they reveal the presence of blood, see your doctor promptly.

Early Detection Could Save 3 out of 4 People.

In most cases, the Hemoccult Home Test results will simply bring you the relief and satisfaction of learning that blood, which may be a sign of cancer, is not evident. But even if hidden blood is detected, there is still no reason to panic. The presence of blood in the stool can be an indication of other conditions far less serious than colorectal cancer. And, even if cancer is diagnosed, with early detection the survival rate is approximately 75%.

Over a Decade of Use in Hospitals.

Hemoccult has been used by millions of patients in hospitals and doctors' offices for years. Now the Hemoccult Home Test is available wherever drugs are sold. Of course, the Hemoccult Home Test is no substitute for your doctor's regular physical examination, but between checkups it provides an added means of early detection.

Remember, the odds of your having colorectal cancer are small, but not small enough to ignore. The few minutes you take for the test will most likely help put your mind at ease. On the other hand, they might save your life.

Hemoccult
HOME TEST
FOR THE EARLY DETECTION OF HIDDEN BLOOD IN THE STOOL, A WARNING SIGNAL OF CERTAIN COLORECTAL DISEASES
1 TEST KIT

Hemoccult Home Test is a test only for hidden blood in the stool and is an aid to detecting certain colorectal diseases. If blood is detected, see your physician. Read and follow directions.

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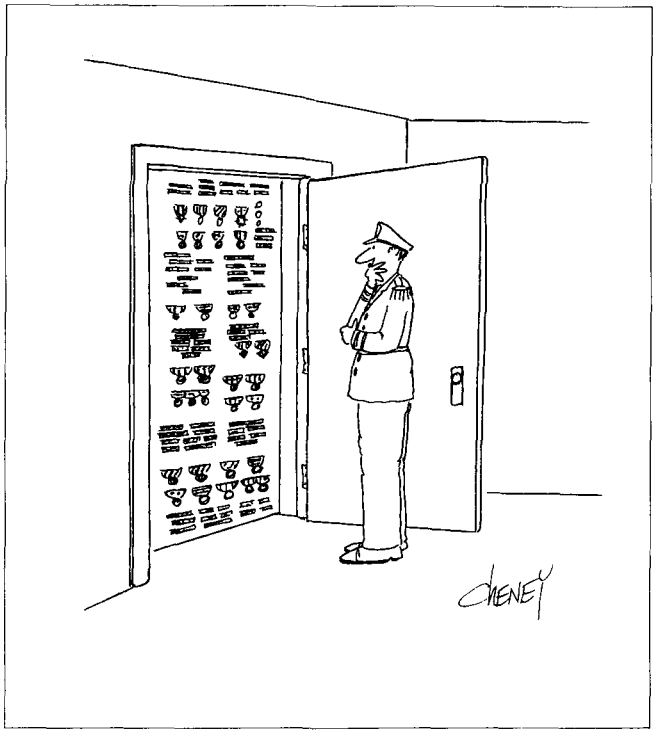
municate with one another, exchange messages like bees in a hive, regulate one another. Genes are switched on, switched off, by molecules from the outside whose nature is a mystery; somewhere inside are switches that, when thrown one way or the other, can transform any normal cell into a cancer cell, and sometimes back again.

It is not just that there is more to do—there is everything to do. Biological science, with medicine bobbing somewhere in its wake, is under way, but only just under way. What lies ahead, or what *can* lie ahead if the efforts in basic research are continued, is much more than the conquest of human disease or the amplification of agricultural technology or the cultivation of nutrients in the sea. As we learn more about the fundamental processes of living things in general we will learn more about ourselves, including perhaps the ways in which our brains, unmatched by any other neural structures on the planet, achieve the earth's awareness of itself. It may be too much to say that we will become wise through such endeavors, but we can at least come into possession of a level of information upon which a new kind of wisdom might be based. At the moment we are an ignorant species, flummoxed by the puzzles of who we are, where we came from and what we are for. It is a gamble to bet on science for moving ahead, but it is, in my view, the only game in town.

The near views in our instruments of the dead soil of Mars, the bizarre rings of Saturn and the strange surfaces of Saturn, Jupiter, Venus and the rest, literally unearthly, are only brief glances at what is ahead for mankind in the exploration of our own solar system. In theory, there is no reason human beings cannot make the same journeys in person or out beyond into the galaxy.

We will solve our energy problems by the use of science and in no other way. The sun is there, to be sure, ready for tapping, but we cannot sit back in the lounges of political lobbies and make guesses and wishes; it will take years, probably many years, of research. Meanwhile, there are other possibilities needing deeper exploration. Nuclear fission power, for all its present disadvantages, including where on earth to put the waste, can be made safer and more reliable by better research, while hydrogen fusion, inexhaustibly fueled from the oceans and much safer than fission, lies somewhere ahead. We may learn to produce vast amounts of hydrogen itself, alcohol or methane when we have learned more about the changeable genes of single-celled microorganisms. If we are to continue to burn coal in large amounts, we will need research models for predicting how much more carbon dioxide we can inject into the planet's atmosphere before we run into the danger of melting the ice shelves of western Antarctica and flooding all our coasts. We will need science to protect us against ourselves.



It has become the fashion to express fear of computers—the machines will do our thinking, quicker and better than human thought, construct and replicate themselves, take over and eventually replace us—that sort of thing. I confess to apprehensions of my own, but I have a hunch that those are on my mind because I do not know enough about computers. Nor, perhaps, does anyone yet, not even the computer scientists themselves. For my comfort, I know for sure only one thing about the computer networks that are now being meshed together like interconnected ganglia around the earth: what they contain on their microchips are bits of information put there by human minds; perhaps they will do something like thinking on their own, but it will still be a cousin of human thought once removed and, because of newness, potentially of immense usefulness.

The relatively new term "earth science" is itself an encouragement. It is nice to know that our own dear planet has become an object of as much obsessive interest to large bodies of professional researchers as a living cell, and almost as approachable for discovering the details of how it works. Satellites scrutinize it all day and night and record the patterns of its clouds, the temperatures at all parts of its surface, the distribution and condition of its forests, crops, waterways, cities and barren places. Seismologists and geologists have already surprised themselves over and over again, probing the movement of crustal plates afloat on something or other, maybe methane, deep below the surface, meditating the evidences now coming in for the reality and continuing of continental drift and calculating with increasing precision the data that describe the mechanisms involved in earthquakes. Their instruments are becoming as neat and informative as medicine's CAT scanners; the earth has deep secrets still, but they are there for penetrating.

The astronomers have long since become physicists, the physicists are astronomers; both are, as well, what we used to call chemists, examining the levels of ammonia or formaldehyde in clouds drifting billions of light-years away, measuring the concentrations of methane in the nearby atmosphere of Pluto, running into paradoxes. Contemporary physics lives off paradox. Niels Bohr said that a great truth is one for which the opposite is also a great truth. There are not so many neutrinos coming

continued on following page

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Did you ever wonder how some people seem to get so much more out of life... year after year?

■ **Discover the secret of living better for less with the National Association of Mature People!**

Thousands of mature Americans have discovered that NAMP really has something of value to offer... because NAMP is dedicated to making your mature years your *best* years!

Our members are in their 40s, 50s, 60s or older... working or retired... and enjoying life to the fullest! Discover for yourself how NAMP can open the door to better living for less... with money-saving and enjoyable benefits and services.

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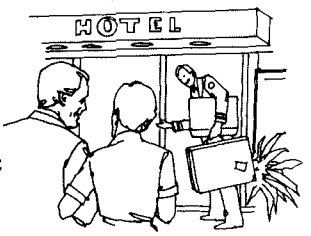
Our members save on short trips too. Enjoy SUBSTANTIAL DISCOUNTS at fine hotels and motels ... including Ramada Inns, Best Western Motels, Quality Inns, La Quinta Motels, Travel Lodge Motels and other quality chains across the country. Travelers Checks with no service charge, the most complete auto-club, car rental DISCOUNTS, and a FREE traffic court bond card, too!



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I understand that dues of $9.95 (not to be changed without prior notice to me) are automatically billed each year according to the payment plan I have chosen, and that I may cancel my membership at any time. My spouse is automatically included.

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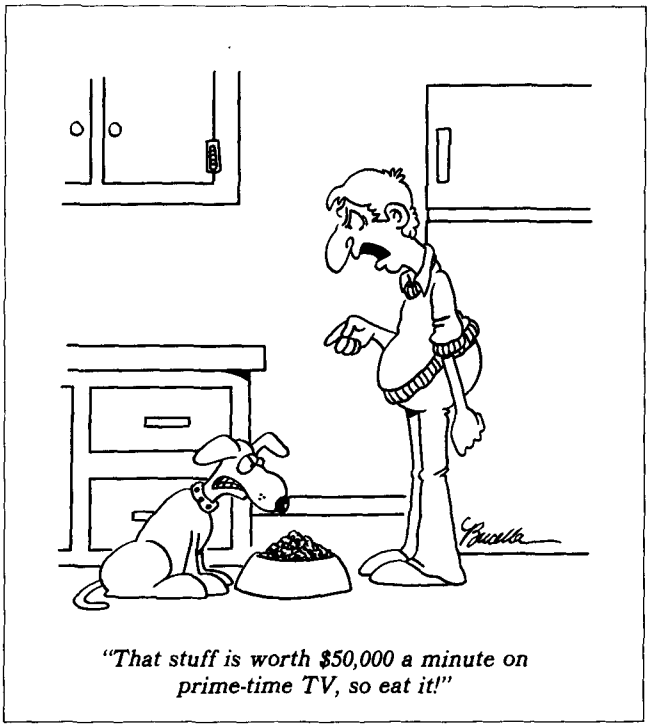
from our sun as there ought to be; something has gone wrong, not with the sun but with our knowledge. There are radioastronomical instruments for listening to the leftover sounds of the creation of the universe; the astronomers are dumbstruck, they can hardly hear themselves think.

The social scientists have a long way to go to catch up, but they may be up to the most important scientific business of all, if they finally get down to the right questions. Our behavior toward each other is the strangest, most unpredictable and almost entirely unaccountable of all the phenomena with which we are obliged to live. In all of nature there is nothing so threatening to humanity as humanity itself. We need, for this most worrying of puzzles, the brightest and youngest of our most agile minds, capable of dreaming up ideas not dreamed before, ready to carry the imagination to great depths and, I should hope, handy with big computers but skeptical about long questionnaires and big numbers.

Fundamental science did not become a national endeavor in this country until the time of World War II, when it was pointed out by some influential and sagacious advisers to the government that whatever we needed for the technology of warfare could be achieved only after laying a solid foundation of basic research. During the Eisenhower administration a formal mechanism was created in the White House for the explicit purpose of furnishing scientific advice to the President—the President's Science Advisory Committee (PSAC)—chaired by a new administration officer, the Science Adviser. The National Institutes of Health, which had existed before the war as a relatively small set of laboratories for research on cancer and infectious disease, expanded rapidly in the postwar period to encompass all disciplines of biomedical science. The National Science Foundation was organized specifically with the sponsorship of basic science in mind. Each of the federal departments and agencies developed its own research capacity, relevant to its mission; the programs of largest scale were those in defense, agriculture, space and atomic energy.

Most of the country's basic research has been carried out by the universities, which have as a result become increasingly dependent on the federal government for their sustenance, even their existence, to a degree now causing alarm signals from the whole academic community. The ever-rising costs of doing modern science, especially the prices of today's sophisticated and complex instruments, combined with the federal efforts to reduce all expenditures, are placing the universities in deep trouble. Meanwhile, the philanthropic foundations, which were the principal source of funds for university research before the war, are no longer capable of more than a minor contribution to science.



"That stuff is worth $50,000 a minute on prime-time TV, so eat it!"

Besides the government's own national laboratories and the academic institutions there is a third resource for the country's scientific enterprise—industry. Up to very recently, industrial research has been conducted in relative isolation, unconnected with the other two. There are signs that this is beginning to change, and the change should be a source of encouragement for the future. Some of the corporations responsible for high technology, especially those involved in energy, have formed solid links with a few research universities—MIT and Cal Tech, for example—and are investing substantial sums in long-range research in physics and chemistry. Several pharmaceutical companies have been investing in fundamental biomedical research in association with medical schools and private research institutions.

There needs to be much more of this kind of partnership. The nation's future may well depend on whether we can set up within the private sector a new system for collaborative research. Although there are some promising partnership ventures now in operation, they are few in number; within industry the tendency remains to concentrate on applied research and development and to exclude any consideration of basic science. The academic community tends, for its part, to stay out of fields closely related to the development of new products. Each side maintains adversarial and largely bogus images of the other, moneymakers on one side and impractical academics on the other. Meanwhile, our competitors in Europe and Japan have long since found effective ways to link industrial research to government and academic science, and they may be outclassing this country before long. In some fields, most conspicuously the devising and production of new scientific instruments, they have already moved to the front.

There are obvious difficulties in the behavior of the traditional worlds of research in the United States. Corporate research is obliged by its nature to concentrate on profitable products and to maintain a high degree of secrecy during the process; academic science, by its nature, must be carried out in the open and depends for its progress on the free exchange of new information almost at the moment of finding. But these are not impossible barriers to collaboration. Industry already has a life-or-death stake in what will emerge from basic research in the years ahead; there can be no more prudent invest-

continued on page 72

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When your knees go bad ...you're in trouble!

Now thanks to Coach "Cotton" Barlow, there's an answer!

Nobody knows more about crippling knee pain, stiffness and strain than "Cotton" Barlow.

The veteran football coach has seen plenty of it in his years on and off the field.

He's also discovered that ordinary knee supports and elastic bandages just can't do the job. So he finally set to work to find a way to add strength and stability directly to the joint where support and protection are needed most.

FOR PEOPLE OF ALL AGES

Today, thanks to his unique invention, thousands of men, women and children of all ages lead active, pain-free lives despite serious knee problems.

Coach Barlow's fantastic invention uses no metal yet it provides maximum lateral and cap support. This incredibly lightweight support absorbs shocks and prevents twisting. And the BARLOW™ knee support provides soothing warmth to injured or arthritic joints.

So comfortable you can wear it for hours and non-allergenic too. Choose from five sizes for your perfect fit.

NO RISK OFFER

We urge you to try Coach Barlow's remarkable knee supports for 30 days. If it doesn't bring you pain-free relief, we'll refund your money without questions.

Don't let the pain and anxiety of "bad" knees get you down. Order today. Specify size in coupon.

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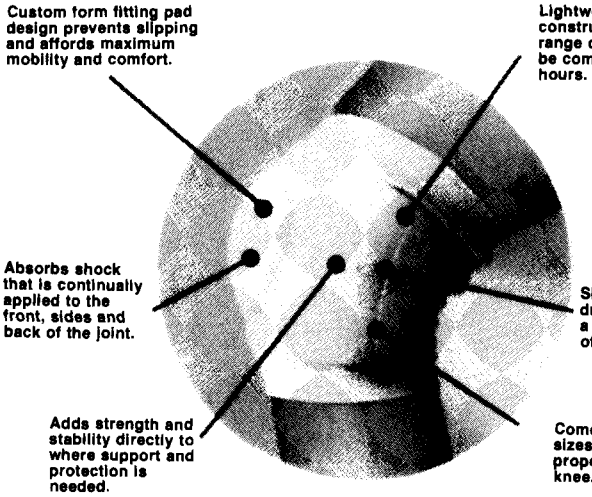
Custom form fitting pad design prevents slipping and affords maximum mobility and comfort.
Lightweight non-metal construction allows full range of motion and can be comfortably worn for hours.
Absorbs shock that is continually applied to the front, sides and back of the joint.
Significantly reduces impact from a blow to the side of the knee.
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Comes in 5 different sizes to ensure proper fit for either knee.

WHAT FOLKS TELL US ABOUT OUR KNEE SUPPORT:

"I'm 80 years old and certainly not an athlete . . . but now I can garden again and be active 'cause I wear your brace."
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"At first I wasn't sure . . . now I want a brace for the other knee. I've had knee problems for the last 5 years. I only wish I had known of this brace 5 years ago. I'm so grateful. Thank you."
J.N. Hartwell, GA

"This support is a great help to me. I could hardly get around before I got it. Thank you."
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Enclosed please find $_____ for _____ BARLOW knee supports.
☐ One BARLOW knee support $19.95 plus $1.50 Shpg & Hdlg.
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Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order or Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard.
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FOR CORRECT SIZE
Measure around the knee, one inch above the knee cap.
CIRCLE ONE
(**SM** under 15") (**MED** 15" to under 17") (**LG** 17" to under 19") (**XL** 19" to under 21") (**XXL** 21" and over). If in doubt, send exact measurement _____

(circle one)
Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____

ADDRESS _____

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When in Sandpoint, visit the Barlow Knee Clinic.

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THE MANY FACETS OF ANDY ROONEY

Our camera, aided by a three-way mirror in which our hero was sitting, captured the real Andy Rooney teaching an impromptu civics lesson to three ravenous young journalists.

Cory SerVaas

***Children's Express*: "Is there anything in politics that really cracks you up?" Andy Rooney: "Politics is not funny, but I'm interested in politics. It's so important. It's easy to dismiss, but politics is what makes the world work." *Children's Express*: "What can we do as children to get children's issues into the spotlight?" Andy Rooney: "Oh, I think that's nonsense. There are not a lot of children's issues. Your parents will take care of that."**

***Children's Express*: "You don't think there are any children's issues?" Andy Rooney: "There are issues that concern children, but only through their parents. I don't think children have the intelligence or the knowledge to be involved in political issues that affect them." *Children's Express*: "Aren't there some children who are intelligent enough?" Andy Rooney: "No, there are not. There are some children at age 10 who are brighter than I am at age 60, but they don't have the experience nor do we have the set-up to allow them to participate in the electoral process."**

We saw it happen. Andy Rooney suddenly ambushed by an eager young trio from the *Children's Express* News Team at a GOP extravaganza given by Neiman-Marcus in downtown Dallas in August.

He could have shooed them away like so many pestering sweat bees. Certainly, he didn't have to give an interview without an appointment. Instead, he ushered the three young journalists out of the crowd and sat on the floor with them in the quiet alcove of a three-way mirror in the men's department of the store where the posh party was taking place.

Ignoring the crowds of celebrities, and while U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, Secretary of HHS Margaret Heckler and Senator Robert Dole with their entourages walked by, he leaned against the center mirror while the children fired away. Not for 10 minutes or 15, but for the better part of an hour, he taught them about presidential elections and party politics. Meantime, his gracious wife looked on, obviously pleased with her civic-minded husband's approach to teaching youth about political activism.

When the questioning came around to the "many issues children have to deal with," Rooney rather abruptly asked, "What issues?"

Children's Express said, "Like education."

"Well, education is a grown-up issue," Rooney said. "In other words, education is for adults to decide what children should learn. Children can't decide what their curriculum can be in school."

Undaunted, they next asked him, "How about child care?"

To which Mr. Rooney replied, "O.K., but it's not a children's issue. We have arbitrarily decided that there is an age at which a child is old enough to take care of himself or to vote or to get married or to be president or to do anything else; it's sort of arbitrary because a lot of kids are able to vote at a younger age, but a lot of kids aren't able to do it at the age they're allowed to. A lot of people are so dumb they never get smart enough to vote, but we do let them vote."

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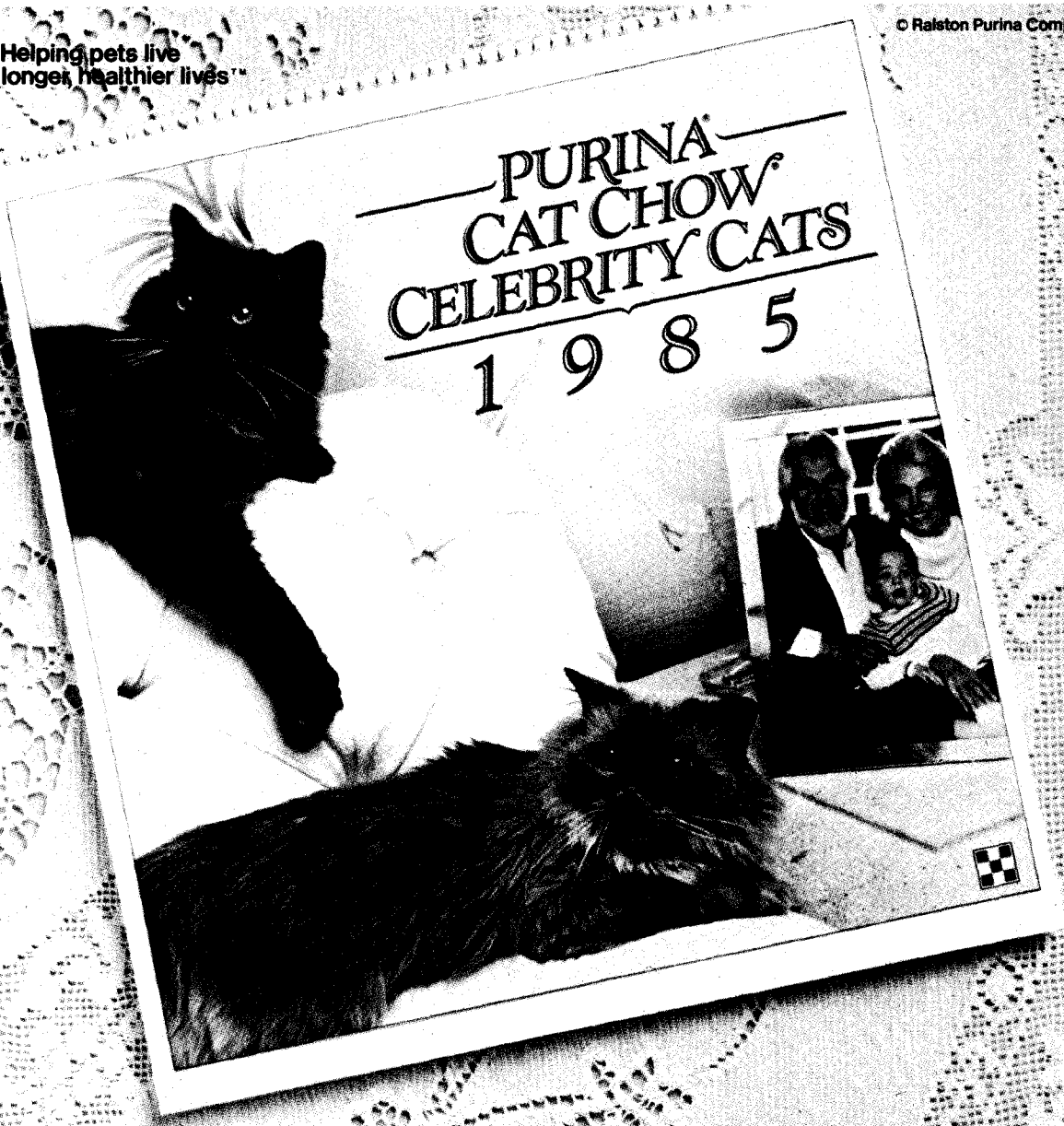
Helping pets live longer, healthier lives™



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The 1985 Purina® Cat Chow® Brand Cat Food calendar is here, featuring the cats of 13 different celebrities. They're photographed in beautiful color in their own homes. And it's free when you send us weight circles from specially marked packages of Cat Chow or Purina® Kitten Chow® Brand Kitten Food—or you can simply send a $7.00 check or money order with no weight circles.

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PLEASE SEND ME _____ 1985 CAT CHOW CALENDARS. I HAVE ENCLOSED THIS ORDER FORM, WEIGHT CIRCLES TOTALING 8 POINTS AND 50¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (OR A $7.00 CHECK OR MONEY ORDER) FOR EACH CALENDAR ORDERED.

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35¢

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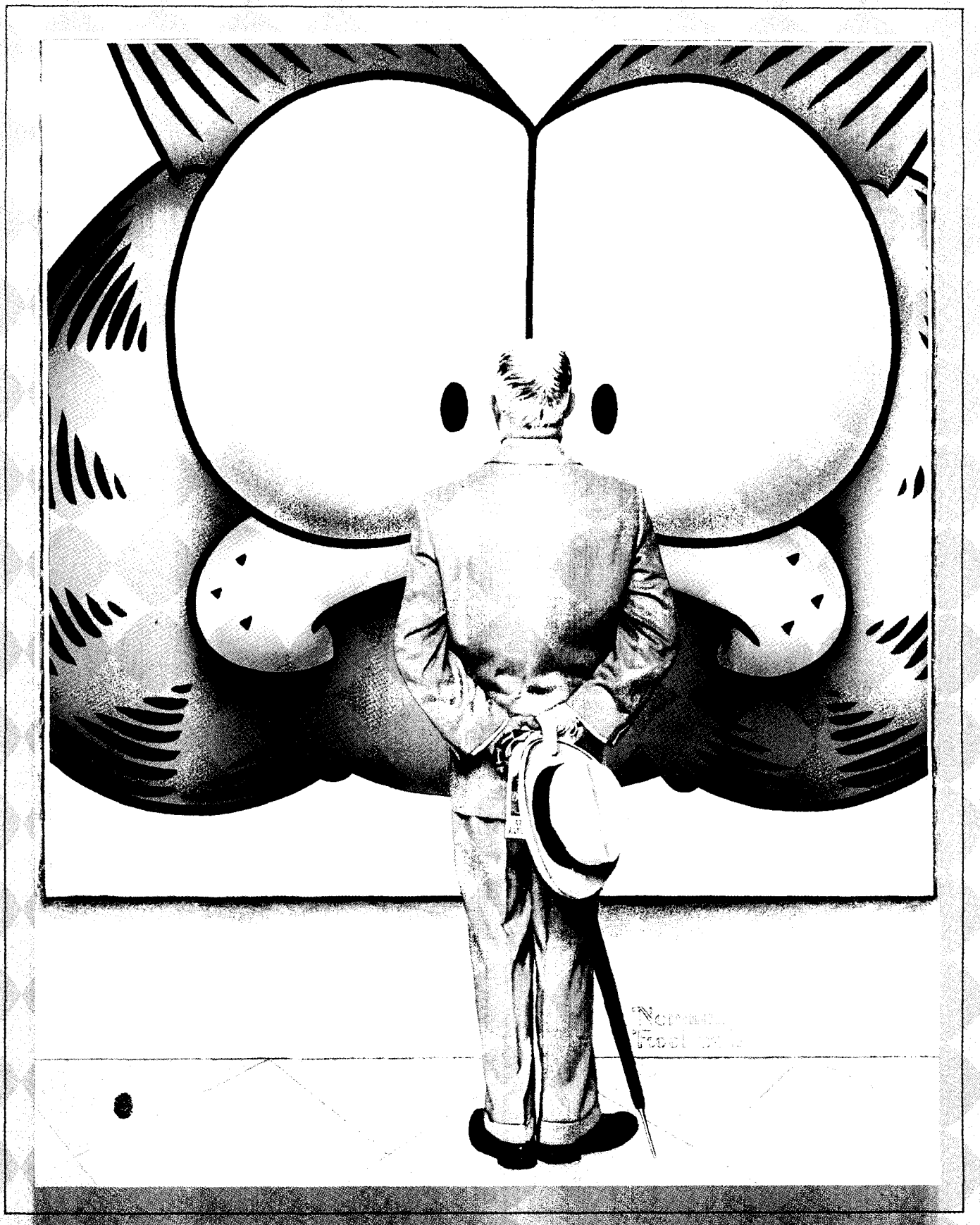

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GARFIELD GETS IN THE PICTURE

Norman Rockwell's Post *covers captured the American scene except for one not-so-small detail—"yours truly."*

by Garfield

Norman Rockwell was a great American institution, so when I went to the *SatEvePost* Museum to see his famous works, I felt we had a lot in common. But one thing bothered me when I looked at all those cover paintings. It really got my hackles up to find out he's slighted one vital segment of the population—his covers were a catastrophe for cats.

Yes, friends, I'm afraid it's true—Norman was secretly a dog lover. He put more than three times as many mutts as cats on his covers, and the cats he did were, well, wimps—snuggling on old ladies' laps, playing dumb with balls of yarn—YUK! He just didn't understand this cat-eat-dog world at all.

Well, something had to be done, so I put my paws in the paints and tried to even out the picture. For me painting is like eating lasagne. I really put myself into it, so to speak. I don't think I did too bad, either. My apologies to Norman Rockwell: I don't think he really tried to slight us cats. Maybe he didn't understand who really comes first. After all, he was only human.

I thought the strained lasagne was bad enough, but this is ridiculous.

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Watch this. . .there's nothing much funnier than the old rubber-turkey gag.

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If it were liver and onions, I would've looked the other way.

If I'm not sick now, I'm going to be.

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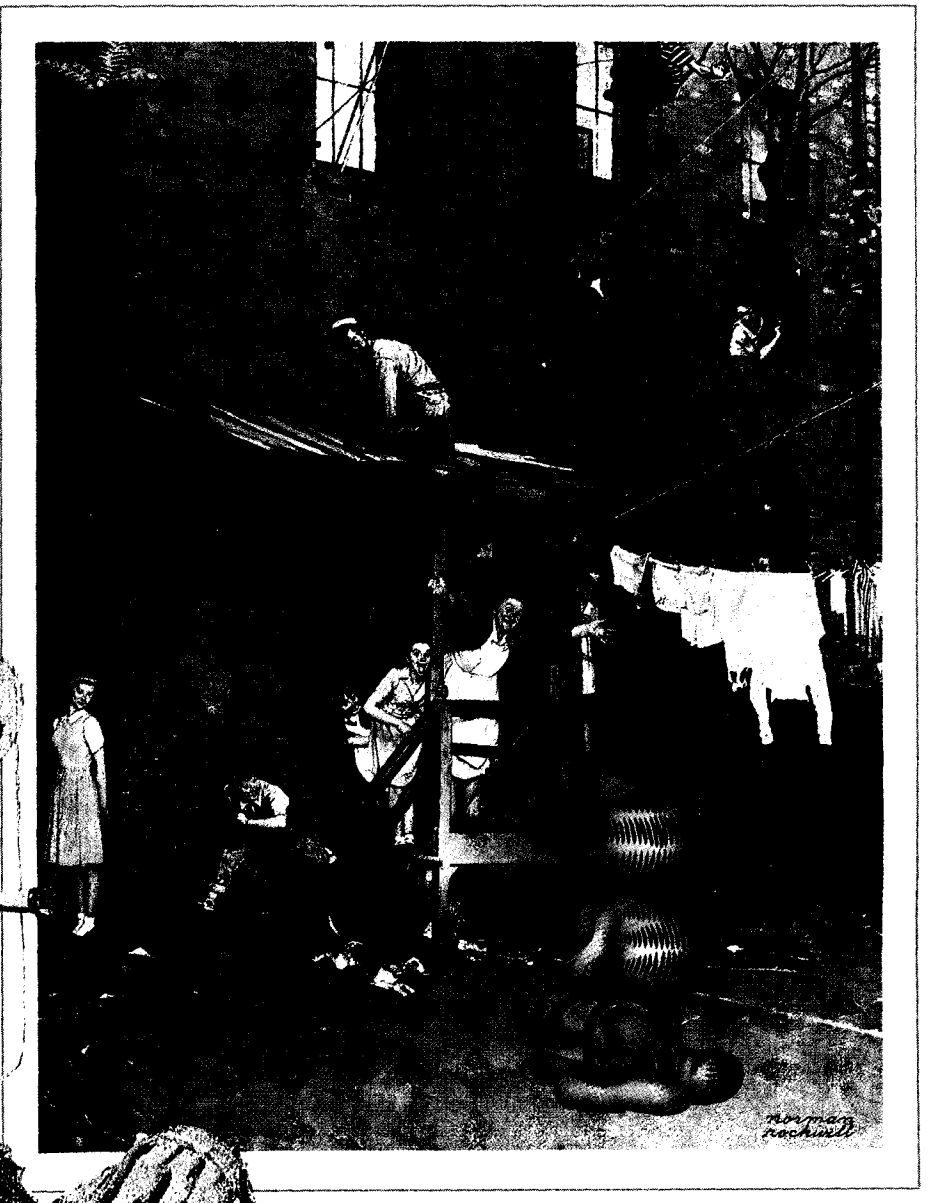
Folks are always happy to see you when you're a TV repairman.



My compliments to the chef

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I wonder if there's any ice cream in the freezer where he keeps the stethoscope.

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Gee, prison life isn't so bad after all.

Some people are catch-and-release fishermen. I'm a catch-and-eat fisherman myself.

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Yeah, but you should see the other two guys.

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JIM DAVIS: HE'S GOT THE WORLD BY THE TAIL

The lasagne-loving fat cat named Garfield provides cartoon buffs worldwide with the "paws" that refreshes.

by Holly G. Miller

Forget the nine-lives theory. Garfield, the fat cat in the orange-and-black glad wags, the one with the droopy lids, the thoughts that bite and the paws that refresh, is within a whisker of turning nine. Yet the man who catapulted the 15 pounds of furry freshness into the limelight back in 1978—just 3 years after conceiving him—says the portly puddy will be around for another 25. At least that's their goal. His and Garfield's.

Garfield lives. His likeness looks up from beach thongs, out from coffee mugs, down from wall posters and across the room from the morning newspaper. He's big in Tokyo, London, New York, Sydney and Muncie, Indiana, but most of all he looms lifelike in the mind of the cartoonist Jim Davis, his creator, keeper of the character and of the claws.

Did someone say Muncie, Indiana?

This is the house that Garfield built, located somewhere off a county road ("turn right at the ugly yellow house") between rural Muncie, DeSoto and points unknown. Actually, it's a compound of buildings containing offices, studios and a mini-showroom where Garfield-blessed products—the whole kitten-kaboodle of them—are displayed. There are Garfield T-shirts, Garfield wallets, Garfield chopsticks, plush stuffed Garfields and even a ceramic Garfield in cowboy chaps and ten-gallon. At the center of the sanctioned menagerie is Davis, who at age 39 has the world by the tail.

He apologizes for the noise (hammers pounding, power saws buzzing) and explains that more studio space is being added to accommodate two newly hired artists who will report for work on Monday. The staff has grown from an original quartet to Monday's projected 24.

"Artists are rumored to be temperamental," says Davis. "We're supposed to have big flare-ups and personality conflicts, but we don't. We've only had two turnovers since we started. Must be the country air."

Or maybe it's the man in charge. Davis is a laid-back study in country chic. He seldom wears shoes and favors open-necked knit shirts, jeans and putter pants. If his thinning blond hair adds a year or two to his appearance, his grin quickly erases any hint of age. And he grins a lot. He's a good ol' country boy who can now afford to rough it his way from

Jim Davis never considered calling his cartoon cat anything but Garfield, named for his grandfather. Although the artist grew up with cats, he doesn't own one now; his wife, Carolyn, is allergic to them.

an airy cedar studio with attached greenhouse filled with lush and exotic plants. The home he shares with his wife, Carolyn, and son Alex is just a few steps down the path, and his chief assistant lives within hollering distance. Most of his staff is scattered around the countryside.

"We came out here for a good separation so we could concentrate," he explains. "I've never been comfortable in the city; I never got used to all those people and cars. I grew up on a farm, so it's nice to come back to the country on my terms. To me, this is a far happier place to live. It's a place where you have some control over your destiny."

For years Davis' destiny has seemed linked with cats, although he had a five-year fling with a gnat named Gnorm. The Davis-Garfield connection can be traced to his boyhood on a farm near Fairmount, Indiana, where he was surrounded by 25 "outside" cats. Because he suffered from asthma, his mother encouraged him to while away the long sieges of illness by putting pen to paper. This exercise, coupled with the hours spent at the window watching the antics of the outside cats, provided him with a reservoir of memories—pardon the pun—to draw on.

"The cats were always there," he recalls. "They were a lot stronger and hardier than Garfield could ever be, but they were my playmates. There's not much else to do on a farm; we didn't go bowling a lot."

He later attended Ball State University in Muncie as an art major, stopped short of a degree and began dabbling in all facets of commercial art, an experience that proved invaluable when he struck out on his own. He wrote campaign copy for the politicians, did a tour of duty with a local advertising agency and joined the staff of Tom Ryan, creator of the comic strip "Tumbleweeds."

"I learned from Tom what it takes to maintain a syndicated feature," he says. "He paid a lot of attention to his writing. There weren't many surprises when I started with Garfield. For years I watched Tom handle the fan mail, interviews and things of that nature. Also, working with him afforded me the time, income and the confidence to keep pursuing syndication myself. As I

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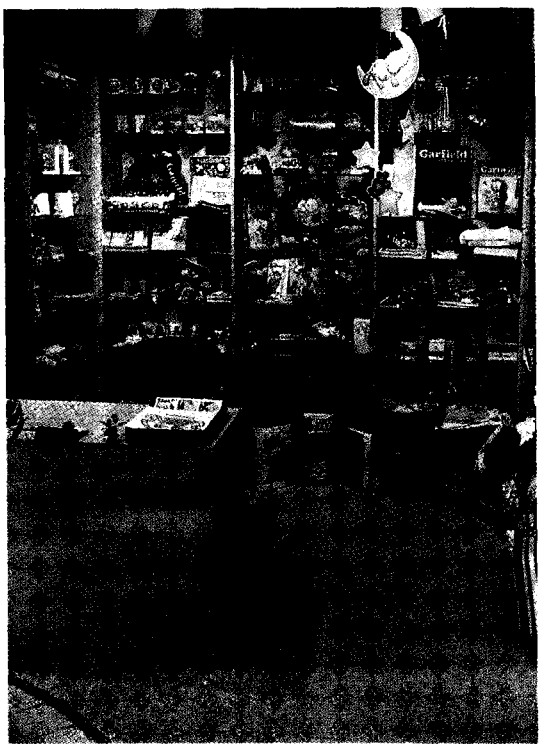
watched him do a successful strip I thought, 'I can do that too.' "

His original cartoon character was Gnorm the Gnat, which he designed and fine-tuned at his drawing board late at night or early in the morning before going to work.

"One of the toughest things was the motivation," he says. "It's hard to keep interested enough to keep drawing and drawing and drawing when you have no guarantee anything will come of it. Sure, it's fun to be whimsical, just to sit there and doodle, but to really think a character through is tough."

When Gnorm the Gnat failed to attract a gnibble from the syndicates, Davis decided to take a more analytical view of the cartoon market. What kind of character could he create that would be most appealing, least offensive and easiest to sustain over a long period?

"Obviously, an animal was the way to go because it isn't pegged down to specifics—male or female, black or white, young or old. When I thought about using a cat it became simply a mental exercise: What would happen if I crossed a primal animal such as a cat with a human being? What would I get? The answer was that I'd get a very selfish animal, someone out for his own creature comforts, somebody very egotistical, yet so honest people can't dislike him. This gave me a lot of latitude with the humor. Since people naturally attribute human feelings and thoughts to cats, I could write for him as an animal or as a human. Anyway I pleased, really. In fact, the more human I've made Garfield the more catlike people say he is."



Garfield products occupy a corner of the Davis complex. The fat cat is so popular he receives 300 fan letters a week. (Below) One of the newly created studios; another is under construction.

Davis created Garfield in December 1975 but kept the character and the supporting cast in incubation for a year while he explored and developed their personalities. As he polished the concept and prepared several sample strips for the market, he worried that another artist might have a similar idea and would let the cat out of the bag before he did.

The first two syndicates he approached responded with encouraging notes: Thanks, but. . . . The third syndicate, United Feature, asked for more samples. They looked, they liked and following another exchange of samples they bought.

"After nine years of rejection slips it occurs to you that you may never be syndicated," he recalls. "When the news finally came it was like retiring. I no longer had to work for a living. I'd be doing what I liked best to do."

Garfield made his newsprint debut on June 19, 1978, in 41 papers. Davis celebrated by buying a newer used car. Within two years the duo had a book on the best-seller list, the strip was appearing in nearly 200 newspapers and Davis, who traded up to a Corvette, was hustled onto the talk-show circuit to promote his brainchild. Americans had a new hero in the unlikely form of an overweight, cynical cat with a passion for pasta and a weakness for nap attacks.

"He's not very pleasant, but he's not the devious sort either," says Davis, defending his creation. "Actually, he relieves a lot of guilt. With the health craze and self-improvement kick going on, we're made to feel guilty for overeating, oversleeping and not exercising. Garfield helps balance the scales."

In spite of the cartooning success, Davis still believes himself more of a writer than an artist and continues to write all the gags for the newspaper strip. He admits that successful writers rely on their personal experiences for material and that he's no exception. Does that mean that Garfield is really Jim Davis with orange jowls? Or is Jim Davis actually Garfield in a people suit? There are the obvious differences: Davis doesn't shred furniture, isn't afraid of mice, doesn't torment a pooch named Odie and he's definitely not fat.

continued on page 111

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ONE OF THOSE DAYS—ALL WEEK

Running your glasses through the lawn mower and having the birdbath fall on your foot should be sufficient for one week, without being marooned on the roof in a rainstorm.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

I had a feeling that Monday wasn't going to be one of those days to write home about the minute I ran over my glasses with the riding mower.

It was just one of those things. One second you are mowing happy-go-luckily under the dwarf Red Delicious tree in the orchard, and the next second a branch snags your glasses and playfully tosses them in front of the machine. And in the time it takes you to decide whether to disengage the mowing mechanism or to stop the mower altogether, your glasses come spitting out the grass chute. What remains of them, that is.

My next catastrophe involved asking my dear wife to drive me (drive the car with me in it, to be precise) to the eye man's office in Spencer. I should have followed the railroad tracks on foot. That little error in judgment cost me a cool $899.95, plus tax. How it happened: While I was trying to convince the eye man that what I had done up in my handkerchief had actually been a pair of glasses, Lois went browsing. And as "luck" (hers, certainly not mine) would have it, she came upon the very freezer/refrigerator "she had wanted all her life."

"There's nothing wrong with the one we have now," I protested, thinking of our checking account, still confined to Intensive Care from her whim of wanting a sofa with springs that didn't show.

"But this one opens in the middle," she argued. Unlike a short story, Lois' arguments have a beginning and a middle but no end. And since it had been resolved early on in our marriage that in case of a disagreement she would go her way and I would go the same way, the freezer/refrigerator was installed in our kitchen the very next morning.

And I must admit, it is a thing of beauty. But freezer/refrigerators and humans have this in common: beauty is only skin-deep. The thing hasn't once stopped running. If our electric bill this month, and hereafter, doesn't run into four figures, I'll go to church every Sunday. I'd unplug it and plug in our old one, but the man who brought the new one took the old one to pay for bringing the new one. What is worse, with the meter whirring right outside our bedroom window and thoughts of those four-figure electric bills whirling in my head, I can't sleep.

But where was I? Oh yes. . .Tuesday wasn't so bad, if you don't count a crushed foot.

The way it happened, rain the night before had filled the birdbath with water. How awful, you smarties are probably thinking. What you don't know is, birds wouldn't take a bath in our birdbath if it was a Jacuzzi scented with jasmine. So we use it for a feeder. Why birds will eat out of this 50-pound concrete bowl when they won't get in there to scrub up is something you'd have to ask them. I won't ask them again. Not after Lois threatened to have me committed.

Anyway, I left my typewriter and girded my loins to tip up this 80-pound concrete bowl and let the water drain. But somehow in spraddling myself the thing got away from me and all 120 pounds landed on my best foot. Only a determined will to live got me back into the house.

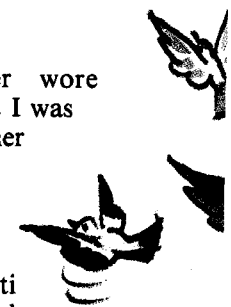
"What happened to you?" Lois asked.

"The birdbath fell on me," I moaned.

"Oh," she replied, resuming the vacuuming of the cat for suspected fleas. "I thought maybe you had hurt yourself."

That's among the worst things of being married to a nurse. I could come in with my head hanging by a thread and she, while scrounging around for a couple of aspirin, would proceed to tell me of a case in which even the thread had been snapped and she had been required to hold the two ends together until they healed.

On my hobble out to breakfast the next morning I happened to notice that a new hand-braided rug was highlighted with three of my best neckties.



"But you never wore them," said Lois, as I was wiping a squirt of her grapefruit juice out of my eye. It's a cinch I won't be wearing them again. Not unless spaghetti neckties become fashionable.

It was the cat, however, that set the tone for Wednesday. A man evidently having stepped on her tail during her formative years, Prissy has formed an opinion that only the female of the human species is to be trusted. She can't stand me. And the feeling is mutual. I'd sooner try to pet a wounded bull elephant. So when she came running up to me after breakfast, I thought perhaps she had had a change of heart. But what she had in her narrow little mind was the sharpening of her claws on the leg of my thin pajamas.

Then my thrifty little helpmeet spotted this ad in the Spencer *Evening World* announcing that Babb's Red and White grocery had paper towels on sale. So she drove the 17-mile round trip to save 20¢. And who ever heard of a woman going shopping without taking advantage of the opportunity to eat professional cooking? Thus I was left to fortify myself for an afternoon of digging up elm-tree stumps with a hearty lunch of cold boiled potatoes and what I took to be left-over consommé. It turned out to be a pan of burned-on gravy she was soaking.

Thursday morning the tick depository we call a dog woke me at 5:30 to chase a deer out of the patch of sweet corn that I had planted for the raccoons. So I had this gut feeling that Thursday wasn't going to be the ban-

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ner day of the week for me. And sure enough, it being Lois' birthday, I had included among her presents a Hartz 3-in-1 flea collar. It was for her lousy cat, of course, but she took it personally. To square things, I put our credit rating in jeopardy by taking her out to dinner. Even wore the dark blue suit I out-flabbed ten years ago but which she thinks I look so handsome in.

Twenty feet from the door of the swanky Hilltop Restaurant, a diarrhetic pigeon got the drop on me. After collecting my wits, what I could find of them, I left my coat in the car. So I entered the place in my short-sleeved shirt with somewhat the popularity of the third verse of a hymn. The maitrê d' stuck us in the first available booth and then blew out the candle.

Not surprisingly, the neighboring booth was occupied by three boys and the two adults responsible. One of the kids was in the final throes of Saint Vitus' dance, another was midway through the seven-year itch and the third had just been told he was getting a bicycle for his birthday. The mother of these adolescent jumping beans, who sat directly behind me, wore a hat adorned with a two-foot ostrich feather. And the 250-pound father had a bad case of tight shorts.

After the kids' combined gyrations had caused me to pop up like burned bread from the toaster for the tenth time, I gave up trying to keep my soup out of my lap. And with father continually maneuvering to adjust his shorts, I also became pretty well resigned to sticking my nose in my coffee. Thus I was already beginning to resemble a roller towel on Saturday night when I felt this thing crawling on the back of my neck. With visions of a brown recluse spider dancing in my head, I proceeded to sink all four tines of my fork into my left ear lobe. And in the process completely disengaged the feather from the woman's flaky hat. I thought the hat looked better without it, but do you think I could convince her? Or her 300-pound husband?

On the way home, driving under the influence of my wife, I was cited for not yielding the right-of-way to an emergency vehicle. It's hard to hear a siren when the flaps of your ears have been wilted by a 15-decibel review of your faux pas during the evening.

Friday didn't go quite so well. It started off with my little helpmeet discovering a small rip in the vinyl top of my '72 Olds Cutlass. (She insists, of course, on driving our later model, a '75 Monte Carlo.)

"I can fix that in a jiffy with a little epoxy glue," she said. Which she did, weighting the repair work down with a cement block. So now I'm driving around with a cement block stuck to the top of my car.

My only manual labor that day was to be the tarring of a leak in the roof. "You wanted a house with running water, you've got it," was my argument. But you know how some women are when it comes to picking up ceiling tile after every rain. So to keep peace in the family, I have ascended to the roof after every rain since we moved into this termite spa.

"Why is it," I demanded to know after my last futile effort, "that other men could skip up there with a wad of bubble gum and patch that hole while I could spend a week with a five-gallon bucket of tar and the leak would be worse than before?"

Ever the optimist, she pointed out that I can do some things that other men can't.

"Such as?" I finally asked.

"I'm thinking," she said.

And that's the way things stood on this particular Friday when I mounted the old aluminum ladder with another bucket of tar while she left on her daily run into Spencer—this time to get birdseed for the cat. Not that the cat eats birdseed. But the seed attracts the birds for her to watch. And while she is watching birds she isn't ripping up the sofa. Or the leg of my pajamas.

Lois left at 10:00. I scaled the ladder at 10:05. The wind blew the ladder down at 10:15. This left me with the choice of dropping 12 feet and breaking both ankles or waiting for Lois to come home. Birdseed being in the far corner of the grocery, I knew she wouldn't arrive there for at least an hour. And by then it would be time to hit the old salad bar at the OV restaurant. As for expecting any

continued on page 72

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THREE TIMES AROUND

A wagon-pulling pig is worth ten in the pen.

by John Marke Smith

Grandpa Barlow said it never could have happened anywhere but in Winston County. It was the only county in Alabama that seceded from the state when *it* left the Union. Grandpa said that Winston County folks were pretty independent in everything, and since there were no slaves in the county, they did not see why they should go to war with anyone. Anyway, Grandpa loved to tell about the things he had done and the people he had known when he was growing up in Winston County.

After supper one night he sat in his easy chair, puffed on his pipe and ran his hand through his white hair. I sat on the floor in front of him.

"Grandpa," I said, "you promised that tonight you'd tell me about the one-eyed pig."

"Yep," he said, "it was the only one-eyed pig I ever saw! I remember him just like it was yesterday. He caused such a commotion between ma and my uncle that I thought she was going to run him off. And it had a lot to do with Uncle Os marrying the prettiest girl in the county."

It was in 1875, I believe, and I was about 12 years old. Just a year or so older than you, boy. But I can still see Uncle Os driving into the yard early one April morning with that pig standing in the wagon bed. Uncle Os was no bigger than a minute, but he was singing one of his soldier songs at the top of his voice. That big, dusty-red pig was standing just as still and contented as he could be.

"Hey, Davey," yelled Uncle Os, "come here and look what I got!"

I trotted out to the wagon, and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes. The pig cocked his head around slowly at me, sniffed and grunted and gave me a peculiar look. He didn't look anything special to me. Just a big-boned, red Duroc that weighed about 300 pounds and stood about half as tall as Uncle Os. My uncle got some boards and coaxed the thing out of the wagon while I unhitched the mules and put them in the pasture. When I got back, Uncle Os was frolicking around in the yard with that pig nipping at his heels like a puppy. It was just about the friendliest pig I had ever seen, though as it turned out it certainly caused all sorts of trouble with ma, besides getting Uncle Os in a big hullabaloo with Major Armstrong. But it also made Uncle Os pretty famous around that whole county.

When Uncle Os led the pig into the pen and gave him some corn, I climbed up on the rail fence to get a better look. It was then I noticed something wrong with his right eye, and I asked Uncle Os about it.

"He's a one-eyed pig, Davey—see there, he don't even notice me waving my hand on this side of his head."

The pig was really grunting and chomping that corn. I leaned over the trough and inspected the eye.

"Well I'll be durned. How come he got that way, Uncle Os?"

"The man I got him from said he caught a splinter in his eye. Didn't get infected or nothing—just blinded that eye."

The pig cocked his head up at Uncle Os and grunted, like he was verifying that piece of information. My uncle stood for a minute admiring the pig from different angles, then climbed out of the pen. We started to the house for breakfast.

"That pig's smart, Davey," he grinned, "and he shore took a liking to me when I went over to look at him today. He rooted around my feet and followed me all over. I'm going to make a pet out of him—and I'm going to call him P.G.T. You can call him Pee Gee for short."

"What's P.G.T. mean?" I asked doubtfully. He stopped short and looked at me in surprise. His wide-set, open eyes danced happily at me.

"Son, don't Miss Julie teach you young'uns no history in school? Why, those are the initials of one of the finest gentlemen and generals in the whole Confederate army!" He frowned at me.

"Oh," I said, "you must mean General Beauregard. You were with him in that Louisiana outfit when you wore that—that Zoove uniform."

"Not *Zoove*, son, *Zou-AVE*—that's French. Comes from a tribe of mountain fighters over in North Africa. And the general's name is Pierre Gustave Toutant de Beauregard."

Right then Major Armstrong came by in his buggy with Miss Julie McCurdy, the schoolteacher. She was real pretty, with yellow hair and blue eyes. My uncle was courtin' her right often, but it looked like the major was trying to cut in on him. She yelled at us, and I waved back.

"Humph," snorted Uncle Os, "guess she's found somebody to see her to the schoolhouse every morning. Ain't particular who it is, either."

"But Uncle Os," I said, "she's always asking me about you. She likes you a whole lot. And you're only 30 years old. That's not too old for her. How come you don't set your cap for her?" Uncle Os was not much bigger than a banty rooster, but he was handsome and he was a whole lot of fun.

" 'Cause she's got her cap set for me," he said, "that's why! And when a filly sets her cap for you—watch out!"

Uncle Os took a playful swipe at my head and punched me on the shoulder. We ran up the back steps into the kitchen. The smell of bacon and hot biscuits met us at the door.

"My Lord, what's going on?" ma said, turning from the stove with the coffeepot. She was straight and tall and wore her black hair in a bun at the back of her head.

Uncle Os flung a leg over his chair and buttered a saucer-sized biscuit. I sat facing him.

"Ma," I said, "go look at the pig Uncle Os brought home. It's blind as a bat in one eye, but Uncle Os says he's gonna make a pet out of it!" I started eating my oatmeal.

Ma carefully set the coffeepot back on the stove, staring open-mouthed at Uncle Os.

"Oscar Travis!" she shouted, big hands on broad hips. "What in the world has come over you? We can't afford another pig!"

"Now, Claire, don't get riled up," said my uncle in between gulps of coffee. "He didn't cost nothing—yet. I'm gonna trade Luther Hudgins

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enough sorghum cane this summer to pay for Pee Gee. Anyway, Davey needs a pet."

"Davey needs a *pig* for a pet?" ma glared at Uncle Os. "Whoever heard of such a thing? I'm not going to have a pig running loose around this farm —you hear? No wonder Major Armstrong and the whole county thinks you're addled as a bessybug!" She sat down and started eating, giving Uncle Os a cold eye after every bite.

Uncle Os winked at me over the top of his cup and nudged my foot.

"You're not getting sweet on that pot-bellied Union soldier, are you?" He grinned like a mule eating briars.

"I am not!" ma snapped. "And you just hush about that! I set the major straight the first time he came over here after Henry died. I'm not courting him nor no other man."

"Well, sis, I was just thinking——"

"You just stop thinking about that! You're mad because the major wants to buy that 20 acres across the creek. And you don't like it because he's sparkin' Miss Julie now and then."

Uncle Os choked on his coffee. "If she wants to court a man," he sputtered, "that's her business! But I wish he would stop pestering me about that 20 acres of land."

"Well, we don't need it," ma said, "and he wants it for an orchard." She buttered a biscuit and poured syrup over it.

"Yeah," sneered Uncle Os, "just like all the other pieces of land he started buying up around here after the war!" He banged his cup on the table.

"Oscar," ma said sternly, "you can't blame a man for fighting on the side he believes is right. A lot of other folks around here fought on the Union side. They say the Nelson boys over at Mt. Hebron yelled to each other across the lines at Bull Run. And after the war was over, they had as much right to come back to their homes as anybody else."

"But they didn't come back here like carpetbaggers, trying to buy up all the land they could get their hands on!" Uncle Os was red-faced. "And about that schoolteacher," he said, poking his thumb in his chest, "ain't no woman gonna hook me!" He shoved his plate back and got up from the table.

"Oscar," said ma pleasantly, "you better stop gallivantin' over the county and settle on a sweet girl—like Miss Julie—who'll make something out of you." She finished up her coffee.

"Don't fret on it," said Uncle Os. He stretched and winked at me. "I'm gonna love 'em all and lose to none—right, boy?"

When I came in from school that evening I saw Uncle Os fooling around with Pee Gee. He had him outside the pen and was teaching him to back up and go sideways on command.

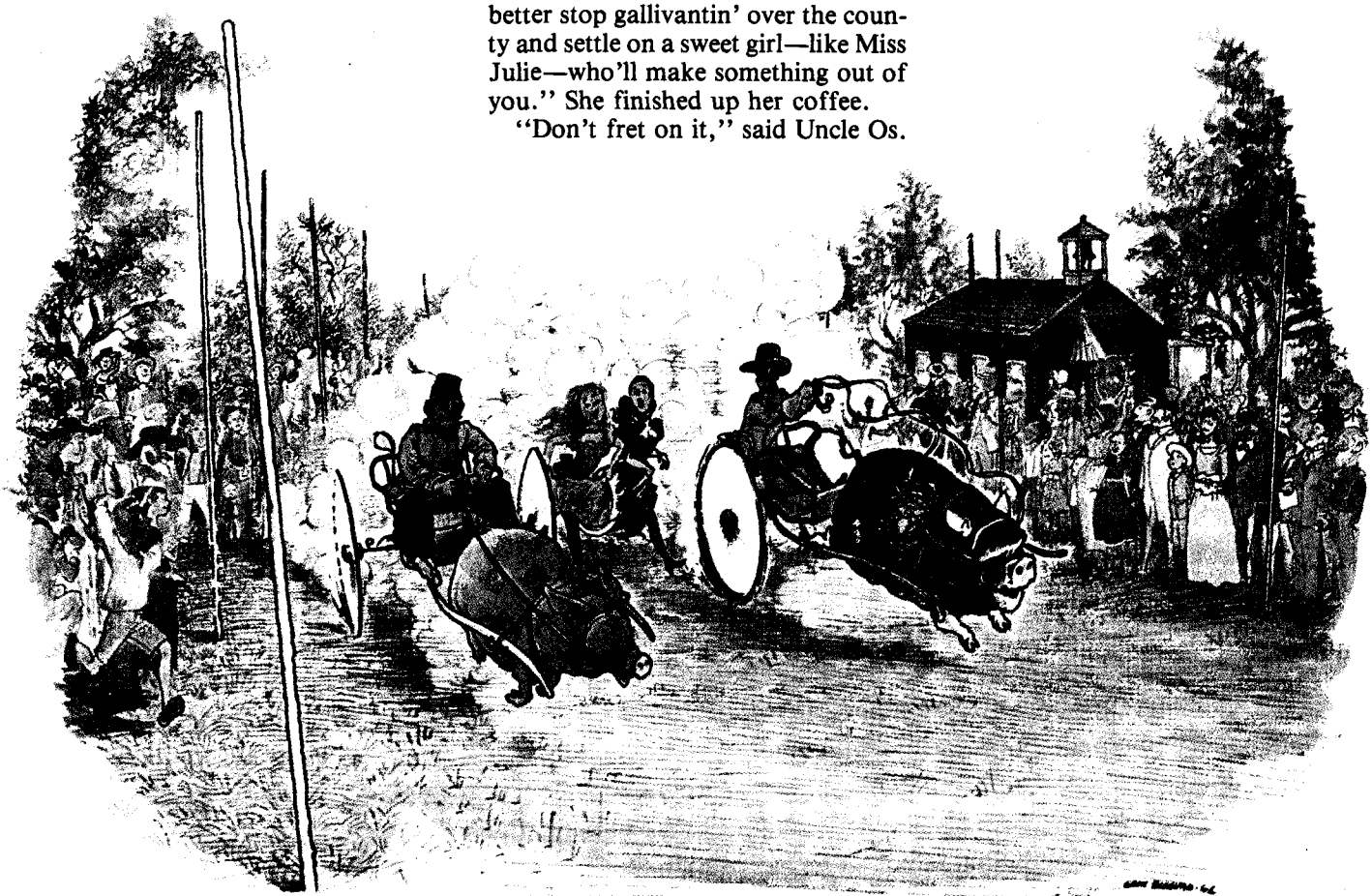
"Come here, Pee Gee," ordered Uncle Os, clapping his hands. Pee Gee ran up and playfully grunted at my uncle's knees. Uncle Os beamed at me.

"Look at that, Davey! No sir, he wasn't behind no door when they passed out the brains!" He patted Pee Gee on the head and opened the gate to the pen.

Uncle Os had just left the pigpen and we were starting on the chores when the major drove by, taking Miss Julie home. I saw her look at us and speak to the major. They stopped where the road turned by the barn, and Miss Julie called us over. I followed Uncle Os up to the buggy.

"Howdy, Miss Julie," I said, fidgeting.

"Evening, Miss Julie," said Uncle Os, taking off his hat.



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"Hello, Oscar," she said, lowering her eyes to her folded hands.

"Afternoon, Travis," growled the major. He went back to looking at the mare's ears.

"Oscar," Miss Julie said, touching her yellow hair, "do you still want me to make you a new Zouave uniform from the old one? I'll probably have some time to sew in the next few days. . . . Would you like to see it, major?" She smiled at the major.

"Humph," snorted the short, hawk-nosed man next to her. "I saw enough of them in the war. And they were always going the other way." He cut his black eyes and leered at Uncle Os.

"Wait a minute," said Uncle Os, stepping closer to the buggy wheel. "I saw some Northern Zouaves lightin' out from Antietam. I'll bet they were clear back to New York before they heard they won the battle."

"Yes," snapped the major, "and I suppose the Louisiana men that you fought with didn't light out of the woods at Gettysburg?"

"Who?" shouted Uncle Os. "You didn't see any of Colonel Malraux's Zouaves turnin' tail!"

I had never seen my sawed-off uncle get mad so quick. His eyes popped and the veins stood out on his neck. He was ready to go into the corncrib with a panther. Ma came up behind us and tried to pull Uncle Os away, but he was in no mood to be pacified.

"Travis," the major's voice trembled, "you shall not call me a liar!" He reached under the buggy seat. Miss Julie grabbed his arm and looked fearfully at us. Ma tried to calm Uncle Os, but he pushed her away. I was getting kind of weak in the knees.

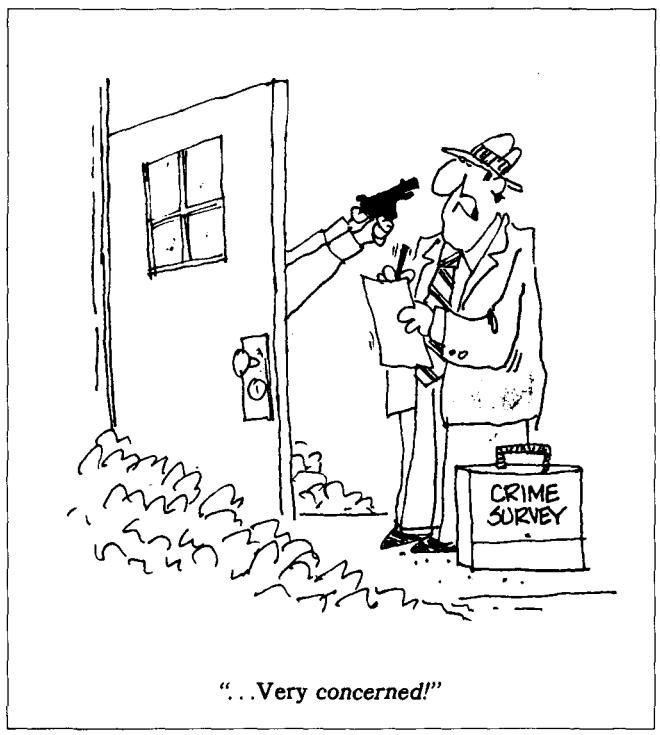
"Come out of that rig, you little stuffed bird!" shouted Uncle Os. He tried to get around me and ma to the other side of the buggy. Ma wrapped her long arms around him in a bear hug.

"You sit over there in that big house," squealed Uncle Os, "and get tenants to do all your farming for you and try to buy up all the farms around here for little or nothing! Well, you won't get any part of this farm!" He struggled against ma, and she lifted him off the ground while he kicked and hollered.

The major coldly tipped his hat to ma. Miss Julie smiled weakly at us as the major sent the mare trotting off. They were soon hidden by a cloud of dust in the road.

Uncle Os mumbled something about the major trying to make him look the fool in front of Miss Julie, then stalked off to get some fodder for the cow. I was kind of afraid to get near him right then, so I went to the house with ma.

We were out front next day while Uncle Os tried to talk ma into using her broom to bathe Pee Gee. We heard a horse nicker and turned to see Major Armstrong watching us from the road. In the commotion about Pee Gee's bath, we hadn't heard him drive up.



"...Very *concerned!*"

"Well, Travis," he said, looking over Pee Gee, "what have you got there?" He touched his hat to ma.

"Nothing you'd be interested in, major," said Uncle Os.

Ma was still hot and bothered. Taking her murderous look off Uncle Os, she said, "Afternoon, Major Armstrong. Just a little family ruckus. Oscar bought that pig and made a pet out of him, and now he tries to bathe him, just like he was somebody."

"A *pet*? A *pig* for a pet?" said the major, laughing and clapping his knee. He got down out of the buggy, wiped his eyes and bent down to look at Pee Gee.

"Well, Travis," he said, "you sure can come up with some strange ideas. And giving it a *bath*?" He roared again, holding his sides.

"What's wrong with having a pig for a pet?" asked Uncle Os, his ears turning red. He pushed Pee Gee with his foot toward the pen and faced the major again. "That pig has a heap of sense. He's lots smarter than some people I know."

"Travis," said the major, "everybody knows a male pig doesn't have much sense. The females are always the smartest. I've got a Berkshire sow that's probably twice as smart as your pig." He eyed the retreating Pee Gee.

"Is that so," said Uncle Os, rolling his big eyes at me. "Well, I'll just tell you, major, Pee Gee can beat your sow at anything."

The major chuckled and looked at ma. "That pig sure is good at running," he said, "when it comes to getting away from you, Miss Claire."

Ma said something under her breath, glared at Uncle Os and went back to the house.

"Now there's a thought, major," said Uncle Os. "If your sow is so good, why don't you race her against Pee Gee?"

"Race her?" asked the major. "You mean a regular race between pigs?" He gave Uncle Os a fishy look.

"Sure," grinned my uncle, his dark eyes smiling, "we'll hitch little wagons up behind them. It'll be just like the chariot races in the olden days." He knew he had the major interested, and he talked a little faster. "It won't hurt the pigs. We'll only run them a little way, so they won't get too hot."

"Wouldn't it hurt them to pull so much weight behind them?"

"No, sir!" said Uncle Os. "It sure won't." Now my uncle fed him the rest of the bait. "Besides, we'll make a little bet. I'll bet you that 20 acres by the creek that Pee Gee will win." He folded his arms, smiling, and rocked back and forth on his heels.

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I knew Uncle Os had him hooked. Major Armstrong scratched his jaw and squinted a moment at Uncle Os. Then he turned and looked over the pasture to the creek and the 20 acres beyond it. He licked his lips, hesitated, then looked at Uncle Os. "It's a bet," he said.

"Ha!" cackled Uncle Os, "you're the witness, Davey! . . . Now, what will you put up, major?"

"I'll bet you my Berkshire and her mate," said the major.

"By Ned," said Uncle Os, rubbing his hands, "that's a good bet!"

They agreed to run the race at the schoolhouse Saturday. The major drove off, and Uncle Os went to the barn to fix his cart.

When he came to supper, he told ma about the race. She held her hands to her head and left us at the table, muttering an estimate of the size of Uncle Os' brain. We finished eating and joined ma on the back porch. Uncle Os got down his guitar and started singing. Five minutes later all the wildcats in the woods started screaming. I thought he was going to bring them all down on us. When Uncle Os struck off on "Sweet Evalina", Pee Gee got up from his bed at the pigpen and came grunting and oinking up to the back steps. He laid on the ground at Uncle Os' feet and listened—just like he knew the music. Pretty soon ma sang the sad tune about the boy who was chased away from his sweetheart—"The Banished Lover". Pee Gee jumped up and ran squealing off to the barn. I really believe I saw his ears stand up and his curly tail shoot straight out. After a while Uncle Os put up the guitar and slicked up to go calling on Miss Julie.

Friday morning Uncle Os harnessed Pee Gee to the little wagon. He slipped right in between the cane poles that lay along each side of his broad back. Uncle Os sure was a funny sight riding around the yard in that little wagon. The news about the race must have spread quickly, because about noon the neighbors began stopping by. Some of them reported on the major and his preparations for the race. Then the men persuaded Uncle Os to wear his Zouave uniform in the race. He went in the house to dig it out of his old cedar chest, and I don't guess I'll ever forget the sight of Uncle Os when he came out into the sunshine.

"Lord have mercy!" said a farmer beside me.

Uncle Os wore blood-red baggy trousers with a blue stripe down each side. He had on a dark blue, red-trimmed jacket and waistcoat, with a light blue sash. He was wearing spats, and above them were white leggings. A high red cap with a dangling red tassel was cocked on the back of his head. Pee Gee came sniffing up to him and cast his eye up at the strange sight. Then he grunted and nodded his heavy head as if in approval.

"I'll do what I can, but I wish you'd come to me a little sooner."

The next morning Uncle Os went to the pigpen just after daylight. I heard Pee Gee grunting and figured Uncle Os was feeding him early so he could rest up for the race. My uncle came to eat breakfast and ignored the smirk on ma's face. Then he put Pee Gee in the wagon and drove to the schoolhouse early. I decided to wait and ride with ma and Miss Julie.

When we got there about nine o'clock, it looked like everybody in the county was crowded in front of the two-room, red building. Farmers stood in little groups talking and chewing tobacco. The women in long-sleeve cotton dresses and colorless bonnets stood in other groups and talked about new babies and funerals. Some of the children played tag under the fragrant, pink-blossoming crab-apple trees. One sunburned woman yelled at ma and asked her if she was betting on Uncle Os. Ma just shrugged her shoulders and circled a finger around her ear. They laughed back at her. Miss Julie blushed and adjusted the ruffles at the sleeve of her calico dress. When we got closer I saw that somebody had spaced two rows of slender poles around the schoolhouse. The track between the poles was about 15 feet wide and level all the way around the building. I drifted away from ma and Miss Julie and wandered among the men.

Suddenly a chorus of shouts arose as the crowd caught sight of Uncle Os coming out of the schoolhouse in his Zouave suit. A thin, tired-looking woman wearing a man's hat nudged her neighbor. "What kind of a foreigner is that?" she whispered.

Uncle Os went across the road to the woods where he had left Pee Gee. While he was gone, Major Armstrong drove up. Some of his friends helped him get his black Berkshire, Suzie, out of the wagon. Everybody pushed in close to watch him harness her to the little cart. Suzie looked like she might have weighed a hundred pounds more than Pee Gee. Since Uncle Os and the major were about the same size, it seemed the advantage would be with Suzie. While they were finishing, Uncle Os came across the road leading Pee Gee, who was already in his harness. The major eyed the Zouave suit and followed Uncle Os to the front door of the school, which was the starting line. I wormed through the people around the pigs so that I could hear everything.

Uncle Os and the major stood behind their chariots and decided on the rules for the race. The major wanted to go two laps around the schoolhouse, but Uncle Os held out for three. The major gave in, and the folks cheered. They tossed a coin and Uncle Os won the inside position.

continued on page 96

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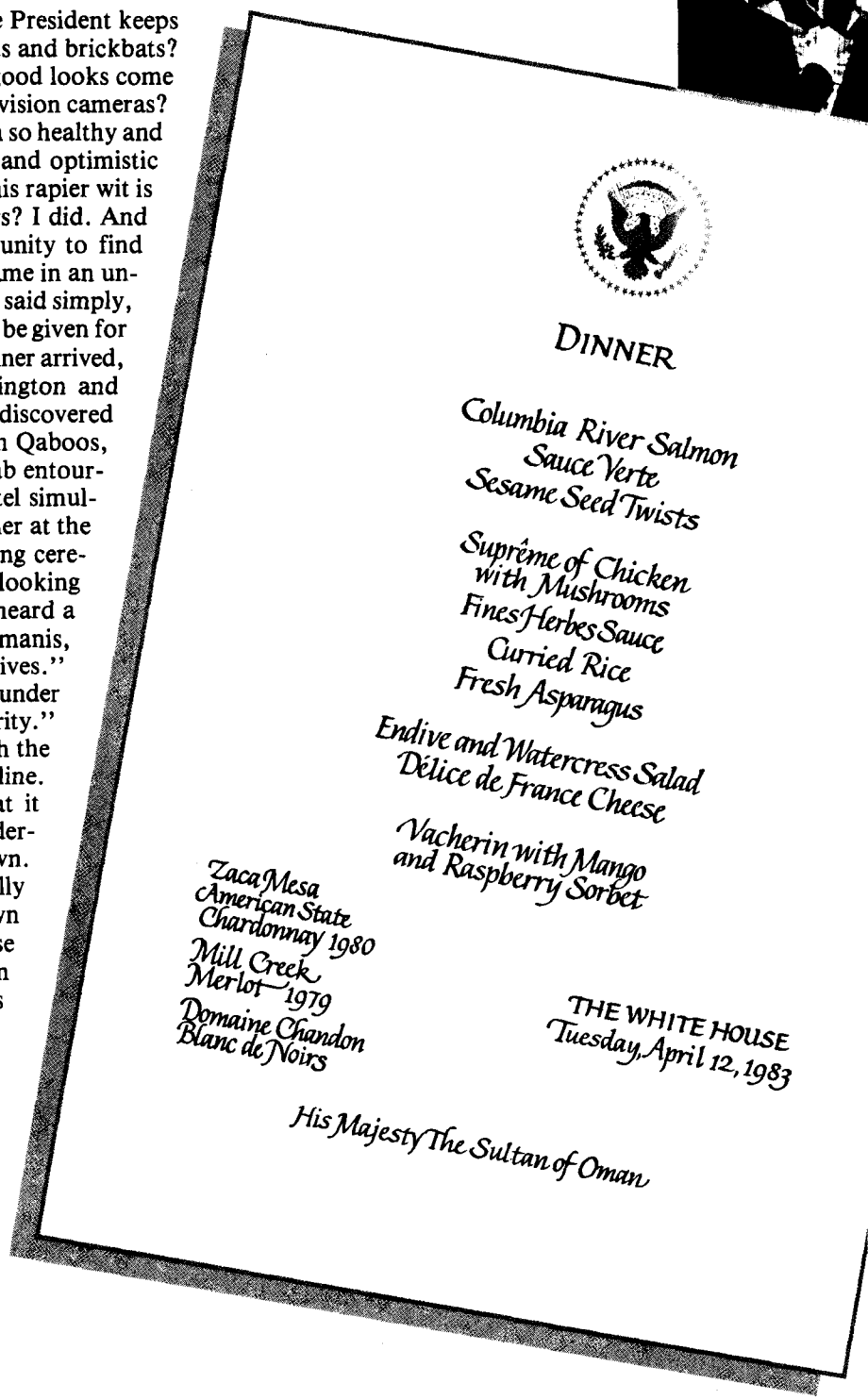
DINNER WITH THE PRESIDENT

A chance to chat with the President about what he eats, how he exercises and what vitamins he takes to stay in such rugged good health.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Do you ever wonder how our handsome President keeps looking so hale and hearty after bullets and brickbats? Do you ever wonder whether his vigorous good looks come as a result of lights and make-up for the television cameras? Do you wonder what this man eats to remain so healthy and how he lives to keep his exuberant energy and optimistic regard for people? Did you ever wonder if his rapier wit is all his or the product of gifted ghost writers? I did. And then, quite unexpectedly, I had an opportunity to find out the answers firsthand. The invitation came in an unstamped envelope with a return address that said simply, "The White House." It was a state dinner to be given for the Sultan of Oman. When the day of the dinner arrived, my husband, Beurt, and I went to Washington and checked in at the Madison Hotel. We soon discovered that the guest of honor, His Majesty Sultan Qaboos, the Sultan of Oman, and his enormous Arab entourage were also staying there. We left the hotel simultaneously and our limousines arrived together at the White House. The sultan's men were wearing ceremonial robes called "beshets" and lethal-looking curved knives called "khangers." We overheard a White House aide tell one of the sultan's Omanis, "Security will never let you in with those knives." He was referring to the daggers peeking from under their robes. The Omani replied, "We *are* security."

Nancy and the President stood inside with the sultan to greet their guests in a reception line. The sultan's attire was so magnificent that it nearly overshadowed Nancy Reagan's understated but elegantly draped Galanos gown. Her attire couldn't have been more tastefully chosen to complement the sultan's. My own vintage Italian lace had been chosen because it is comfortable, dances well and had been painstakingly refurbished after the weddings of two of our daughters. In the receiving line Beurt and I enjoyed some short small talk with the President, but judging from the size of the dinner party, I expected that these would be our last words of the eve-



The superb menu, served on Nancy Reagan's famous White House china, allowed time to discover everything from the President's amazing knowledge of nutrition and health to his diet and exercise and the happy fact that he is not a jellybean addict. He rarely eats them.

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ning with the President and Mrs. Reagan. We proceeded to the dining room, where husbands and wives were assigned to separate tables. Nancy was seated with the sultan. I was assigned to table No. 10, which I was told was under the portrait of Abraham Lincoln and in front of the fireplace. Upon arriving at my seat, I found that the place card next to mine said simply, "Mr. President." So I had dinner with Nancy's husband. As we ate and talked, I learned that the President in private is as humorous, as optimistic, as generous in his view of America as ever he seemed in public. The "President" you see in the media is not the creation of ghost writers, make-up artists and lighting technicians in the White House studio.

He is a vigorous man who works out daily in his White House gym as often as the affairs of the world permit. And he looks forward to his vacations at the ranch in California where he chops wood and rides his horses.

He told us that horseback riding is marvelous exercise for body and soul. You move every muscle in your body when you get on a horse, he said.

"When a man sits on the outside of a horse, it does good things for the insides of the man," he said with a laugh.

The President gives close attention to his diet, he told me. The famous jellybeans, for example, are not often eaten. It all began, he said, when he was giving up pipe smoking. For a time, the jellybeans helped. But now he rarely eats them.

The demands of his office for ceremonial lunches and dinners would seem to make it impossible for the President to keep a sensible diet. But there was good dietary sense beneath the elegance of this night's state dinner—Columbia River salmon with a light sauce verte, a supreme of chicken with mushrooms and an herbed

I thought that the small talk Beurt and I had with him before dinner would be our only words with the President. But to my delight, the place card to my right said simply, "Mr. President."

sauce were the main dishes served on Nancy Reagan's famous White House china.

The President's vigorous fitness served him and the nation well when John Hinckley, Jr., shot him outside the Washington Hilton. The President told me that at first he did not know he had been shot, that he thought the pain he felt was from a rib that cracked when the Secret Service agents first threw themselves on the President to protect him from the shots and then threw him in the White House limousine, literally, for the fast trip to George Washington University Hospital.

He felt God was with him when he arrived at the hospital, he told me, because the physicians should have been gone by that hour and the oper-

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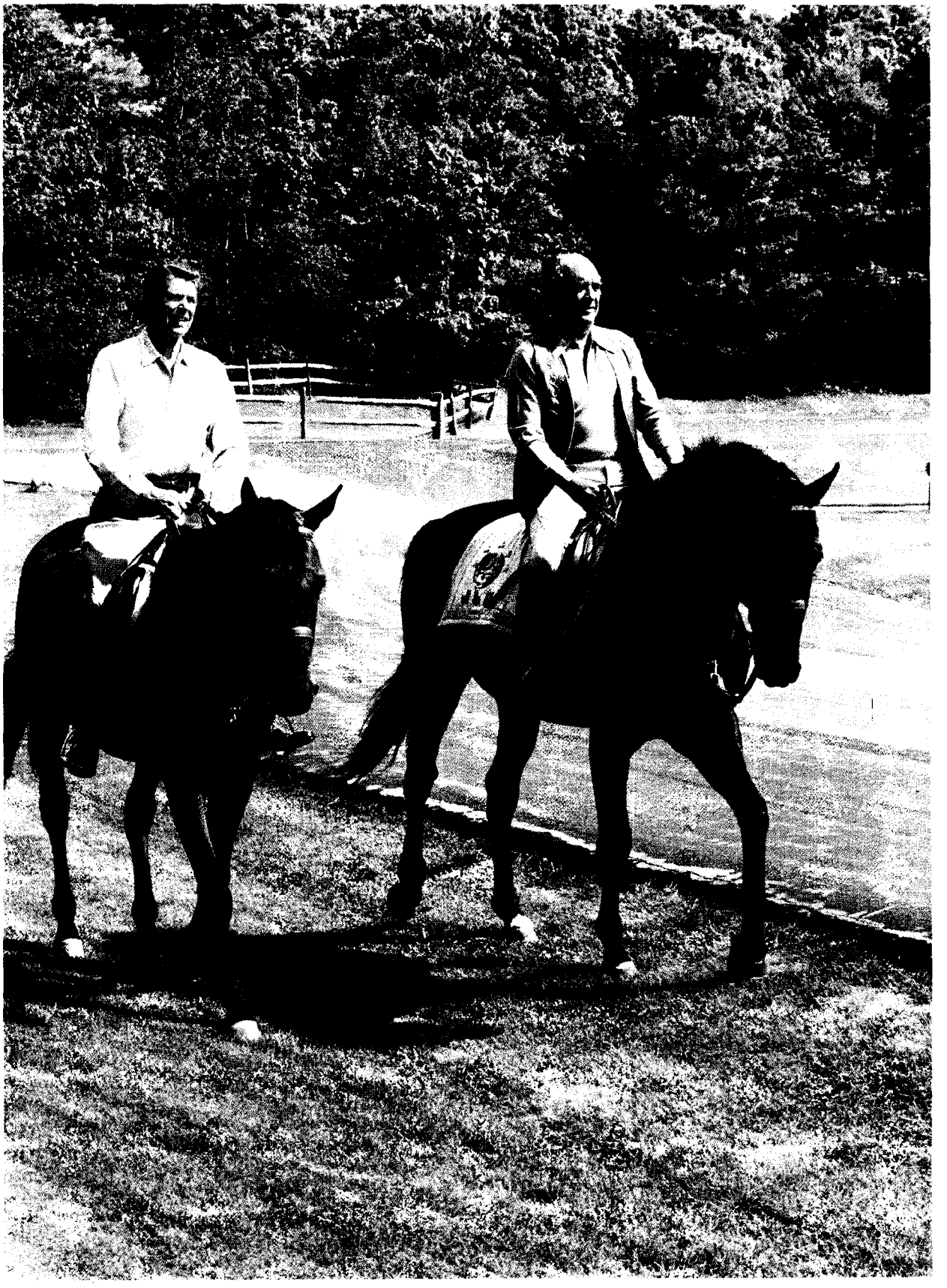

The physical fitness that served President Reagan well in his recovery from John Hinckley's near-fatal bullet comes from exercise. Among his favorites is horseback riding—here, with Miguel de la Madrid, president of Mexico. "When a man sits on the outside of a horse, it does good things for the inside of a man," said the President to his dinner guests.

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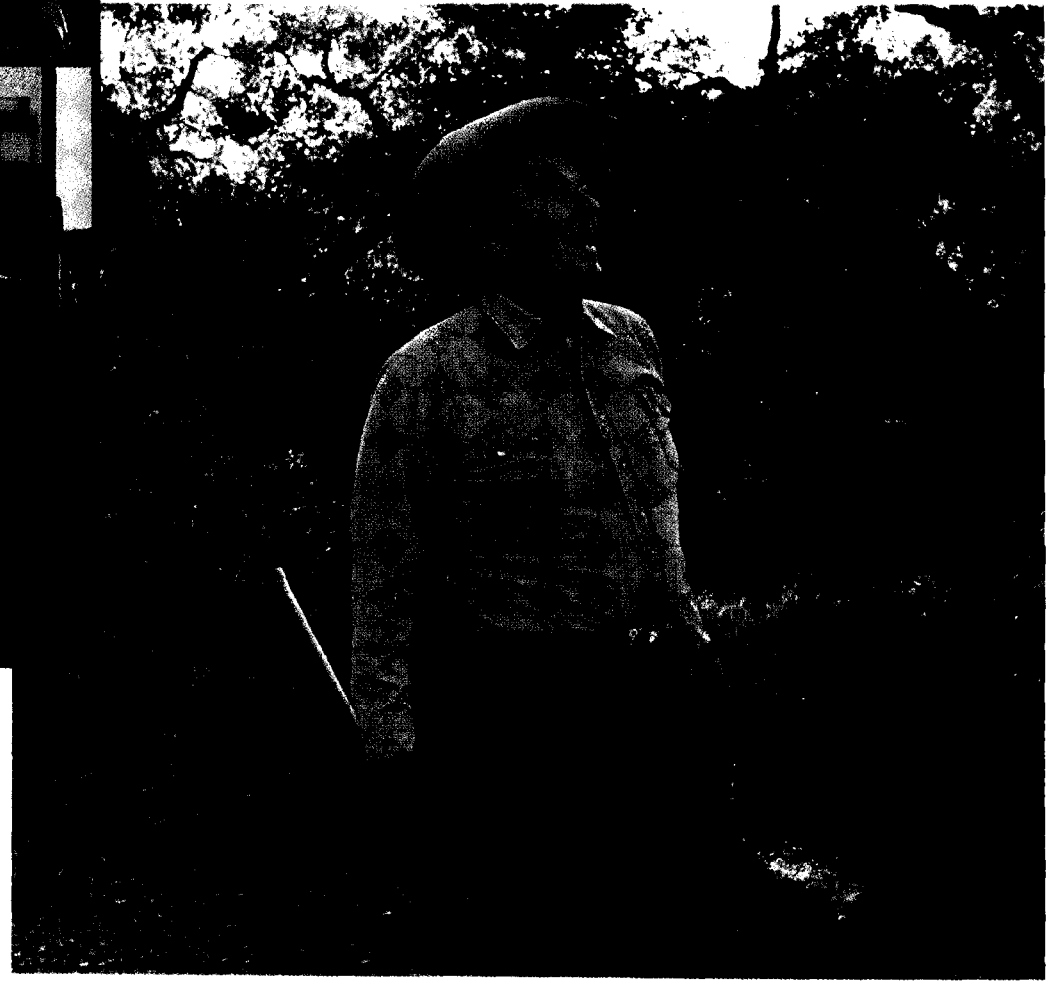
ating room shut down for the day at three in the afternoon. But, instead, all the specialists that the President needed were still at the hospital. They fortunately had just finished a staff meeting and treatment could begin immediately—but not until the President made his famous joke: "I hope all you fellows are Republicans."

The President confided that his

President Reagan and Nancy greet the dinner's honored guest, His Majesty the Sultan of Oman. It was my good fortune that the sultan came without a wife.

(Above) Hemmed in by demands of the Oval Office, the President resorts to the best exercise available—pumping iron in the White House gym.



To take care of the inside of his arms, and possibly with a few congressional frustrations in mind, he picks up an axe—to chop wood.

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The agony—acknowledging the crowd's plaudits, our virile President is suddenly gunned down by the mentally disturbed John Hinckley, Jr.

Christian faith began with his mother's teaching—and that he could not serve his office without that faith today. Our seats at this dinner were almost directly beneath the G.P.A. Healy portrait of Lincoln done in 1869. President Reagan said he takes his inspiration from Lincoln, who also knew that sometimes the President of the United States stands wholly alone with the responsibilities of the nation and that only prayer and an unbending faith in God can give the President the strength and courage to stand so alone. He can't imagine anyone running the country without God's help, he told me. The need for guidance is enough to bring a man to his knees every day, he added.

The Moslems still observe the Koran's prohibition on alcohol, and because the Omanis are Moslems, there were no champagne toasts at this White House dinner. Instead, the representatives of the two cultures traded formal compliments about each other's leadership qualities. In the Arab manner, they pledged mutual support. A relaxed, happy feeling prevailed.

Does the President take vitamins? Yes. He explained that when he and Nancy were first married, Nancy's father, the late Dr. Loyal Davis, a prominent Chicago neurosurgeon, had told them they should take a multivitamin every day just in case they might have some vitamin or mineral deficiency. So every morning they each take a Multicebrin®.

While our nation held its breath, Reagan's vigorous fitness and his faith in God led to a speedy, complete recovery.

We talked about drugs and marijuana. He is obviously proud of the work Nancy does in fighting drug abuse. He spoke about the harm of marijuana and pointed out that we are now finding emphysema in young marijuana smokers. He said that the Russians could wipe out our country if they could get a single generation of young people addicted to drugs and marijuana.

The President spoke for a time about the success of the efforts to eliminate marijuana use in the military services. Peer pressure is at work, he said, and our service men and women no longer want to entrust their own safety and their own lives to someone who might be stoned. So drug use is becoming unpopular for the young men and women in our armed forces—and, we hope, to their contemporaries in the civilian world.

It was apparent that the President hates smoking of all kinds. He told about his brother, who had been a two- or a three-pack-a-day smoker. One of his vocal cords has now been surgically removed and he has also had triple-bypass heart surgery. The President feels this was a case where lifestyle made the difference between health and illness. Their genes were similar, but their lifestyles were quite different. The President himself never smoked anything but a pipe and he gave that up.

The President assured me that he does eat fiber and gains all the benefits therefrom promptly. I told him about potatoes and my theory that more upper-respiratory illnesses occur in the spring when people are eating potatoes that have only one-fourth of their original vitamin C content left in them. Potatoes are such an important source of vitamin C in the diet that vitamin-deficient spring potatoes could cause susceptibility to respiratory viruses.

I was amazed by the President's knowledge of nutrition and health. While we are on the subject of potatoes, the President told a story of a famous medical study of 550 pairs of Irish brothers. The brothers who came to America tended to develop cardiovascular disease, but the brothers who stayed in Ireland kept their health—probably because of the potatoes they ate and the exercise they got from growing them. The President told this story with great wit and with a better memory for the facts than most physicians would display. A full account of the study ap-

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peared in the *New England Journal of Medicine*.

I asked the President why he thought Jane Fonda did the things she did in Vietnam.

When he was governor of California, the President said, he was visited in his home by a veteran who had been a prisoner of war in one of the North Vietnamese prison camps that Jane Fonda visited. She took her fellow American before the international press that accompanied her on the North Vietnamese tour and used him as an example of the "humane treatment" that she said the Communists were giving their American prisoners. But the truth of the treatment was that the prison guards had hanged this young man by his injured arm and had beaten him four or five times. He had been forced by his captors to cooperate with Jane Fonda and stand before the press with her.

But the President said that he could understand how Jane Fonda and others could have been so easily duped by the Communists. Their propagandists are masters at generating publicity and the adulation of the press for articulate but naive public figures who are willing to stand as critics of America and as friends of our enemies. They give our critics starring roles in the theater of the press.

The tables around us were filled with well-known people. We saw the heart specialist Michael DeBakey and the fashion designer Calvin Klein, who exchanged kisses with Nancy Reagan. Maria Janis, Gary Cooper's daughter, was there and so was Fred Astaire's daughter, Ava. Leonard Silverstein, president of the National Symphony Orchestra, the artist Andrew Wyeth and the philanthropist Richard Mellon Scaife were all enjoying the delightful food and company. The splendid violinists played romantic dinner music without stopping.

The President had great fun telling us a story about his visit with Queen Elizabeth of England. They were sitting on the podium, and her aide, who could never turn his back on the queen, was required to walk backward. As he was doing so, she thoughtfully motioned right or left to keep him in a straight line. Noticing that the President had caught her guiding him, she laughed and said, "A man could get killed falling off this thing."

After dinner we walked into the drawing room, where coffee was being served. The President said, "Sanka, please."

"That's our President!" I exclaimed.

He gets an A+ on matters of health maintenance. If he does as well managing the country as he does managing his own health program, we will have a healthy country and a vigorous society.

Nancy couldn't wait to join the President to share her good news. "The sultan has just given us a $300,000 check for the National Symphony Orchestra," she exclaimed. She was elated. Modestly, she didn't mention to the President that it was to be used for the Nancy Reagan

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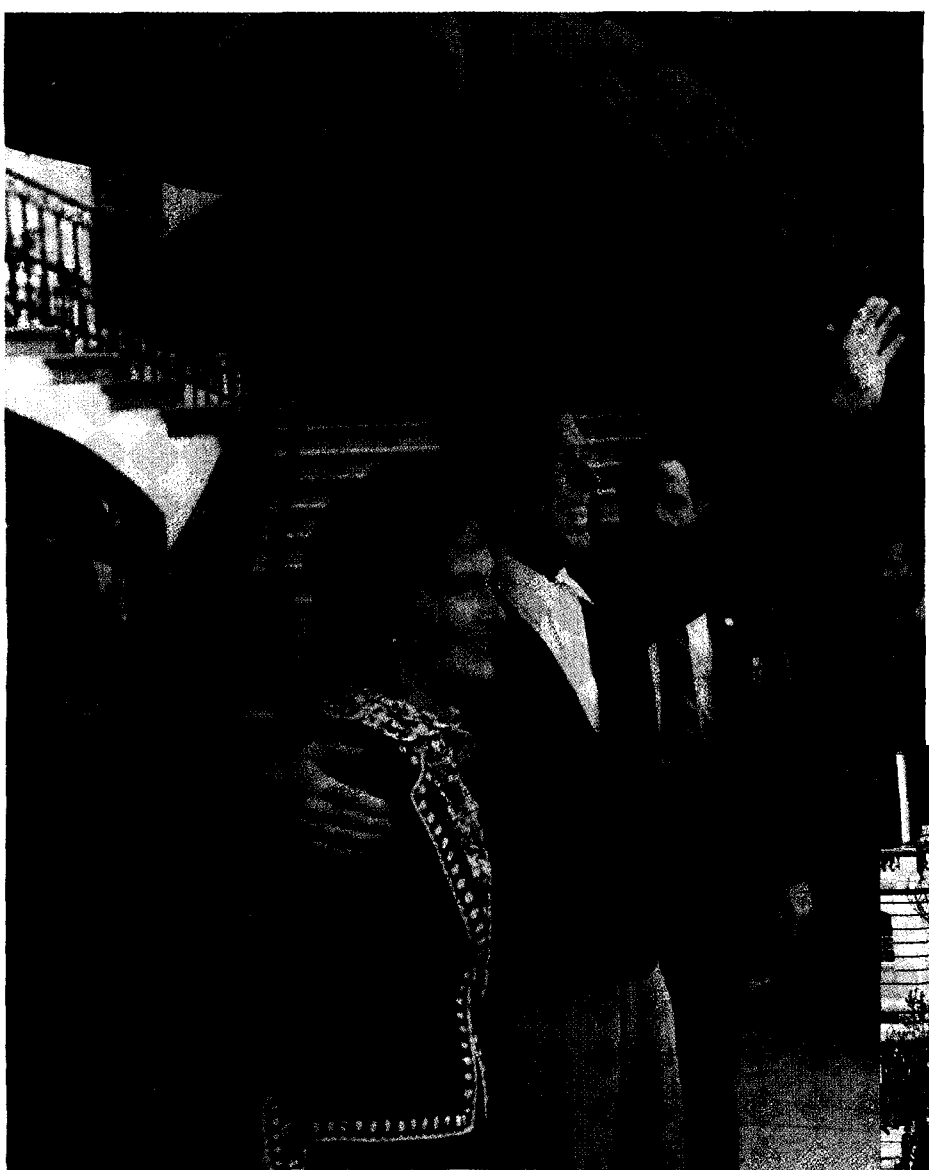

The ecstasy—emerging hale and hearty from the hospital with First Lady Nancy and being greeted with the "living" get-well card of assembled White House staff members, et al.

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RIDE A GOLDEN HORSE

Only one person could handle the killer stallion—a boy with the reputation of a coward.

by Stewart Toland

In the lonely places of lonely men, where beast and element and life and death are the only kin and neighbor, man sees how small he is against this earth. It takes more for him to live—and less for him to die—than for most creatures. He has not the free gifts of wisdom and strength and clothing and acceptance the beasts have. He is supreme only in hands and tongue—and conceit.

And this was a lonely place, this Texas, and not too long from its taming. Men still looked at men hard, and they measured in this way—man was the prey of the elements, and beasts were the prey of men, and men were the prey of men. For this was the hunters' day when nothing belonged to itself, but only to the strong. The weak, the coward, the fool, the innocent would all find death a quick and kinder place.

Perhaps that explained Ollie Yalden and his son Chess, why they thought of death. Only this time the prey wanted to choose the hunter.

That was the West. And strangely, the East had a similar thinking about the world belonging to the strong. But the strong was gold. Five thousand dollars in gold would buy anything. And so a man came out of the East with a bag of gold to buy a legend.

He got off the train with the gold in his hands, a leather, round bag with a drawstring and a golden dollar sign painted big on its belly. To his left there was a guard with a rifle, and to his right a guard with a shotgun, and in front of him there was an artist come to kneel and sketch his picture so the periodicals back East could print just how it was. And he was a fine sketch of a man, with a black beaver hat and a gold watch chain and a smile from here to there. And after the artist made the picture of the train and the smoke and him standing beside it, he walked to the depot and nailed up a poster.

And everyone who had come to watch the train go by went to read the poster. They gathered round, and the artist drew that—the boots, the slouch hats, the bandannas, the gun belts, the flat, horse-sitting bottoms with the sweat line plain on their legs. It was sure enough a picture of the West squinting in the sun and reading:

REWARD! 5,000 DOLLARS GOLD!
WANTED ALIVE

The wild horse known as Gateado. Or sometimes The Ghost. Or sometimes The North Wind. The horse they say is faster than the wind and stronger than the mountains and clever as God and fierce as hell. The gold-colored horse with a tail that drags four inches along the ground and a mane to his knees, and a stripe down his back as thin and dark as hate.

Five thousand in gold will be paid by the undersigned for this horse unharmed, or not harmed beyond healing and with a rope on his neck and a rope on each leg—horse and ropes all stoutly secured in my freight wagon.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM

And then a team of eight horses came down the street. This great red-and-yellow freight wagon with iron bars came to stop beside the bag of

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gold. And the guards put the gold in the chest bolted to the wagon bed and they climbed to the wagon top. The artist sat beside them, and the man in the beaver hat sat with the driver, and he turned to the crowd and said, "Which way is it to the wild-horse range?"

But there wasn't anyone left to answer. There was just a cloud of dust blowing from the south, and he sat there and smiled on it as if he'd known it all along.

And the driver said, "Gateado's range is some 300 miles to the south. It's lonely country of thorn and rock and shadows. That's why the horse hasn't been caught before. It's been tried, you know. Some days he isn't a horse, but only another shadow in the shadows he hides in. For five years men have hunted him."

"For $5,000?"

And the driver said, "No," and headed the team south.

It was sunset and the time of the wild horses. The games and fights and flights of the day were forgotten for just this while as the wild horses turned to the west and watched the changing of the hours. It was strange. They stood so still, so intent, so knowing. They didn't say what it meant to them, this good-bye of the sun that was their friend. But if they had, no one would have heard but a boy.

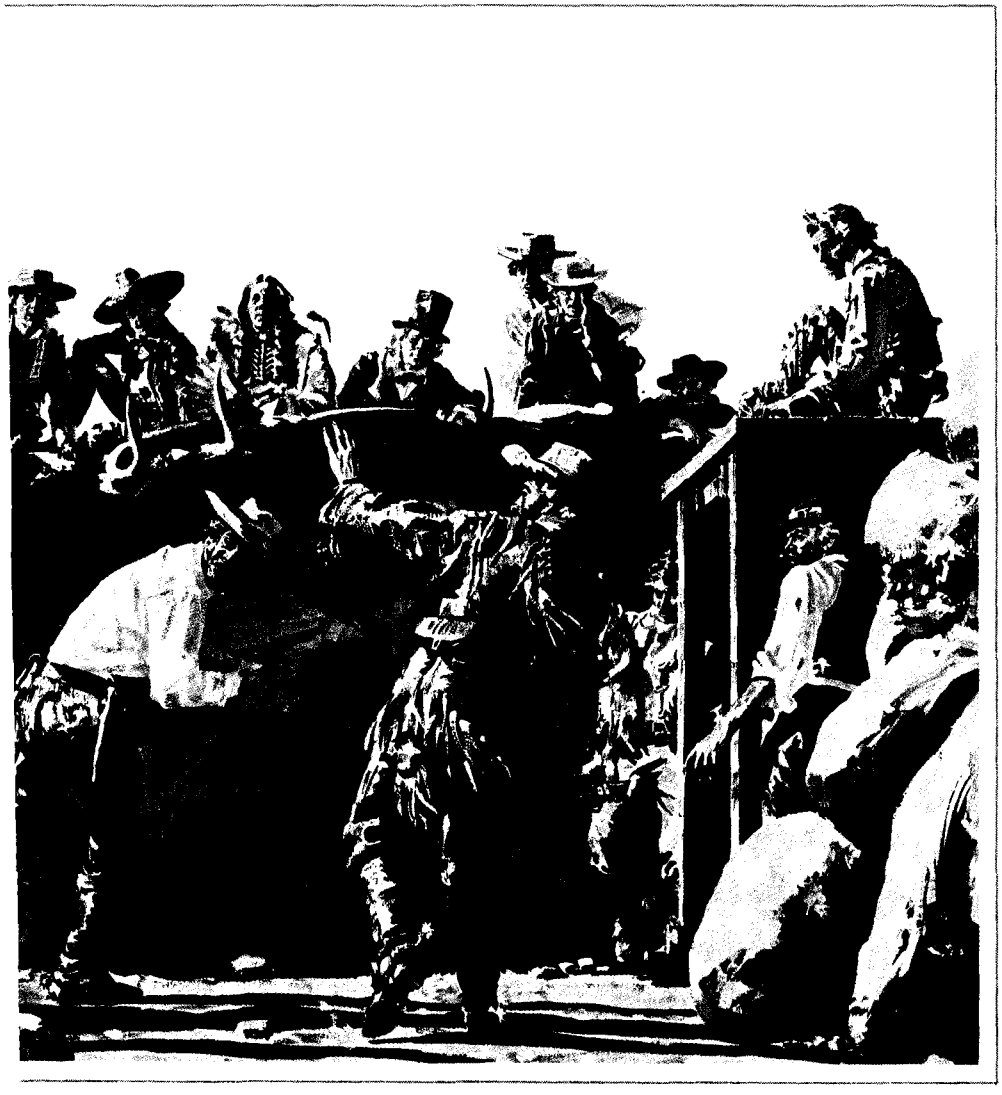
He stood there alone in this place of loneliness where the sky was like a sea—shoreless and unknown. And the land was like a second sea—brown waves washed against isles of thorn and the reefs of stone where the horses stood. The boy watched the dark shadows of them. He watched the one standing apart, the stallion with the tail that lay along the ground, and he said, "Are you the one?"

And he waited for the answer that never came. He had been a boy-sized boy when first he'd asked that, and now he was almost man-sized and knew he wouldn't ever know—not for sure. He tried to remember if there was some other mark besides the length of tail and the look in the eyes and the stripe down the back. But it had been seven years ago, and he had only been a child. He had been hiding in the rocks of the wild-horse range from the whipping he was going to get when he got home and he came upon a mare and her colt, and they were dead. And he started to run away—because he was afraid of dead things—when the colt opened its eyes and looked at him. It wasn't dead; it was a little horse-child alone in this loneliness. And Chess remembered how it was when his mother died, and he stopped and knelt and fell under a spell of magic. It was in the colt's eyes, like a fire burning there.

And the winds came to see and play with the colt's mane and tail that were longer than ever he'd seen, and the little horse struggled to meet the wind, to smell of its secrets and to snap at it as though the wind were his to tame.

But he knew he was too young to tame it now, and he lay down again and watched the boy to see what it was that men were made to do.

And Chess said, "I found you, and that makes you mine. I have no brother and no friend and I would like to have you for my friend." He held out his hands. "See how delicate they are; I cannot make them strong. So, people say I'm weak. I've ridden a donkey since I was five, but I cannot ride a horse. It's not that I'm afraid of the horse; it's the ground going by so fast and far away and hard, and I am afraid of it. So, people call me a coward. I'm slow. I don't think of things right off. Like today—pa sent me to errand for him, and I had to go horseback. I know I'm always to have a drag rope to catch him by when I'm thrown, but I forgot. So when the horse threw me, I couldn't catch him. And I will be whipped when I get home; because if I'm whipped enough, maybe it will make me remember. You can see I am not much and not strong enough to keep you for my friend. I will give you to the wind."



And because he knew that a colt that isn't petted and fondled in its first night and day will be

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wild, Chess didn't lay a hand on it. He wanted to; he wanted to feel how warm and soft and strong it was. But he didn't touch it. He took his knife and cut the mare's mane and her lovely tail and he basket-wove them into a little hair blanket. It was very slippery and falling apart even before it was done, but it was enough to wrap around the colt's belly and keep the man-smell from laying on him as Chess picked him up and ran. The colt was surprisingly heavy and it kicked; it was almost too heavy, and Chess was running deeper into the wild-horse range and away from home, which would mean two whippings instead of one. But the magic of the colt was strong enough for both. And he ran and ran.

He ran until he sighted the wild-horse herd. He ran into the night, through the squealing and the neighing of the stallions, to the hour when even horses sleep. And he tiptoed until he heard the lazy swishing of a tail and a pawing at the ground and the soft insistence of a colt butting its mother. He had come to where the harem stood. And he laid the colt on the ground and he said without saying it at all, "Please God, let it find a mother who will be kind and give it milk."

And the prayer must have been answered, for when the morning came, there was no little orphan left behind, but only a black hair mat trampled in the dirt. And Chess ran to get it and keep it, so he couldn't ever forget that he had a friend.

And when the men of his pa's cow outfit found him, he was whipped—once for losing his mount and once for losing himself. For that was what he said he had done with the night, as there weren't words to tell how he could give a fine horse to the winds. Horses were worth $20, and who but a fool would throw $20 to the wind?

That was seven years ago. And six years ago men began talking of a young horse on the wild-horse range that ran faster than the wind. He had eyes of fire and a coat that shone like the sun and the longest tail anyone had ever seen. And Chess heard and he ran to the wild-horse range, until he saw them standing there against the sun, and he cried, "Are you the one? Are you my friend? Did you live, and grow to be as fine as this?" The horses only turned and ran, for they knew no good of man. But the yearling waited longer than the rest. For just a moment he stood puzzling over the boy and then he snapped at the wind as though it were his. And he was gone.

That was six years ago. Five years ago men began hunting the horse. They named him and loved him and cursed him. And a legend was born. For this was the hunters' day, and anything that could be stronger than

they became a legend and a challenge. And Chess watched in wonder and awe and no fear at all. For he believed in that gold-colored horse.

And he stood there now, smiling on it, not really needing the answer to his question, for the stallion always turned to look at him and bite the wind. And that was answer enough.

The sun had touched the earth, and the shadows grew longer and darker still, like men creeping to find the night. Chess saw them, yet didn't see them. He thought how like men they were, yet didn't see the men they were. He didn't see the guns.

Perhaps a pebble rolled and told; perhaps the angel of the lost was flying low. Chess turned and saw and screamed. And the herd fled over the sea of shadows toward the other end of their range 30 miles away.

And the men dashed in fury for their mounts, for they had been the first. But one stopped long enough to lay his hate and his lariat on the boy. "If you were a year older, I'd kill you for that! But you're still young enough to be a fool and live!"

Chess asked, "Does saving a fine horse make one a fool? There are other horses for you to kill if you are a leather man, or hungry. There's your own horse."

"Kill? We wasn't about to kill him, but only to crease him and lay him down till our ropes was on him. Where's your eyes, fool? Can't you read what's written on the trees? There's 5,000 gold for that horse alive and tied in a show wagon. Someone's going to get that spending money, and I aimed it to be me!" And he laid that lariat like lightning over the boy. Chess crouched, weeping on the ground, because out of the shadows his father had come. That was why he wept—not for the blows of a rope, but the blow of eyes seeing him helpless beneath an old man's whip.

But then the man and his rope were gone, for he too had seen Ollie Yalden. And Ollie Yalden was a legend of his own—and a power. He had lived through the Indian wars, the States' war and the furies that were left behind. He had fought in all the wars with courage and honor. Until now, he had been strong enough for two. And so the stranger hadn't killed Chess. He'd only wanted to.

Ollie Yalden sighed. It was a sad sound. He said, "I carved a homeplace out of the unknown and I loved it and I was proud. And now I hate it all. I hate what my wife died for. For I must leave this, everything I worked for, to the man who comes after me. And what I have done, it seems, my son will throw away."

He looked at Chess then. "I have whipped you as this country whipped me when first I came. I have saved you from too many deaths, because you were young and because you were my son. And I waited. You are al-

continued on page 88

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NOVEMBER ON THE 700 CLUB'S DIGEST

November 1
Heart-Lung Transplants

The amazing prospect that complete heart-lung transplants will offer new hope and new life to victims of emphysema, lung cancer, heart failure and the other great killers of our time will be discussed by a pioneer in organ transplants. Dr. Michael DeBakey will show how surgery may restore lives blighted by smoking or obesity.

November 8
Cold Sores

You will catch Dr. Christopher Kagan's excitement as he tells the story of how he first discovered the value of lysine for preventing cold sores. He was his own first patient. Unable to find lysine tablets, he ground up brewer's yeast and drank it in orange juice. When it worked for him he found lysine tablets and began treating patients with them.

November 15
Leukemia

Humans are not the only victims of leukemia and leukemia-like malignancies. Animals including cattle, cats, chickens and mice succumb to these diseases. Leukemia-prone mice fed high-lysine/low-arginine diets are surviving longer than their counterparts on less lysine and more arginine. Could this diet prevent or delay human leukemia?

The 700 Club

TV JOURNALISM WITH A DIFFERENT SPIRIT

Check your local listings for time and station

November 22
Hypothyroidism

Dry, brittle hair, a thick, reddened tongue, coarse voice, sensation of coldness, coarse skin on the elbows, a slow pulse, thick lips, weakness and a lethargic expression—what do these have in common? Together they make a good case to suspect hypothyroidism, a metabolic disorder that is treatable.

November 29
Diabetes and Eating

What a diabetic should eat has been a subject of controversy. The high-fiber/high-carbohydrate diet seems to be winning out. Maturity-onset diabetics can lower the amount of insulin they require when they increase the percentage of complex carbohydrates in their diet, according to Dr. James Anderson of the University of Kentucky.

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THE REMARKABLE REBOUND OF TERRY CUMMINGS

Basketball's 1983 Rookie of the Year might still be carrying a gun in his jeans were it not for a dream that changed his life.

by Alan Steinberg

In other blue-collar sections of Chicago, the Roma restaurant might be Sam's Deli or Eddie's Diner or Rico's Coffee Shop. Sizzling burgers, grizzled regulars, kids scuttling in for gum. A dim, tight, no-frills joint where the cooks take orders with poolroom cool and give advice.

When Terry Cummings attended DePaul (1979-82), a lot of people met him at the Roma. He had time for everybody. That's why Bill Burns, who works there, thinks Cummings is a top-drawer guy.

"I've known Terry through his college career," muses Burns, "and he's always been the nicest guy in the world, the nicest of any of the DePaul players. He never thought he was a superstar or nothin', he was always down-to-earth. He'd come in, say 'How ya doin',' and stand there and talk to you awhile. These other guys, 'Yeah, hi,' and they'd walk away. They didn't have time for you."

Now that Terry's famous, he still comes to the Roma when he's in town and he still has time for everybody.

In June 1982, the San Diego Clippers selected Robert Tyrell Cummings, the star forward from DePaul, as their first pick in the NBA draft. He was the No. 2 pick overall behind James Worthy of North Carolina. Terry was immediate help for the floundering Clippers. In just 27 minutes of play in his first pro game, he scored 19 points, grabbed 6 rebounds and dished off 3 assists. The next night, at Chicago Stadium before some 11,000 fans, including 27 family members and friends, Terry greeted the hometown Bulls with 20 points, 8 rebounds, 5 assists and 1 blocked shot. Three nights later, he blistered the Indiana Pacers: 32 points, 24 rebounds, 3 assists, another blocked shot. Whew.

After just three weeks, it was obvious that Terry Cummings was the franchise in San Diego. Then the Cleveland Cavaliers' coach, Tom Nissalke, proclaimed flatly: "Cummings is the best rookie I've seen in this league since Magic Johnson and Larry Bird." Through his first 18 games, Cummings was averaging 20 or more points and 10 or more rebounds a game, and overall, as a *Sports Illustrated* writer later noted, Cummings had "the most charismatic game" of any rookie in the league.

Then, the night of December 15 in a game in Utah against the Jazz, Cummings' season came crashing in. After scoring, he sped downcourt and suddenly fainted dead away. A local sportswriter later described it this way: "All of a sudden his arms and legs began to shake, then his legs buckled and he crumpled to the floor. His eyes rolled back in his head and his body seemed to go into spasms. Then he went silent as the team trainer and a doctor ran over to him. I thought to myself at that moment that it was the first time I had ever seen anyone die."

He didn't die. Tests for viruses, disease and heart problems proved negative, so over the next few months Cummings slowly played more and more, feeling fine. But on April 5, during a home game against Seattle, blips on a portable oscilloscope attached to Cummings' chest indicated erratic heart rhythms. Team officials promptly decided that he was through for the year. They sent him home to Chicago amid grim speculation that not only his season but his career was over.

While Cummings relaxed at home, *Basketball Digest, The Sporting News* and the NBA all selected him as NBA Rookie of the Year for 1983. Simply stated, few rookies ever enjoyed a more auspicious pro debut. Cummings became the first rookie to rank in the NBA top ten in both scoring and rebounding since Kareem Abdul-Jabbar did it as Lew Alcindor in 1969, and the second since Elgin Baylor in 1957. And though Cummings played in just 70 of the Clippers' 82 games, he led the club in every major offensive total and average: scoring (23.7 average), rebounding (10.6), offensive rebounds (303), defensive rebounds (441), field goals made and attempted (684/1,309) and steals (129).

Last year—his heart condition apparently controlled by medication—Cummings continued his superb play. In 81 games, he averaged 22.9 points and 9.6 rebounds and led the Clippers in scoring (1,854 points) for the second straight year.

"You know, when I look back over it," he muses today, "I learned the streets by the time I was 16, and it was only five years from being a junior in high school and still learning basketball, to leaving DePaul and being rookie of the year in the NBA." On his face now, an odd half smile, in his eyes a glint of amazement. "Man, I came up *fast*!"

When he was growing up in the '60s, Terry Cummings was a shy, soft-spoken kid who went to Sunday School, had a paper route and did the food shopping for his mom. He liked to hang around the house and be alone, but there were 13 kids in the family and the cramped quarters squeezed privacy out. He didn't share his thoughts at home. Maybe that's why nobody really knew him then—not his mother, Verda, his father, John, his brothers, sisters or friends. Only Cummings knew that cool, respectful introvert was sometimes a very hot, high-voltage

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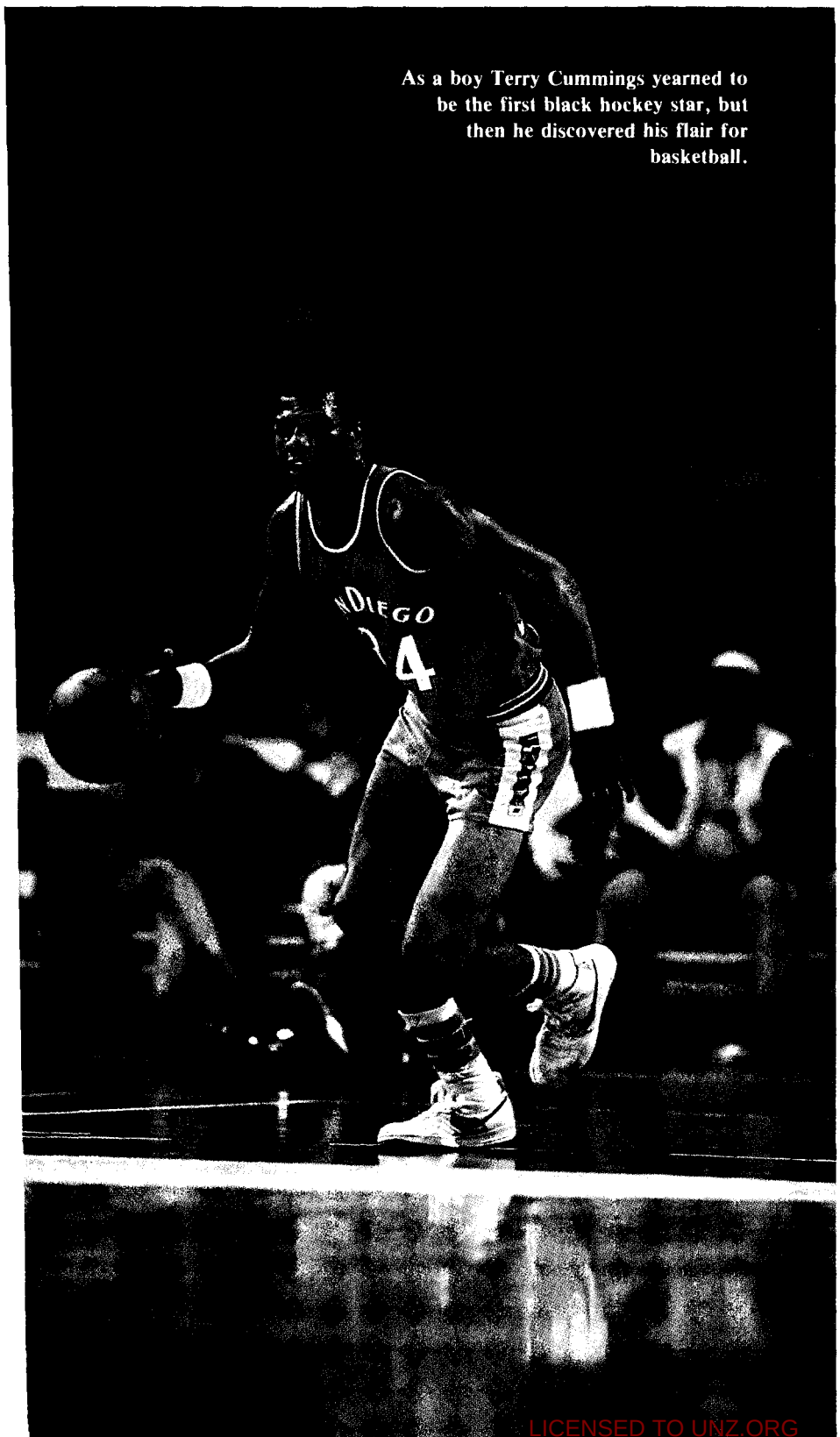
wire sparking wildly in the streets.

One reason may have been the lack of family fun or reassuring talks with mom and dad. Verda Cummings remembers this lack with some regret. "Terry told me once when he was older that as a family we never talked. We probably didn't. You know, with that many kids going around you, you're just trying to get by. And sometimes there's something lost along the line."

John Cummings believes he and his wife did all right as parents, under the circumstances. He loved his kids—he just didn't have the time to spend with them. Explains John: "I stayed away from the kids a lot. I never did have no time for pleasure—I was always tryin' to figure out where I was gonna make a dollar. None of my kids and I, we never did sit down and have a conversation because I was always outside workin' on a truck or I be movin' somebody or towin' somebody or workin' on somebody's car. They'd always be with my wife, she'd know more about how they felt or what they wanted. They'd tell her and she'd tell me and we'd talk about it."



As a boy Terry Cummings yearned to be the first black hockey star, but then he discovered his flair for basketball.

While his parents were busy talking about it, the young Cummings was out roaming the neighborhood finding things out for himself. Childhood in the neighborhood—an unsavory melting pot of blacks, Hispanics, Puerto Ricans and whites—was a mean scramble. Guns surfaced early and before he knew it, Cummings and his cadre of pals found themselves in trouble—fighting, stealing, ditching school. "I was running with a little social club that broke out into a gang," Cummings says. Apparently, no one knew how to make them quit. Cummings cringes when he remembers the time he dropped his pistol in his house in front of his mother. "She took the gun, but somehow I got it back and I kept doing the things I'd done before."

He tried booze and drugs, too, but trod lightly there. "I never really got into drugs," he avers. "I tried mostly everything, except for cocaine and heroin. I drank some wine, some beer, never got into whiskey. I tried marijuana, too, but it wasn't nothing to me."

Looking back now, Cummings still marvels at how he came through all that trouble. And suddenly memories flood his consciousness as he sorts out things past, perhaps for the first time.

"Maybe we did all that stuff because there was nothing else to do. Sometimes you could be sitting around and you'd get the urge to scream and you'd jump up and go do something on impulse. And the first thing that made you mad was what you went off on."

Often, he says, he "went off" on the simmering hate between blacks and whites: "We never even knew there was a difference in color until Martin Luther King got assassinated in '68. After that, every year on King's birthday, I don't care how

continued on page 89

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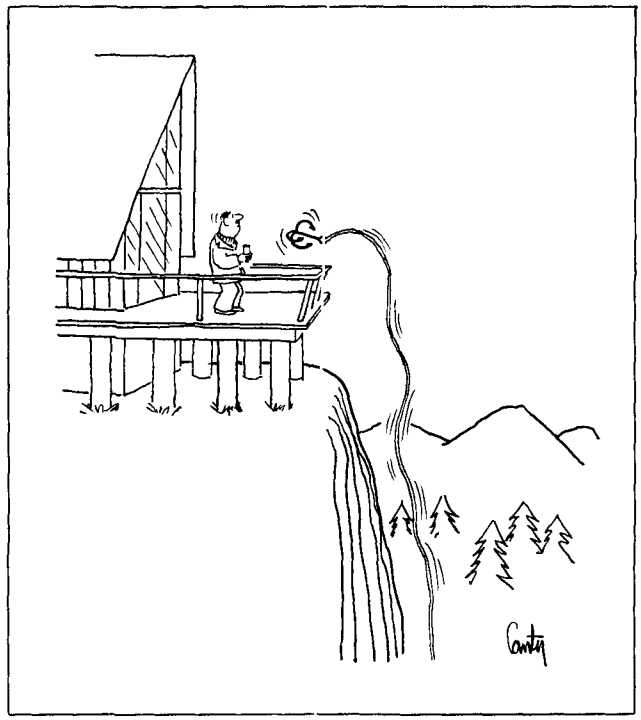
Science

continued from page 40

ment for the corporate world, and the immediate benefit for any corporation in simply having the "first look" at a piece of basic science would be benefit enough in the long run. The university science community, for all the talk of ivory towers, hankers day and night for its work to turn out useful; a close, working connection with industrial researchers might well lead to an earlier perception of potential applicability than is now the case.

The age of science did not really begin 300 years ago. That was simply the time when it was realized that human curiosity about the world represented a deep wish, perhaps embedded somewhere in the chromosomes of human beings, to learn more about nature by experiment and the confirmation of experiment. The doing of science on a scale appropriate to the problems at hand was launched only in the 20th century and has been moving into high gear only within the last 50 years. We have not lacked explanations at any time in our recorded history, but now we must live and think with the new habit of requiring reproducible observations and solid facts for the explanations. It is not as easy a time for us as it used to be: we are raised through childhood in skepticism and disbelief; we feel the need of proofs all around, even for matters as deep as the working of our own consciousness, where there is as yet no clear prospect of proof about anything. Uncertainty, disillusion and despair are prices to be paid for living in an age of science. Illumination is the product sought, but it comes in small bits, only from time to time, not ever in broad, bright flashes of public comprehension, and there can be no promise that we will ever emerge from the great depths of the mystery of being.

Nevertheless, we have started to do science on a world scale, and to rely on it, and hope for it. Not just the scientists, everyone, and not for the hope of illumination, but for the sure, predictable prospect of new technologies, which have always come along, like spray in the wake of science. We need better ways of predicting how a piece of new technology is likely to turn out, better measures available on an international level to shut off the ones that carry hazard to the life of the planet (including, but perhaps not always so much *first of all*, as is usually the only consideration, our own species' life). We will have to go more warily with technology in the future, for the demands will be increasing and the stakes will be very high. Instead of coping, or trying to cope, with the wants of four billion people, we will very soon be facing the needs, probably desperate, of double that number and, soon thereafter, double again. The real challenge to human ingenuity, and to science, lies in the century to come.



I cannot guess at the things we will need to know from science to get through the time ahead, but I am willing to make one prediction about the method: We will not be able to call the shots in advance. We cannot say to ourselves, we need this or that sort of technology, therefore we should be doing this or that sort of science. It does not work that way. We will have to rely, as we have in the past, on science in general, and on basic, undifferentiated science at that, for the new insights that will open up the new opportunities for technological development. Science is useful, indispensable sometimes, but whenever it moves forward it does so by producing a surprise; you cannot specify the surprise you would like. Technology should be watched closely, monitored, criticized, even voted in or out by the electorate, but science itself must be given its head if we want it to work. ✱

One of Those Days

continued from page 55

help from the dog, I'd had trouble enough teaching him to "speak," let alone how to run to the neighbors and bark out the SOS that his master was stranded on the roof.

I'd never thought about it before, but there isn't a heck of a lot to do on the roof of a house. The view is nice, and that's about it. I spraddled the ridge (that's when you throw your hips out of joint and walk on the calves of your legs) and made it over to the TV antenna. Only it was tight against the roof. I would have had to go down it headfirst and run the risk of having my new glasses fall off.

At 1:30, boy oh boy, Gail and Gladys Abrell came driving along the road. My precarious position wouldn't allow any wild waving, but they saw me. Gail blew the horn and they both waved back. Real friendly neighbors, the Abrells. They were still waving when they drove out of sight.

Another thing about a roof, there's *no shelter when it rains*. And it rained. And the wind blew. And the old elm tree made a game of it by bending down and trying to sweep me to destruction. Thus I was clinging to the chimney when Lois made her first trip from the car with groceries.

"Are you still up there, dear?" she called and disappeared into the house. I thought of jumping down and breaking both ankles. But I managed to hold on until she emerged for a second load and hoped she would detect the sarcasm as I chattered the question of whether she had seen anything of the ladder.

Saturday and Sunday I got the only break I had all week. I was sick in bed both days. ✱

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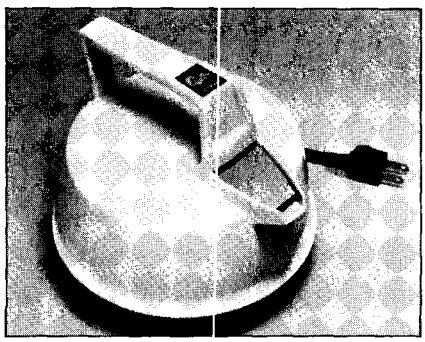

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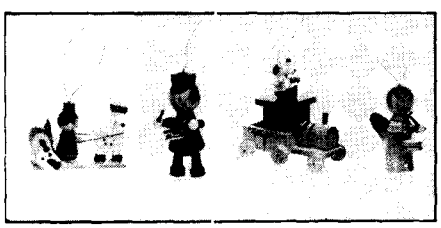

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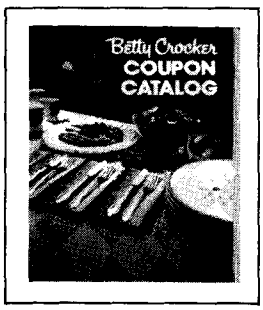

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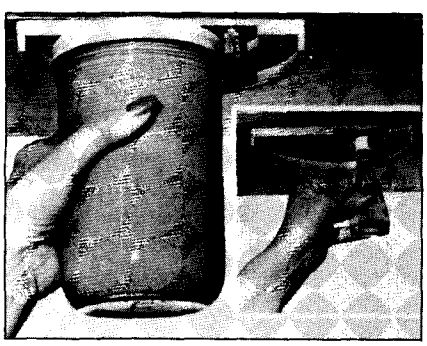

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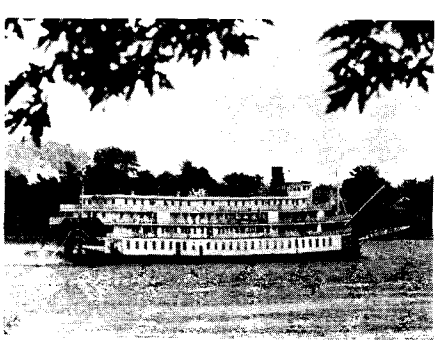

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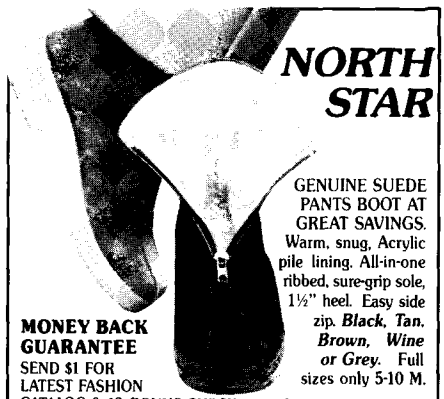

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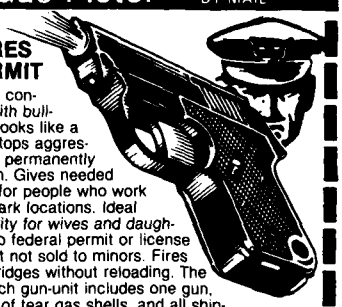

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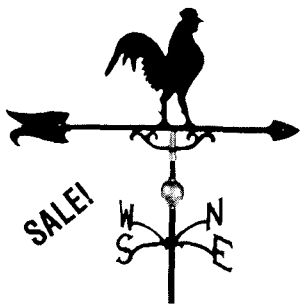

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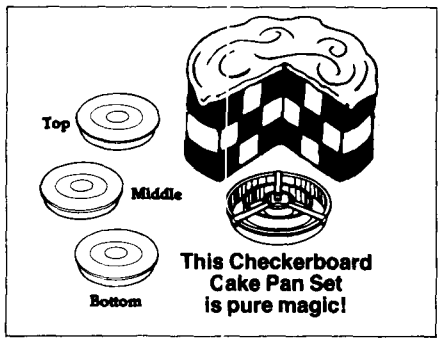

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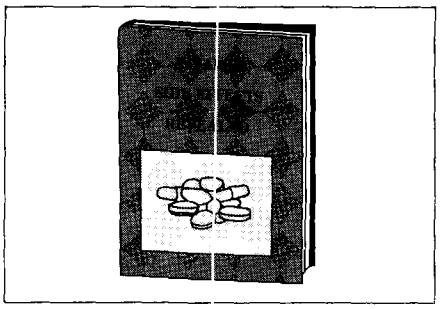

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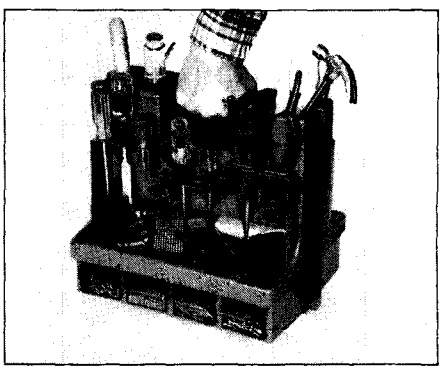

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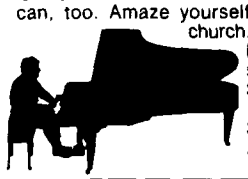

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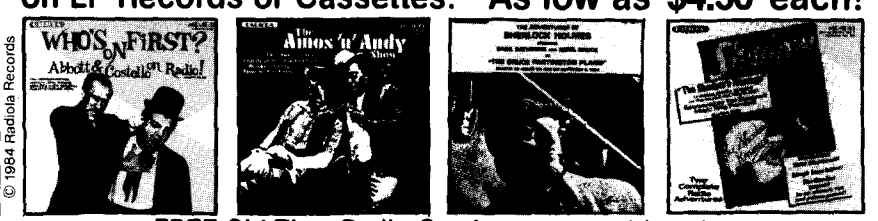

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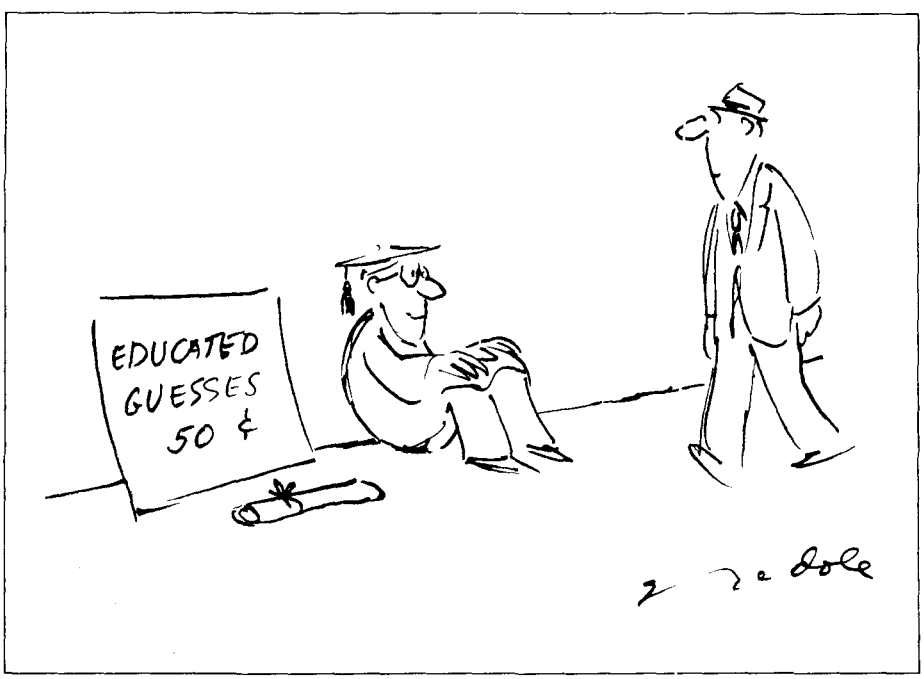

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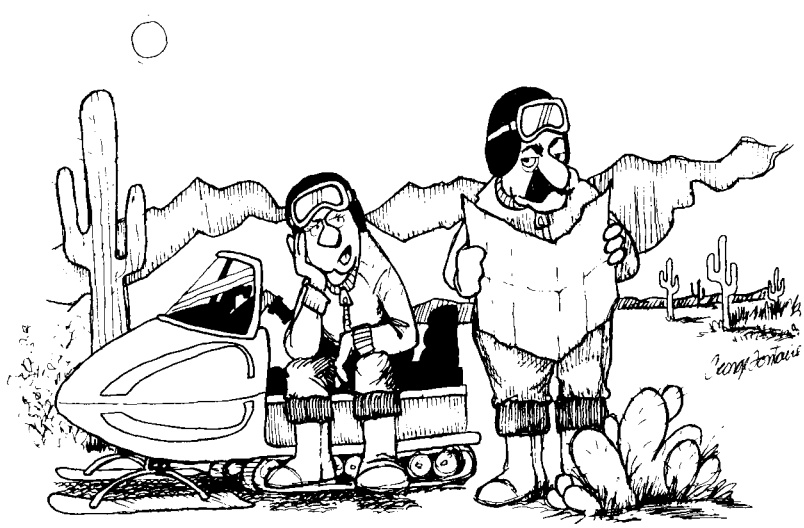

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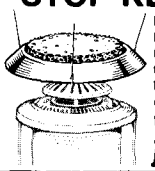

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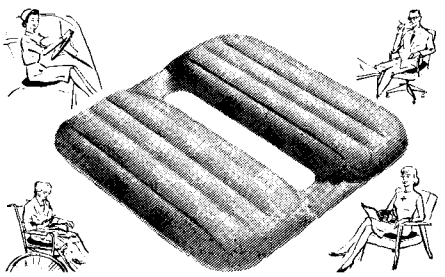

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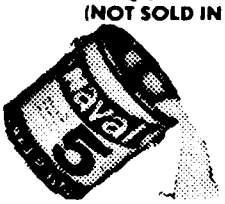

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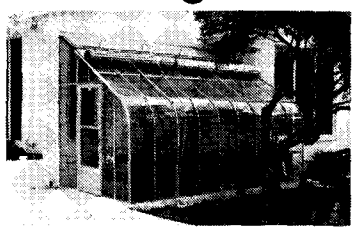

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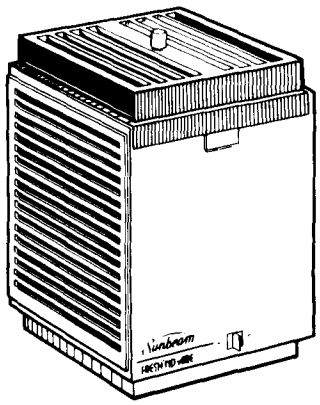

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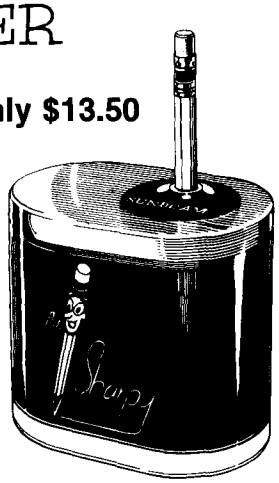

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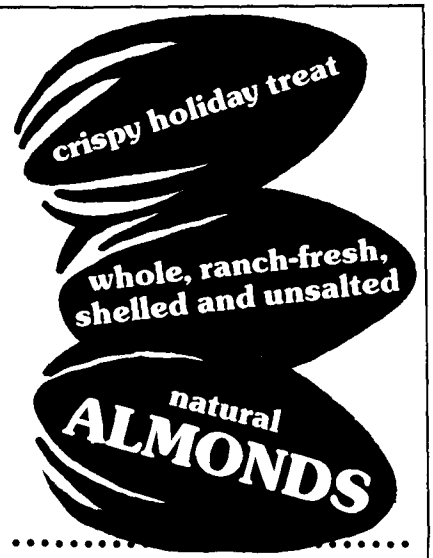

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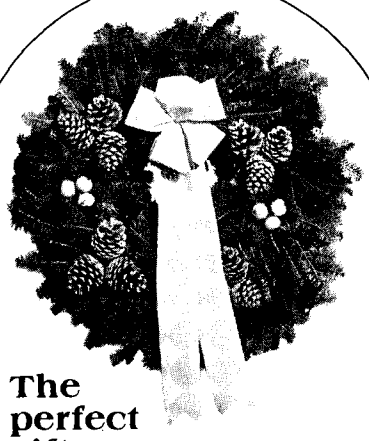

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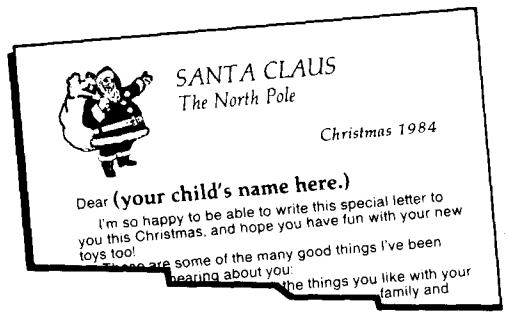
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FOOD

THE SCOOP ON POTATOES

Whether cooked in a soup, baked into bread or sliced up in a hearty stew, the common potato is uncommonly satisfying and nutritious, especially when served with a peel.

by Randal Fleet

Potatoes are riding a new wave of popularity in America. Their skins, once discarded, are now in vogue as appetizers, and even the salad-bar brigade has taken them up to add variety to their low-calorie fare.

In retrospect, potatoes have never had it so good. Years ago French physicians pronounced them unhealthful, and the British regarded them only as "suitable food for the poor." On the American scene they have always been considered food for the common man, nutritious, cheap and filling, but their usual combination with meats and other fatty foods has led to their undeserved reputation as fattening. The truth is, potatoes are filled with healthful vitamins and minerals, especially vitamin C, and although they provide plenty of bulk for digestion, they can help satisfy a huge hunger at the cost of only about 100 calories apiece.

As an aid to you, we've gone through our recipe storage bin and pulled out some of the most healthful and tastiest potato recipes we could find. They run the gamut from delicious soups to hearty main dishes.

But before you begin slicing, dicing, baking and boiling, here are some hints on proper potato selection, storage and preparation. At the market, look for round and well-shaped potatoes, free from bruises and discoloration. Potatoes that smell musty or moldy should be avoided—they tend to produce an "off" flavor. Store potatoes in a cool, dark, dry place. Never refrigerate them. Refrigeration turns potato starch to sugar.

As for the variety you should buy, the list is lengthy. The most popular are Russet Burbank from Idaho for baking, followed by Long Island Russet. New potatoes are always welcome at the dinner table and can be enjoyed from March through August. Other favorites include Chippew, Cobbler, Green Mountain, Katahdin and Sebago. Each has a particular texture and flavor of its own.

To harvest the most nutrition from potatoes, include the skins when possible. The vitamins and minerals are concentrated just below the surface, but no matter how you slice them, potatoes are delicious all the way through.

A Hearty Goulash Soup

(Makes about 2½ quarts)

2 cups onions, sliced
1 tablespoon corn-oil margarine
2 tablespoons paprika
1 tablespoon Spike®
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
½ teaspoon caraway seeds (optional)
1 bay leaf
2 cloves garlic, minced
¾ pound beef chuck, trimmed and cut in 1- to 1½-inch cubes
1 can (16 ounces) stewed tomatoes
3 cups water
1 small green pepper, cut in 1-inch pieces
1½ cups sliced mushrooms
4 medium potatoes, peeled and cut in 1-inch cubes

In Dutch oven sauté onions in margarine until tender (5 minutes). Stir in paprika, Spike®, cayenne pepper, caraway seeds, bay leaf and garlic. Add beef, tomatoes and 2 cups of the water; stir. Bring to boil; reduce heat, cover and simmer 1 to 1½ hours until beef is tender. Add remaining water, green pepper, mushrooms and potatoes. Bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer until potatoes are tender, about 20 minutes. Sprinkle with chopped green onions in individual soup bowls. Remove bay leaf.

An Honest Potato Loaf

(Makes 2 loaves)

2 envelopes active dry yeast
½ cup warm water (about 115° F.)
1 pound unpeeled potatoes, grated (3 medium)
3 cups buttermilk
1 tablespoon salt (optional)
½ cup shelled sunflower seeds
6 cups stone-ground whole-wheat flour
4 cups all-purpose flour
Glaze (recipe follows)

In small bowl sprinkle yeast over warm water; set aside 10 minutes. In 2-quart saucepan heat potatoes and 1 cup of the buttermilk to lukewarm; pour into very large bowl. Stir in yeast mixture. Heat remaining buttermilk to lukewarm; mix into contents of bowl with salt and all but 2 tablespoons of the sunflower seeds. Gradually mix in flours, using hands as dough becomes heavy. Turn out onto board and knead about 12 minutes until dough is elastic and very firm. Generously grease a large bowl; turn dough in bowl to coat. Cover and set in a warm place to rise until doubled in bulk, 1½ to 2 hours. Punch dough down and knead 4 minutes. Form into 2 smooth round loaves; place on greased baking sheets. Cover and set in a warm place to rise until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. With sharp knife, make 6 parallel slits in tops of loaves.

Bake in preheated 375° F. oven 30 minutes. Brush with warm glaze and sprinkle with remaining sunflower seeds. Continue to bake 10 to 15 minutes until loaves sound hollow when tapped and are lightly browned. Cool on racks. Slice and serve warm or at room temperature. When completely cool, bread may be wrapped securely and frozen.

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Glaze

In small saucepan combine ¼ cup water and ¼ teaspoon cornstarch. Simmer 3 minutes.

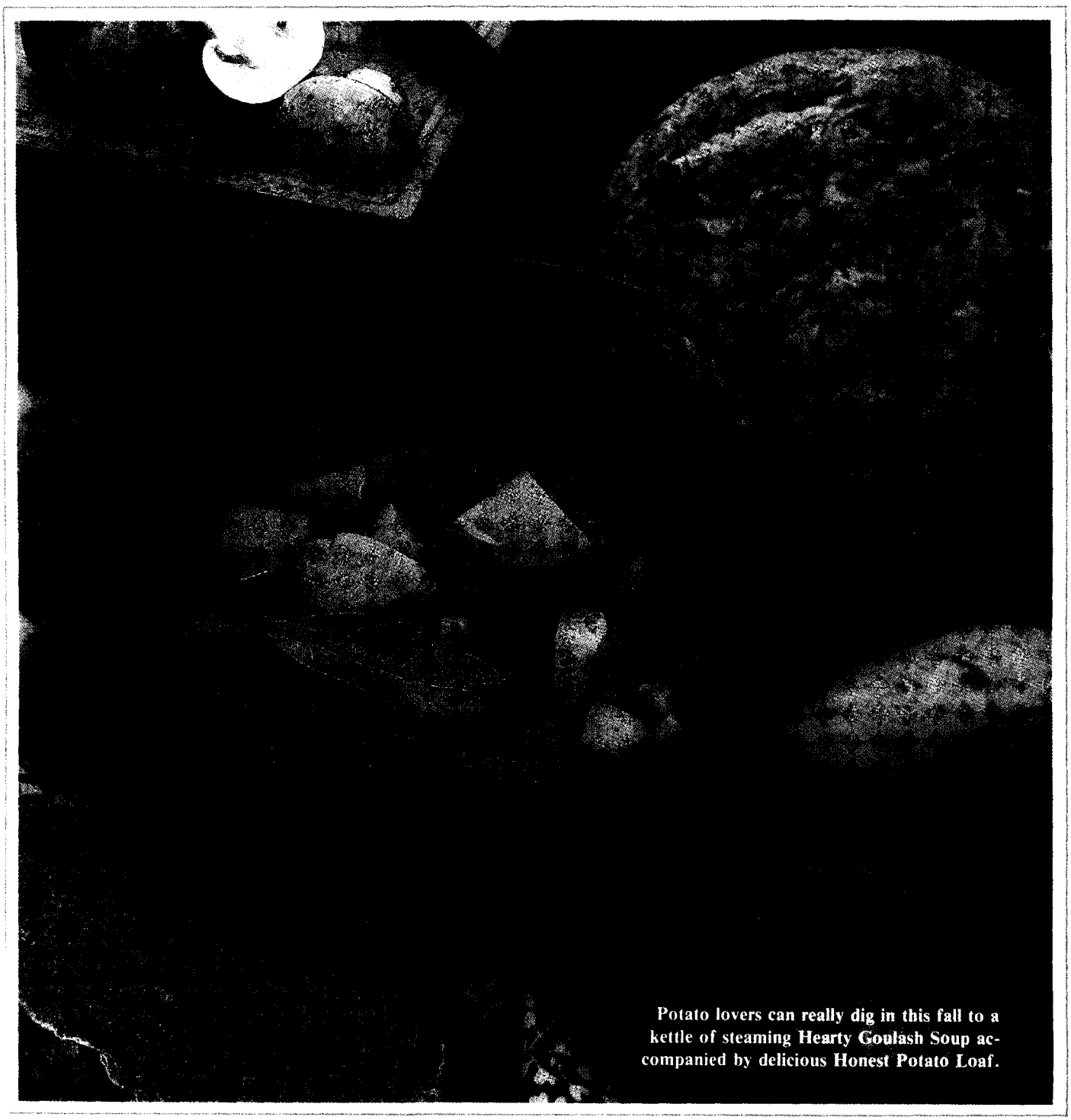
Some Like It Hot Vichyssoise
(Makes 6 to 8 servings)

¼ cup corn-oil margarine
1 large onion, sliced (1 cup)
8 small Idaho® potatoes, pared, halved
3 medium carrots, sliced
1 quart water
1 teaspoon ground ginger
¾ teaspoon Spike®
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
2 cups skim milk
1 tablespoon soy sauce
2 tablespoons scallion, chopped

In large saucepan or heavy kettle melt margarine; sauté onion until tender. Add potatoes, carrots, water, ginger, Spike® and cayenne pepper. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat. Simmer 30 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Remove 4 potato halves; dice and set aside. Puree remaining vegetables and cooking liquid in a blender or food processor. Return to saucepan. Stir in milk, soy sauce and cubed potatoes; heat. Sprinkle soup with scallions before serving.

Basque Potato Scallop
(Makes 4 servings)

1 tablespoon corn-oil margarine
1 onion, sliced



Potato lovers can really dig in this fall to a kettle of steaming Hearty Goulash Soup accompanied by delicious Honest Potato Loaf.

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1 clove garlic, minced
1 teaspoon Vegit®
½ teaspoon dried leaf basil
½ teaspoon dried leaf oregano
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 can (1 pound) tomatoes
3 medium Idaho® potatoes, pared and thinly sliced
½ cup Parmesan cheese, grated

In large skillet, melt margarine. Add onion and garlic; cook until tender. Stir in Vegit®, basil, oregano, cayenne pepper and tomatoes. Break up tomatoes with spoon. Add potatoes, mix gently until potatoes are coated with seasonings. Turn into oiled 1-quart baking dish. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake in 400° F. oven 40 minutes or until potatoes are tender when pierced with a fork.

Kartoffelsalat Mit Erbsen
(Austrian Potato Salad with Peas)
(Makes 6 cups)

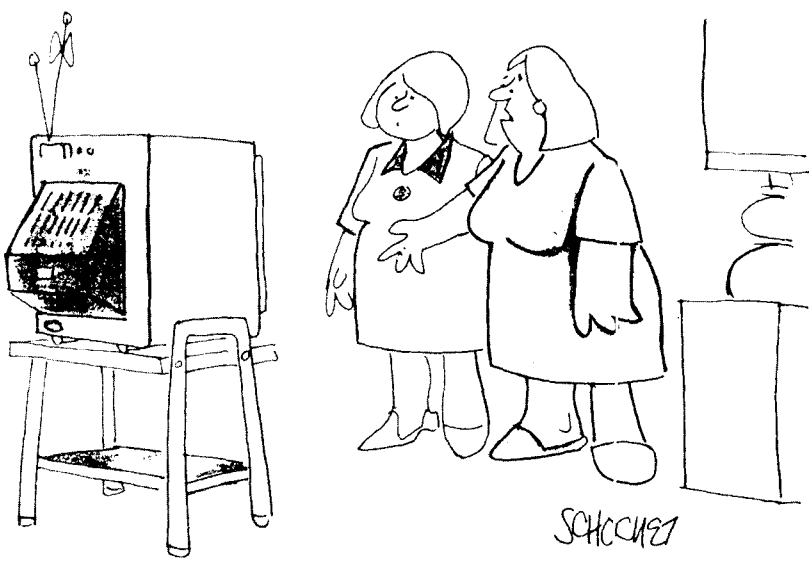
2 pounds new potatoes
Water
2 tablespoons cider vinegar
¾ teaspoon tarragon leaves, divided
1 tablespoon instant minced onion
1 package (10-ounce) frozen peas, cooked and drained
½ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons milk
¾ teaspoon Vegit®
½ teaspoon chervil leaves, crushed
⅛ teaspoon ground black pepper
½ teaspoon paprika

In a large saucepot place potatoes. Add water to cover; bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, until potatoes are just tender, about 25 minutes. Drain, peel and slice potatoes; place them in a large bowl. Add vinegar and ¼ teaspoon of the tarragon; toss gently. Cover and refrigerate 1 hour. Combine onion with 1 tablespoon water; set aside for 10 minutes to soften. To reserved potatoes add peas, mayonnaise, milk, Vegit®, chervil, black pepper, reserved onion and remaining ½ teaspoon tarragon; mix well. Cover and chill. Serve over lettuce leaves with tomato wedges, if desired. Sprinkle with paprika just before serving.

Twice-Baked Idaho Potatoes
(Makes 4 servings)

4 Idaho® potatoes
1 tablespoon corn-oil margarine
2 medium onions, sliced
⅓ cup plain yogurt
1 tablespoon whole-wheat flour
1 egg
1 teaspoon Vegit®
Paprika

Scrub potatoes, dry and prick with a fork. Bake in 425° F. oven for 55-65 minutes, until soft. Meanwhile, melt margarine in large skillet; add onions, cook until tender; set aside. When potatoes are cooked, cut slice from top of each; carefully scoop out pulp without breaking skin. Combine the potatoes, yogurt, flour, egg and Vegit® in large bowl; beat until smooth. Stir in reserved onion. Pile potato mixture into shells. Sprinkle each potato with paprika. Return to 350° F. oven and bake from 25-30 minutes.



"Just once I'd like to see a diet-cola commercial with a girl who really needs a diet cola!"

Nutritious Mashed Potatoes

Boil unpeeled potato. When done, remove peeling and mash. Add 1 heaping tablespoon of low-fat cottage cheese and 2 heaping tablespoons of low-fat yogurt. Season with Spike® (if your doctor has ordered a low-salt diet, use Vegit®). Whip until light and fluffy.

Baked Potato with Cottage Cheese

Bake large potatoes until crisp and mealy. Slit potato and fill with 2 tablespoons of low-fat cottage cheese. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of low-fat cottage cheese. Sprinkle with Spike®, parsley or green onion. Put back in oven until cheese is very hot and bubbly.

Baked Potato with Low-fat Yogurt and Herbal Cheese

Slit large, crisp baked potato. Fill with thick, low-fat yogurt, sprinkle with Vegit®, the delicious low-sodium seasoning, and a teaspoon of Sap Sago Swiss herbal cheese (at delicatessen stores).

Delicious Potato Cream Soup

Put in blender: 2 cups skim milk, 1 medium potato, sliced, 1 tablespoon parsley, 1 tablespoon onion, 1 teaspoon Spike®. Blend for 2 minutes. Heat for 20 minutes. If too thick, add more skim milk.

Potato Pancakes

For an occasional treat, enjoy these delicious pancakes. Put into blender: 2 good-sized raw potatoes (with peeling if potatoes are new), 2 fresh eggs, ½ medium-sized onion or Onion Magic®, 2 tablespoons whole-wheat or unbleached flour, 1 teaspoon of Spike® or Vegit®. Blend all together. Pour on oiled skillet until golden brown. Serve with Cottage Cheese Dressing.

Cottage Cheese Dressing

1 cup low-fat cottage cheese, 1 cup low-fat yogurt, 3 tablespoons chopped green onions or chives, 1 teaspoon of Vegit®, dash of Santay Pure Garlic Magic®. For a welcome change, add a sprinkle of curry powder. Blend well.

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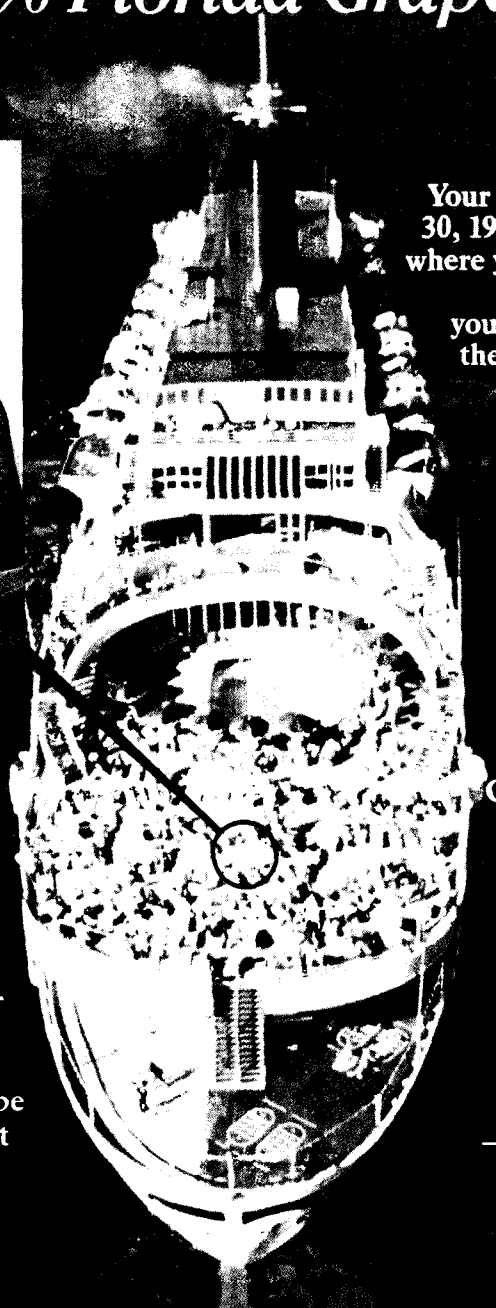

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Ride a Golden Horse

continued from page 68

most a man in years and bone, but still you are tears and untamed fears and foolish things. Are these only childish things, Chess, to be thrown away? Or is your age telling it true, and you are not a child, and these things are not to be thrown away, for they are you!"

He waited, and there was no word. Ollie Yalden said, "I was wrong. And I am tired—and too weak to fight it any more, for what is a father but the shadow of the son!"

Chess said, "Pa, I tried to be the boy you used to be. All the braveries people tell of you, I've tried on one by one. And none of them are mine, so it must be true that I am a coward or a fool or both."

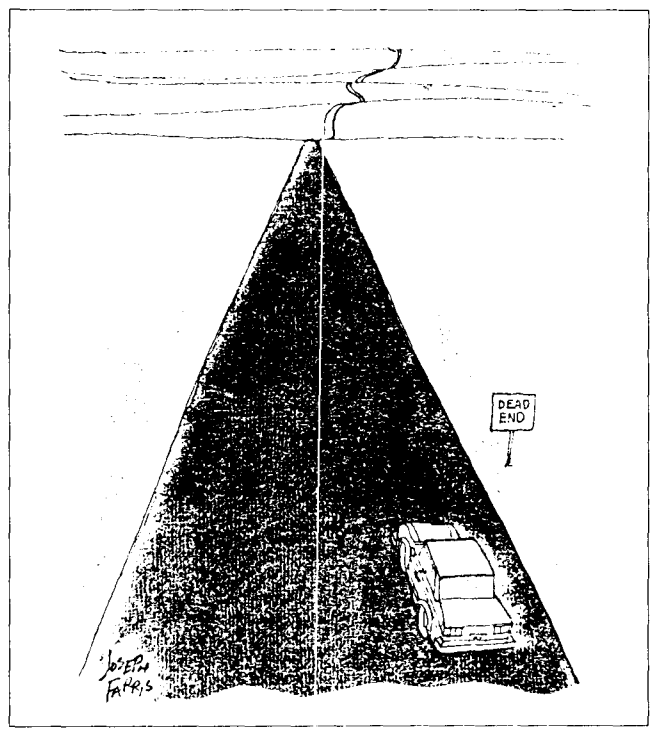
They looked at each other, and Ollie Yalden said, "You saw how the horse Gateado has its hunters. Even the strong are hunted. And you will be hunted. For you will be richer than $5,000. This land I own is a small state, and the hunters won't wait. They will take you first because you are easy and because after you are gone I will be easy. Nothing will matter, not even land I bled to buy. So it is plain that neither of us will grow old. But perhaps still we have the choice of choosing our hunters. As to being the prey there is no doubt.

"What will your hunter be? Will you be whipped to death by old men? Or shot by a coward? For cowards can hold guns too; in fact, they most always do, and that has been one of my hopes, because you couldn't hold a gun. Will you choose that men will be your end or will it be the elements or a fool's way?

"Will you be thrown and lost in a waterless place—and not think to dig because no one is there to tell you to? Or will you sit on a log before you remember to look on its other side for the rattlesnake asleep in its shade? What is your choice? For you must make a choice; you are almost a man, and I am tired, and this is not an easy land. Here only the dead can rest."

It was wicked. It was a man killing his son because he loved him too much. It was the same thing that wrapped Chess' fingers about a gun when the horse Gateado was tied down until the only part of him he could move was his ears and his eyes and his teeth biting at the wind. For he was caught. He had to be. He was only a horse, and not a miracle.

The horse had killed the first two to lay rope on him—one because he was old and not quick, and the other because he was young and not wise. And the artist painting his picture on the wagon exultantly laid two dead men under his hoofs. It made a wonderful picture.



But out of the dust of every dead man, 50 had risen to take his place. And they ran that horse. They ran him till he dropped in his foam. Any other horse would have been ruined, but not Gateado. He had been born to run. But the foam was choking him, and he had to rest, and they got ropes on him. And the man who got his rope on him first stood there shouting for the gold. Oh, he was a rich man as he tied a neck rope to a boulder here and a leg rope to a boulder there, and riders were sent off to bring the freight wagon and everyone else for 100 miles—even Ollie and Chess Yalden. And Chess was sick to his stomach. And Ollie looked at that horse and the way he had been run for no more reason than gold. And he said to the man dancing round his ropes, "I'll give you $6,000."

And the man stopped dancing and figured out how much more six was than five. And he liked the sound of it. But just then the red-and-yellow wagon pulled up, and the man in the beaver hat said, "Seven. Seven thousand gold." For who would not come to see a $7,000 horse?

Ollie Yalden never turned his head. He said, "Eight."

And the man in the beaver hat said, "Ten."

And Ollie Yalden didn't say anything at all, for he didn't have 11,000 to give away—not just right off like that.

So the artist began painting in his two bags of gold beside the two dead men. And folk sat their horses in a great, silent circle as the dancing man began edging toward $10,000. It was a pretty sight, for he had a good working horse. He had two of them, and when they were almost to the wagon, he got off the one and left it holding Gateado while he took the extra neck rope and ran it through the wagon and out the bars at the other end, and he and his second horse began pulling on that. And Gateado was so near to being choked dead that just as easy as tallow he dragged him up the ramp and into the wagon, and the door was shut. And he ran around, tying ropes here and there, because there had to be five of them secure before he got those bags of gold. And folks were just a mite disappointed, for Gateado had been so brave a legend.

The man tied the neck rope first, and then the two front legs. That was his mistake, for a horse doesn't use his hind legs for sipping tea. They lashed out and tried the bars; and they seemed strong enough, so the stallion tried the wooden wall. He went right through, one hoof here, one there, like meteors brightening up a night. And all the time the man who was trying to get those ropes was jumping up and down, and the people shouted and laughed, for who will rush to save someone else's $10,000?

That was how Gateado got away.

(continued next issue)

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Terry Cummings

continued from page 71

good a friend a white fella was, all my boys chased one home and just beat up on him. I did that to a real good friend named Steve and he didn't even fight back. I know I hated him when I was hitting him but every other day he was my friend."

Problems simmered at home as well. Cummings' father—a one-time Golden Gloves boxer who lost his only pro fight—had been losing his long bout with alcohol. "He'd make us stay home when he knew we had a real big Little League game," Cummings recalls. "And he'd get drunk and come out and tell me, how come you didn't do such-and-such, and I'd say, 'Well, I didn't see it.' Then smack, he'd slap me. The slap didn't hurt that much, it was just that the other fellas saw it.

"But we couldn't reach our dad then. One day he whipped me with a rubber hose with the front door open. When he got through, I told him, 'I'm gonna *kill* you.' He said, '*What'd* you say?' I said, 'Nothing.' But I was so mad, if I had a gun I'd've killed my father."

At 16, unhappy and directionless, Terry spent the summer in Hammond, Indiana, with his grandmother. One night, he came in from playing ball and lay down wearily to sleep. In that fitful sleep, he had the dream that changed his life. He remembers it vividly:

"It was like the roof of the house disappeared and I could see straight up through the sky. And in the sky, I saw the clouds roll back and split open, and there was a fella on a white horse. He was dressed in white and wore a crown and there were a lot of other people behind him on white horses. I saw myself come out of the house and fall on my knees and start crying and screaming: 'Lord, not now, I'm not ready!' But it was like the words I screamed had no power and the Lord didn't hear them.

"The fella on the first horse would speak, though, and his words would float through the air and tear up everything that was in disarray. And when I woke up the next morning, my bed was wet with sweat and I was still sweating and I had tears running down my face. My room was dark and I thought I'd lost all hope, that I was already in hell. But I looked at the curtains and saw a gleam of light and I realized that wherever there's a glitter of light there's hope. That day, I ran to the church and made up my mind that for whatever it was worth, from that point on it was gonna be me and Him all the way."

That experience washed away Terry's aimlessness and confusion. He began to feel the changes every day until, finally, he'd studied and played hard enough to earn some 600 college scholarship offers, then finally chose DePaul—ironically "to stay near my folks, near my home."

His devotion to God had also taught him compassion for his dad. After 17 years of bitter disconnection, signals finally clicked through when his father's brother died at 30. "Earl was a heavy drinker like my dad," says Cummings. "He just drank himself to death." Terry talked with his dad.

"I said, 'Dad, don't you see what happened to Earl? You keep on, the same thing's gonna happen to you.' That was the first time I'd ever really talked to my father like that. You know, you never really talked to Dad. Then he looked at me and laid down on the couch for about four months and dried out, and he hasn't had a drink since that day."

This father-son communion boosted Terry's dawning sense of himself as a man. In less than a year's passage, he'd found his own path in life and helped guide his father down a different one in *his*. These battles with emotional adversity tightened his resolve to always follow his own gleam of light, to do only what he knew he must do.

Terry's experience with success has given him special insight into what's important in life and what is superficial.

"I used to see men as much more than they were," says Cummings. "Human beings blow things way out of proportion. A person sees Dr. J or Terry Cummings on the basketball court or on TV, reads their magazine articles and follows their careers and then finally gets to meet these fellas—he lifts them onto a pedestal, they're *gods*!

"But I've learned to see people for what they are, just human beings. And I recognize that's what I am. No matter how much publicity or renown I get, I'm just Terry, I'm flesh and blood."

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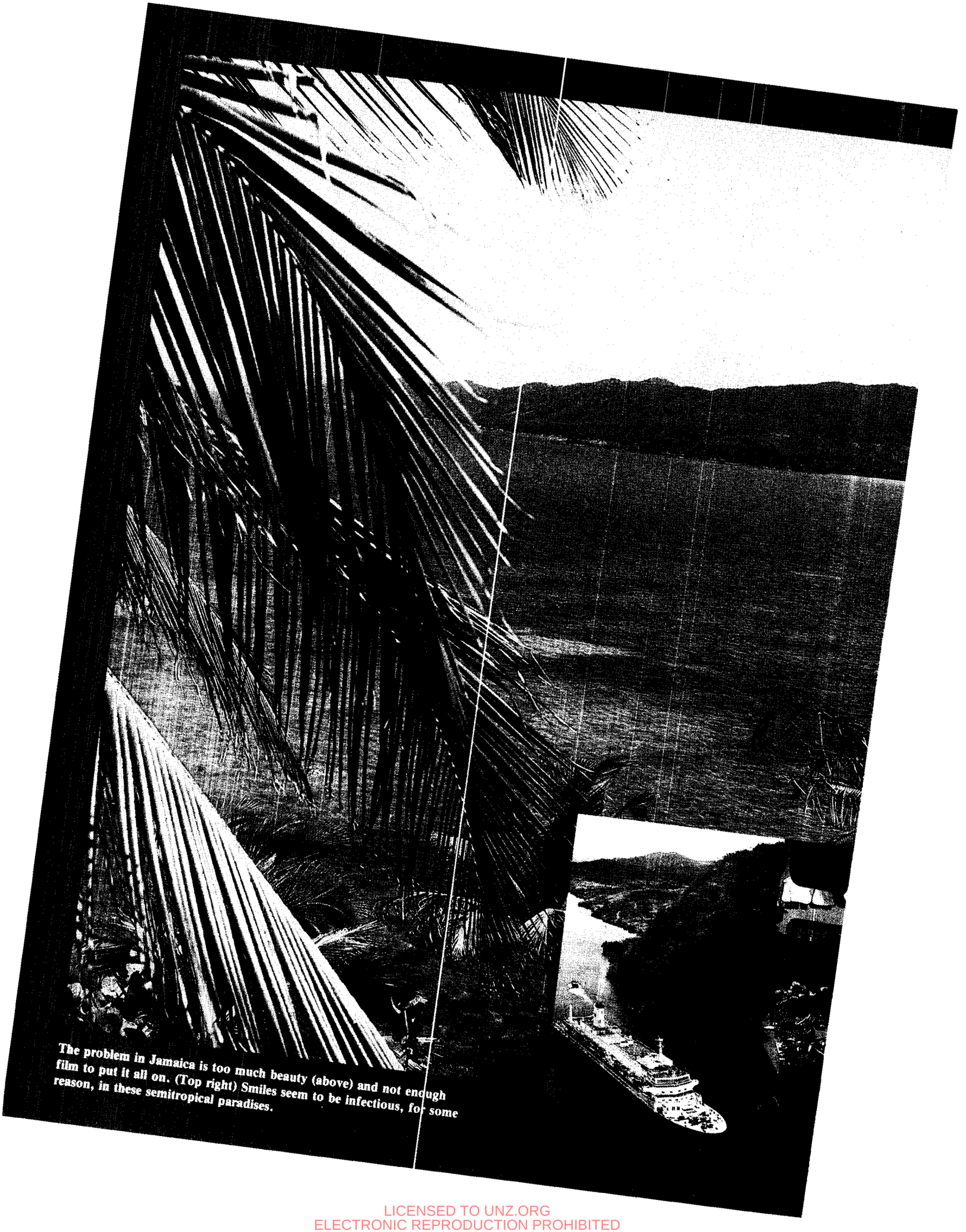

The problem in Jamaica is too much beauty (above) and not enough film to put it all on. (Top right) Smiles seem to be infectious, for some reason, in these semitropical paradises.

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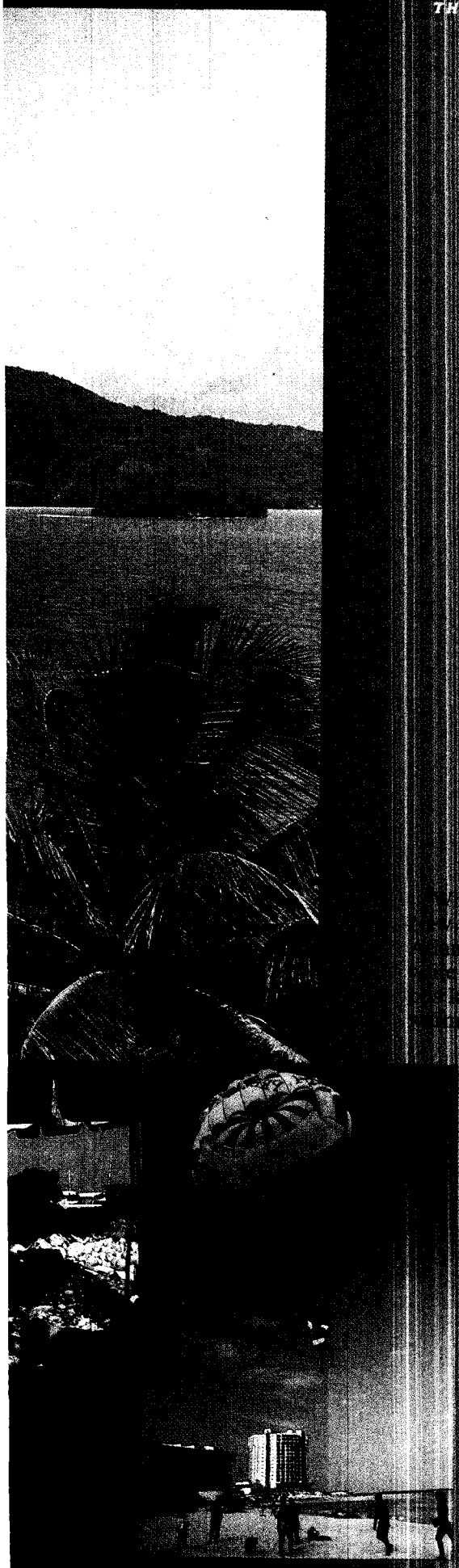

Warming up to the Caribbean

Exploring these islands in the sun is easier than in Columbus' day, but their allure holds as strong as ever.

When the Vikings stepped into the New World along the cold North American coast, there wasn't much to write home about; but when Columbus landed smack on the edge of the mythical wonderful Caribbean, people took notice—here was a place truly worthy of discovery. "... the best and most fertile and temperate and level and goodly land that there is in the world... the most beautiful thing that I have seen, nor can I tire my eyes looking at such verdure..." remarked the famous mariner. And Columbus wasn't just talking through his plumed hat, either.

It's somehow reassuring to know that 492 years after that momentous event for sea-and-sand lovers, visitors to the Caribbean islands and the Bahamas can still share Columbus' pleasure—that of standing on the very edge of paradise. Here are the same warm waters, the same cool tropical breezes and that ineffable fragrance that was described: "... so fair and sweet a smell of flowers or trees from the land that it was the sweetest thing in the world."

At least 7,000 islands dot the area in and around the Caribbean Sea, some inhabited and some not. Nationalities represented include Spanish, Dutch, French, British, American and, of course, independent; nevertheless, the prevailing mood is African. The only problem is which to visit.

You may already have a favorite or two, but, we've described some prime destinations from the Bahamas to the Yucatan that may help you to decide.

Once aboard the U.S. *Noordam* has 7,000 Caribbean islands to choose from. But it tends to go where the action is, whether that involves a port rich in succulent fruits or some devil-may-care activities.

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Nassau

by Ted Kreiter

A first-time visitor to Nassau might get the impression that the town is populated largely by New Yorkers, so thick is their distinct accent in and around the resort hotels here. That's because Nassau, which lies about 200 miles southeast of Miami, has long been a quick vacation fix for nervous Manhattanites. Some come on single-day excursions that include lunch and a few lazy hours on the beach before the return flight home. But a longer stay is preferable, for even though this historic and picturesque capital can be easily circumlocuted in a walking tour, there's plenty to see and do here.

Vacationers, especially those from big cities, must gear themselves down to the leisurely pace and mood of the Bahamas. A Bahamian steward aboard United Airlines' regular flight from Chicago to Nassau takes care to warm up travelers with friendly native patter and a quick song so they won't make the transition cold turkey.

Only two things actually move quickly in Nassau—the minibuses as they weave in and out of traffic on the way from the airport, and your money as it leaves your pocket, should you choose to gamble at one of Nassau's two casinos.

Nassau is the only town on New Providence Island. Its flavor is a mixture of old and new. The first British governor came here in 1671, and the British colonial atmosphere survives, especially along Bay Street and its white colonnaded government buildings. A statue of straight-laced Queen Victoria erected in 1905 completes the scene. The queen looks out over Nassau's busy Rawson Square to Prince George Wharf. There, cruise-ship passengers debark to flock up Bay Street, where they can enjoy haggling over the price of homemade hats, purses, baskets and you-name-it at the straw market; where little girls may offer to sing them a song for a quarter; and where the best way to get around is by horse-drawn carriage. Flowered straw hats with ear holes are the accepted headgear for horses here.

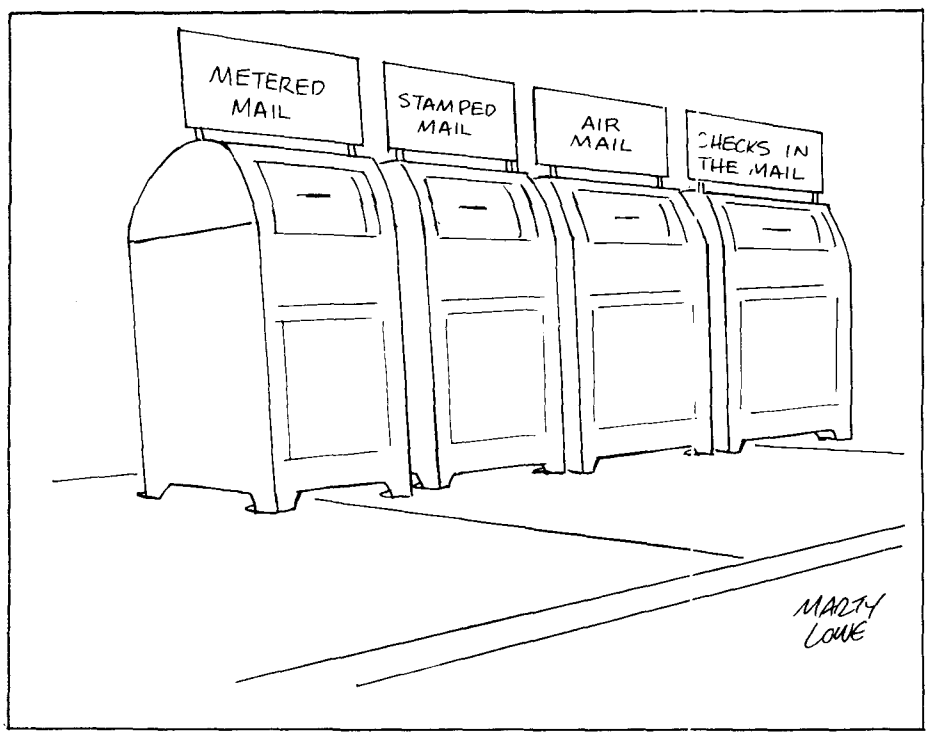
Outside the town lie the remains of three forts: Charlotte, 1790; Montague, 1741; and Fincastle, 1793—all worth exploring. Several miles east of town are the ruins of a watchtower once used by the pirate Edward Teach, better known as Blackbeard.

Where should one stay in Nassau? If a person has just won $30 million in the New York lottery, he might try the penthouse at the Grand Hotel. Until recently it rented for only $6,400 a night, but the price was to go up to $10,000, probably to keep out the riffraff. Entertainer Jerry Lewis was reportedly once denied housing here because he wanted to bring his dog along. Fortunately, other accommodations are light-years cheaper and nearly as comfortable.

A phalanx of luxury hotels line the beach at Paradise Island just across from downtown Nassau. This island of enjoyment is connected to Nassau by a soaring, raised eyebrow of a bridge that's so steep it nears comic proportions. Market vendors set up their stalls daily under its approach ramp and sell anything from live crab, conch and huge fish to cool tamarinds and suspicious-looking bottles of homemade hot sauce. Conch is a Bahamian specialty. Don't miss sampling a spicy conch chowder at one of Nassau's better restaurants. You won't get anything like it in the States.

As for night life, the Bahama Rhythm Theater of the Cable Beach Casino produces a lifelike rendition of a Bahamas Junkanoo and a lively variety show, but it's kid stuff compared to the adult-oriented Le Cabaret Theater Show of the Paradise Island Resort and Casino and its barely costumed dancers. The show also features a rather sinister-looking magician, alarmingly adept at making ladies, tigers and practically anything except your dinner check disappear.

One point, of geographic importance only, should be made clear about Nassau. Neither New Providence Island nor any of the 700 Bahama Islands are located in the Caribbean. They are all in the Atlantic, but they are definitely close enough for comfort.



Jamaica

by Pat Perry

It's difficult to keep pace in Jamaica—you have to slow w-a-y down! The tropical hideaway beats to the even pulse of the Caribbean encompassing its sun-drenched shores and gently lulls its visitors into a soothing, exhilarating repose.

The Arawak peoples first called the magical paradise "Xaymaca," which means "land of streams and forests." It is truly a cornucopia of diversity. Snow-white, palm-shaded beaches are a signature of the tropics. Stepping into the lush interior, you'll discover the mango and banana trees, palms, orchids and hibiscus and the sweet smells of oleander and mimosa. On Blue Mountain, you're 7,000 feet in the air—a rich vantage point to ex-

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perience a country no longer than 144 miles and no wider than 49.

Kingston, Jamaica's capital, is the largest and most cosmopolitan of the island's cities. No quaint tropical village here. This is a metropolis with all the trimmings. But it does have its own special attractions. The Crafts Market is a definite "go-see" when in Kingston. Native Jamaicans bring their handcrafted baskets, wood carvings and fruits in anticipation of the tourist trade. Not five miles from Kingston is Hope Botanical Gardens, where the flora and fauna of the exotic island are identified throughout the 200-acre area. Nearby Devon House, an 18th-century mansion turned National Gallery, boasts one of the finest collections of primitive art and sculpture in the world.

If you moor in Montego Bay, you're in good company. Mo' Bay, as it is popularly known, is the most famous resort on the island. Its calm, blue-and-green waters are enticing.

At Discovery Bay, just outside Ocho Rios, Christopher Columbus ran ashore in 1494. In his journal he noted, "It is the fairest island that ever eyes have beheld." Stop in Ocho Rios to experience the beautiful tapestry of hibiscus and poinsettia, where the Caribbean becomes a radiant sapphire.

Nearby is Dunn's River Falls, a 600-foot cascade of water tripping down stone steps. The adventurous are welcome to put their best foot forward and attempt the climb to the top of the natural wonder. There is also Fern Gully, a three-mile riverbed under the canopy of mahogany trees and lush vegetation.

Negril is one of Jamaica's beautiful secrets. Nestled in the western corner of the island, the quaint town offers seven miles of talc-textured sands. Visitors here can rent a bungalow, villa or maybe a hammock and escape from the rest of the world without a whisper.

Along your way throughout the island, you will be delighted with its people. Proud, polite and friendly, they put you immediately at ease. Roadside Jamaica is a fascinating experience of the island's treasures. Bus tours are always available, but tailor-made excursions can be arranged with the many tour guides in each of the cities. You can map out your way and your day. Rates are extremely reasonable, and the guides are a great source

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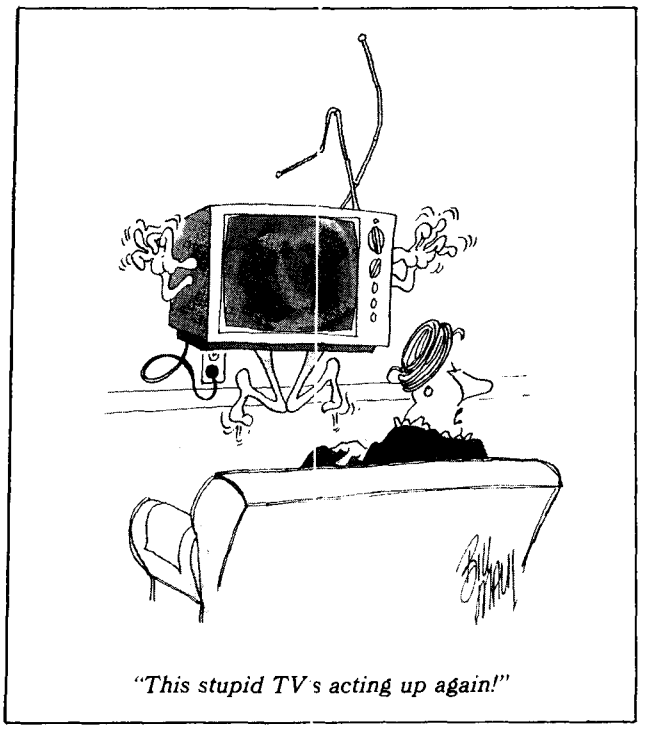
of information and cultural exchange.

For the more restless, raft trips up the Rio Grande may stir up some excitement, or maybe bicycling along the various roads. Parasailing at most of the major beaches, fabulous fishing and deep-sea dives along the coral reefs are available.

The island is abundant with tropical fruits, served at every meal—oranges, bananas and pineapples, of course, but the lush countryside also yields fruits such as soursop, guinep, jackfruit and ortanique, all possessing tantalizing flavors. A well-known specialty of Jamaica is saltfish with ackee, as well as the delicious conch-shell sandwich.

Tourists will be glad to know that throughout Jamaica are hotels that offer "all-inclusive" weekly rates. From the moment you arrive in Jamaica, you are picked up by the hotel staff, gently escorted to the hotel and pampered to no end for one week. You never have to go for your wallet. Meals, snacks, drinks, health facilities, sports—you name it—ask for anything and the likely reply will be, "No problem." In Ochos Rios, there is Couples Hotel. Sandals in Montego Bay offers a unique concept that caters to couples only. Twosomes on their first, second or third honeymoons enjoy the beautiful facilities and the glistening Caribbean at their front door.



"This stupid TV's acting up again!"

The Caribbean Side of the Yucatan

by Maynard Stoddard

So you think you've seen Mexico. You have watched, perhaps through spread fingers, the bullfights in Mexico City. You have shopped the silver markets at Taxco or brought back a sun tan that clearly says "Made in Acapulco." But you haven't seen Mexico yet.

Not until your itinerary stretches as far down as the Yucatan Peninsula and the Caribbean-washed islands of Cancun and Cozumel can you print "DONE" across the face of your scrapbook on this exotic country south of the border.

If you fly to Cancun, don't expect your plane to land on the island. For one reason, Cancun Island is only ¼-mile wide. For another, its 14-mile length is now devoted to adult playgrounds where powdery white sand greets the turquoise waters of the sea. Add the gentle breezes and warm weather, and you have some idea why this winter retreat for Mayan kings has now become the sea-surrounded sandbox for international tourists wanting to "get away from it all" behind Mexico's delightful Sun Curtain.

The incredible "overnight" emergence of Cancun as one of the world's finest resort destinations is one for the book—the *Guinness Book of World Records*. As late as 1967 this jungle swampland's sole inhabitants consisted of 17 Mayan families totaling 120 members. But when the Mexican government began looking around for tourist sites, there was the tropical enchantment, the crystal-clear sea and the offshore coral reefs of Cancun. The Mayan families were relocated. A trust fund known as Fonatur worked with private investors to establish the posh resorts and superb facilities that this once-isolated strip of barren reef began offering to pleasure-seekers just ten years ago. What the Mexican government's developing arm *can't* take credit for are the pristine beaches, the average temperature of 80° F. and the constant breeze that keeps humidity low.

So. . .what's your pleasure? Choose from scuba diving, snorkeling, tennis, sailing, deep-sea fishing, glass-bottom boat rides, bicycling, hydrofoil excursions to Cozumel Island (50 miles south), trimaran rides to Isla Mujeres (3 miles offshore) and parasailing. If golf is your pleasure, you can take a poke at a golf ball on the Pok-Ta-Pok course designed by Robert Trent Jones. The course has its own Mayan ruins on the 12th hole.

Oh yes, and duty-free shopping. How could I forget shopping! If you can't find time to do it here, you can do it in Cancun City, hooked to the island by a series of bridges. My wife found time here—and there, too. And everywhere else. The exchange rate runs at 177 pesos for a dollar, and her argument was that the more she spent the more she saved. I'm still working on that.

To break the monotony of sitting on the balcony of our Camino Real hotel and watching the surf's relentless laundering of the shoreline, and to relieve the pressure of my soaking up the sunshine while ogling lithe young maidens in eye-patch bikinis, my wife decided it would do me good to get away from it all by taking a tour to the Mayan walled city of Tulum, 80 miles south.

It's a dirty job, clambering over the rocks of those ancient ruins, but someone has to do it. At least it stimulates a suitable appetite for the deluxe menu back at the hotel: delicious cold coconut soup, a salad of quail eggs laid on a bed of spinach, the entrée of stuffed quail surrounded by vegetables, all finished off with ice cream decorated with pear slices and chocolate sauce. Then, for some, it was off to the disco. For us, it was a brisk waddle back to our room.

We traveled to the island of Cozumel by hydrofoil, or hovercraft, and skimmed over the 50 miles of Caribbean waves in less than an hour.

Although it is Mexico's largest island in the Caribbean, Cozumel is underdeveloped. The modernists would term it "laid back." No hustle, no bustle here. Eat the fruit, drink the

continued on page 106

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by George de Lodzia

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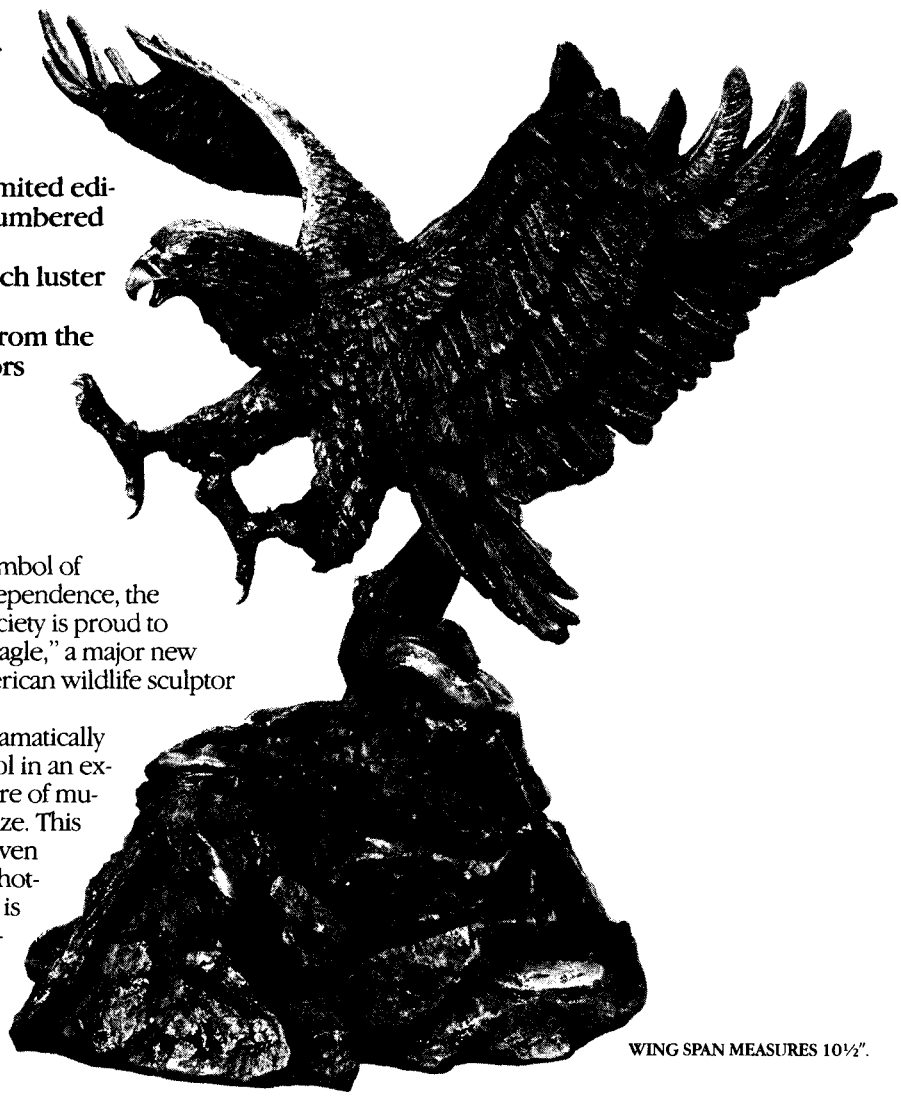

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Three Times Around

continued from page 59

They picked a man to act as judge and got into their carts. The major sat stiffly erect, but Uncle Os relaxed with his legs along the harness sticks against Pee Gee's sides. He held the reins loosely and grinned sheepishly at Miss Julie. The crowd's excited talking and speculating quickly died when the two men nodded at the judge. You could have heard an ant sneeze. The judge held his red bandanna shoulder high.

"Get set," he shouted. "One. . . two. . .three. . .Go!"

The judge swiftly brought down his bandanna, and the race was on! Pee Gee struggled off in the lead. He grunted and strained against his harness and kicked up little clouds of dust. Suzie, running about three steps behind, seemed to get stronger as she went along. The major yelled and waved his hat in the air. The crowd hollered as the pigs ran snorting around the corner of the building, Pee Gee leading by a foot. Some of the children ran alongside the chariots and shouted encouragement. The women chattered away and the men craned their necks to catch first sight of the pigs coming around again. When they appeared again, Suzie and the major led by the length of an ax handle. Uncle Os, his tassel flying, hollered that rebel yell he learned in the war. Pee Gee seemed to pick up a little speed. But the major flicked that big Berkshire with his reins, and she plodded faster. Suzie and the major were pulling away when they turned the corner of the schoolhouse. Some of the folks changed their minds and began to yell for the major. I began to get worried. In my excitement I saw ma and Miss Julie holding arms and straining to see the charioteers come around again.

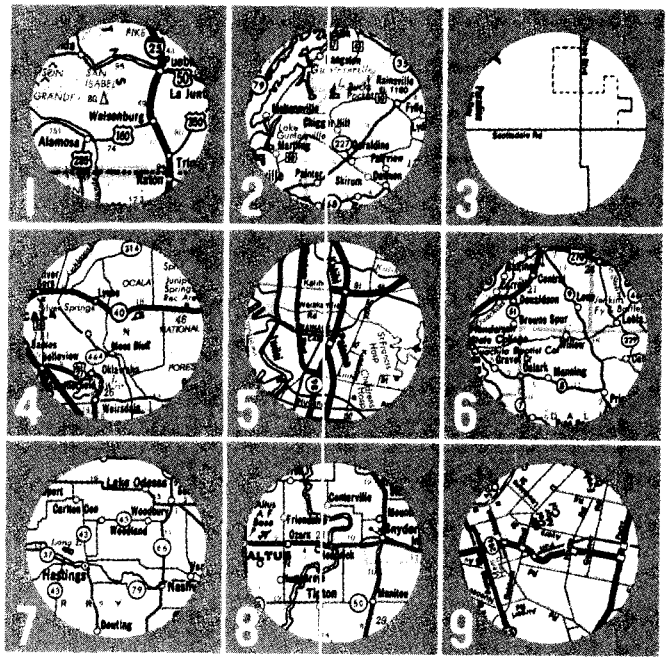
The second time they came by, the major still led by a foot, but Uncle Os was catching up. Sensing that Pee Gee was close behind her, Suzie angled over and tried to bump him off the track and brought a howl of glee from the crowd. Pee Gee oinked angrily but quickly regained his balance. Uncle Os gave him the reins, but Pee Gee slowed to let the major's cart get completely by him on the right, his blind side. Then he took off again, with Suzie on his left, where he could watch her with his good eye. I broke away from the crowd, ran beside Pee Gee, and begged him to run faster. Pee Gee cut the corner pretty close and gained a little, but Suzie still led when we came back around and headed for the finish line.

Rounding the corner of the building for the last time, I saw ma and Miss Julie standing together with their heads thrown back. As we went by, they broke into the high wailing notes of "The Banished Lover." Pee Gee cocked his eye up at them and squealed like he'd been stuck with a pitchfork. I still believe I saw his ears stand up and his curly tail shoot straight out. He lurched and strained wildly in the harness, dug his hoofs into the dirt and tried to get away from the infernal racket. But ma and Miss Julie ran alongside him, held their skirts up to their knees and screeched those high notes. Poor ol' Pee Gee was tired out, anybody could see that, but he pushed his short legs out faster and faster. He pulled up even with Suzie. Then Miss Julie stopped, and sang a piercing note at the top of her voice. Pee Gee leaped out in front of Suzie and almost jerked Uncle Os out of the chariot. They went across the finish line a whole foot in front of Suzie and the major.

The folks went wild. They had looked dumbfounded at ma and Miss Julie when they started singing. When they saw what effect it had, they shouted and beat each other on the shoulders. The major walked over, stretching his stubby legs, and allowed that Uncle Os was the winner, fair and square. He kind of turned green when Miss Julie kissed Uncle Os on the mouth. Pee Gee wobbled over to ma and nuzzled her feet. She reached down and affectionately patted him between the ears.

"I looked in his ugly red face and wondered just how smart Pee Gee really was. I guess there was no telling what he could do, if he set his mind to it. Anyway, Uncle Os and Miss Julie got married that summer. You should have heard ma joshing Uncle Os about his boast that he wouldn't 'get hooked' by no woman! Naturally, they took Pee Gee to live with them. And that reminds me. One of these days I'll tell you about the time Uncle Os took Pee Gee to a party at the governor's mansion, and what happened after Pee Gee turned over the punch bowl."

Grandpa Barlow took a last puff on his pipe, knocked it out in the ashtray and winked at me. "The only one-eyed pig I ever saw," he said, "and the smartest!"



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 101)

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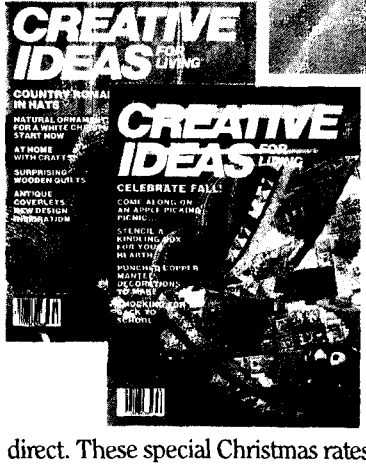

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Stumped in Steubenville

continued from page 32

also pregnant. Maybe that had something to do with it. Then we broke up, and Emmett and I went back to the motel. I remember that Emmett called his wife and they talked and talked, and he mentioned the woman in the meat market and they talked about drugs. When he hung up, we started talking about drugs. I was thinking of tranquilizers and Quaaludes and things like that—drugs in capsules that could get contaminated in processing or packaging. It was a thought.

"It still seemed like a good idea in the morning. Janice had mentioned Mrs. Russell, and she seemed as good a place as any to start. We went around to the Russell place right after breakfast, at about nine o'clock. Mrs. Russell received us. Russell was *still in bed—and why* not? He was out of work and it was a dismal morning. We asked Mrs. Russell once again about food, about mixes, about condiments. We did a thorough kitchen inventory, and it was the kind of kitchen you wouldn't be surprised to find any kind of contamination in. These were real easygoing people—not like Mrs. Lowell. But that was all just thrashing around. Finally, I got down to business and asked her if she or anybody in the family was taking any kinds of drugs. She said, 'You mean like medicine? Oh, no.' What about the other kind—illicit drugs? Like, say, 'ludes? 'Oh, *no*—certainly not.' Then there was a funny kind of silence. Then she said, 'Well, Gene and I and most of our friends, we do smoke a little pot when we're hanging out together. But I stopped last week. I mean, I'm pregnant, so I thought I'd better.' Pot? Marijuana? I was thinking capsules—swallowing something contaminated. Pot was smoking. I didn't know what to think. And then Russell came strolling into the living room. I guess he'd waked up and heard us talking. He was very cool, very relaxed. He said, 'Sure, we smoke a little pot. What else is there to do in this town?' I was still trying to think, to adjust. I asked him very carefully if he happened to have any marijuana on hand—if I could have a sample for laboratory analysis. He looked at me for a moment. Then he said, 'Sure.' He said, 'Man, I'll roll you a joint.' I told him just a sample for the lab would do. But I was aware of what he was doing. To him and his wife, Emmett and I were some kind of Feds. He wanted to get me involved. He wanted to get me neutralized. Anyway, he just shrugged and laughed, and went off somewhere and came back with a couple of grams in an envelope—about enough for one joint.

"Yes, operator, I know I'm lucky my toe got stuck in the 'O'. Can you please send help?"

Emmett and I exchanged a look. We finally, at last, had something concrete. It was a weird idea. I had never heard of marijuana as a vehicle for salmonella. Nobody had. But it was an idea. It was concrete, and I had it in my hand.

"Our next move was going to be a little more difficult. Russell had nothing much to lose—he was unemployed, and who cared if he smoked a little pot? But that wasn't true of most of the other cases. The Lowells and the Jameses were city employees. It was going to be hard to get anything out of them. I decided that our best move was through Russell. I explained to him that our interest in marijuana had nothing to do with the law. Emmett and I weren't any kind of police. We had no intention of getting him or anybody else in trouble. We were only trying to get at the source of the outbreak. We rapped like that for a little while, and then I said that we would need to talk to the other cases, including his friends the Lowells and the Jameses. I wondered if he would try to sort of pave the way for us. Would he mind calling Mrs. Lowell? Be glad to. He went to the phone and called her. He was very good, very persuasive. You remember that she was a very nervous, worrying kind of woman. But she agreed to see us. We went right over. She was very stiff and strained. I guess this was as close as she had ever come to a drug bust. But she was making an effort to be calm and sophisticated. She said, well, yes, they did smoke pot. She said, well, yes, they did have some in the house. She went off and came back with about two grams in a plastic bag. She said it came *from the same guy that the* Jameses and the Russells bought their pot from. She asked me if I really thought that the outbreak was caused by pot. I said it seemed to be a possibility. 'Well,' she said, 'I'm not really surprised. I thought this batch had a kind of funny smell.' That made me smile. But I really wanted to shout. A possibility, of course, was all it was. But it was a possibility that seemed to fit in very nicely with that preponderance of young adults. We were cooking. We were really cooking.

"But down here in this blue-collar valley, down here by the river—this was only one neighborhood, only one part of the outbreak. There was Mingo Junction, and there was Wintersville, up on the hill. When we made our first round of house calls, we had talked to a young woman at Mingo Junction—Linda Something-or-Other. She was the one confirmed case there, but her brother and her boyfriend were both subclinical cases—positive but asymptomatic. Linda was 21, a salesgirl in a nut shop by day and a dancing teacher evenings. She never had any reason to go down to the valley. She took sick on December 28. She lived at home but

continued on following page

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very seldom ate there. She told us she lived on tacos, submarine sandwiches, and such. When we finished up with Mrs. Lowell, we went out to Mingo and ran Linda down again and had a talk. Pot? She said she never used it. Her brother did, though, and so did her friend. She thought she could get us a sample from her friend. We arranged to meet that evening. Then we went on to Wintersville. We got nowhere with the two high-school kids. We had to be careful, and they weren't telling: getting caught using pot meant expulsion from school. But I talked with a counselor at the school, and he told me that while our two kids moved in different circles, the circles they moved in were very far from the best. We met Linda and her friend that evening, and they had a nice sample for us. I don't know how Emmett and I got through Saturday night. We were really keyed up. I called Janice on Sunday morning and told her what we had, and she agreed to meet us at her lab. Very quietly. This was ticklish business at this point—we didn't know how the Health Department would react. On Monday afternoon, Janice told us that preliminary results showed evidence of contaminated pot—all three samples. By Tuesday, it was definite. She had cultured salmonellae from the samples, and they were salmonellae of a group of 80-odd serotypes called C/2. C/2 includes *S. muenchen*. On Wednesday, Janice went on to make it certain: our marijuana samples were definitely contaminated with *S. muenchen*. But on Tuesday morning the C/2 finding was enough. I called Roger Feldman, and he said, 'Well, well! I'll be damned!'

"Maurice Pizzoferrato had very much the same reaction. Only more so. Roger was naturally pleased that we had solved the problem, and as a professional he was very much interested that we had found a new vehicle for salmonellae. But Maurice! Maurice was euphoric. He had been getting very edgy, very impatient. His lab was tied up, his people were on call to us, and all the eating places in town were on his phone every day and afraid of hearing the worst. And, of course, the press was pressing. Marijuana was an absolutely perfect answer. It took him entirely off the hook. Illicit drugs were no responsibility of his. He wanted the world to know what we had found. He wanted me to call an immediate press conference. And Roger, when I asked him for instructions, agreed. Emmett and I worked up a statement, and the conference was set for ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, February 11, in Maurice' office at the Health Department. They even had me sitting in Maurice' own big chair, at his own big desk.

"Are you going to tell him what the vet did to him. . .or just let him go out and make a fool of himself?"

"It was my debut in this sort of thing. All the media were there—the local newspaper, the local radio, the local television and the stringers for the wire services. I read our statement. I told them that the source of the outbreak wasn't water, it wasn't any eating place, it wasn't any food. I told them—and this is from our prepared statement--'Our most important lead suggests that a noncommercial product with an unknown distribution is the source of this salmonella. We have tested samples of marijuana associated with three different cases, and we have found the identical salmonella which has been isolated from the ill persons. This finding suggests that the marijuana currently in use in Jefferson County has become contaminated with salmonella and represents the primary vehicle of transmission for the illness.' I told them that having diarrhea caused by salmonella didn't necessarily mean that the person was a *user* of marijuana. Many of our cases, I said, were infected indirectly from a person who was a silent carrier, or from environmental sources. The salmonella was in the marijuana. When a marijuana smoker rolled a cigarette, his hands became contaminated, and when he put the cigarette in his mouth his lips became contaminated. Then a touch or a kiss or any sort of contact could spread the infection. I said we didn't know yet just how heavily contaminated the marijuana was—actually, it turned out to be *very* heavily contaminated—but even a light contamination would be enough to make a susceptible person sick. And not only that. Pot decreases the gastric acid, and gastric acid is an important defense against infections of all kinds. Regular pot smokers are especially susceptible to infection. Then came the tricky part. Here's what I said in our statement: 'To substantiate our theory that marijuana is the culprit, it is most important that we continue to test marijuana samples from the area. If it were a commercial product, we could just pull it off the shelves and test it—but that is not possible with marijuana. We therefore need the community to help us by allowing us to test additional marijuana samples. People may drop off their samples either at the Jefferson County Center for Alcoholism and Drug Abuse. . .or the samples may be brought directly to the Steubenville City Health Department. Because we think this is a major health risk, we are testing marijuana free and anonymously. Your sample will be given a number. . . .' And so on. The police had agreed to look the other way for a day or two. Then came the questions. I did the best I could. It was really very exciting. A big story. And not only locally. Both the wire services carried it. It wasn't so much that we had solved the mystery. It was the marijuana. That gave it a contemporary touch.

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"That was our last day in Steubenville. There was no reason for Emmett and me to stay on for the wind-up of the investigation. We flew back to Atlanta that afternoon. I had a day at home—Thursday, February 12—and then on Friday Roger sent me off to Michigan. I wasn't exactly eager to leave, and yet, of course, I wanted to go. I felt that Steubenville was only one side of the coin. I didn't feel we had absolutely proved our case. What I wanted was what I had wanted before—to do a good case-control study. Our studies in Steubenville weren't really precise. The supreme court for an epidemiological problem is a case-control study, and I wanted that supreme-court verdict. As I said, my contact in Michigan was Harry McGee, of the Michigan State Department of Health. Nothing had really changed in Lansing since Harry and I last talked. There was a total of 17 confirmed cases there. The source of the outbreak was still unknown. But now, after Steubenville, we had a lead to work with. The study went like this: We selected 34 households to serve as controls. These households matched the case households in neighborhood and in general social and economic status, and they had much the same prevalence of young children and young adults. The one crucial difference was that the controls were households in which there had been no diarrheal illness for at least two months. We did our interviews in person. People respond to a personal visit with trust. We asked a comprehensive set of questions. We asked about restaurant meals. About deli foods. About alcohol. And then about marijuana. The results were very satisfactory. The case households used marijuana more than three times as often as the control households. We also collected eight samples of marijuana from six households. Only one of them was positive for salmonella—for *S. muenchen*. But that was enough.

"I went back to Atlanta feeling very pleased. The news there made me feel even better. The final reports from Steubenville were in. The public appeal had brought in 54 new samples of marijuana, and five of them were positive for *S. muenchen*. Then came some totally unexpected news: There had been two outbreaks of *S. muenchen* gastroenteritis that were more or less coincident with Steubenville and Lansing—one in Alabama, involving two cases, and another in Georgia, in and around Atlanta, involving 21 cases. When the health people there saw our first Steubenville report, they sat up in a hurry. They went back to their cases and interviewed them all over again and collected some samples of marijuana and analyzed them, and the results were positive for *S. muenchen* contamination. The contamination in every instance was very considerable. It was almost incredible—4 million organisms to a gram of marijuana. That was so high that it enabled us to make a very reasonable assumption. This was that the contamination could not have occurred by accident—by contamination on the hands of the processors. It must have occurred either in the field—from untreated animal manure used as fertilizer, or by contamination during drying or storage—or by direct adulteration of the marijuana with dried manure, to increase the weight and therefore increase the profits. We generally favor the last hypothesis. A good reason for this theory was that *S. muenchen* was not the only contaminating pathogen found in the marijuana. All the samples also showed the presence of such organisms as *Staphylococcus epidermidis, E. coli, K. pneumoniae, Ps. aeruginosa,* and Group D *Streptococci,* which would also be present in manure. Our only disappointment was that we were never able to determine where the stuff came from. The Drug Enforcement Administration of the Department of Justice estimated that in 1980 about 75 percent of the marijuana consumed in the United States came from Colombia, about 10 percent from Jamaica, and about 8 percent from Mexico and that the rest is grown locally. Locally grown marijuana is consumed locally, and Mexican marijuana is consumed largely in the Southwest. So we can assume that our marijuana came from either Colombia or Jamaica." ✱

Dancing

continued from page 23

average talent and could never improve, but finally we got a teacher who spared no effort to get the knowledge into our bodies and heads. She also guided me in selecting dresses and hair styles. Anything and everything about dancing well she in-

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WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 96)

1. Colorado
2. Alabama
3. Phoenix, Arizona
4. Florida
5. Honolulu, Hawaii
6. Arkansas
7. Michigan
8. Oklahoma
9. Corpus Christi, Texas

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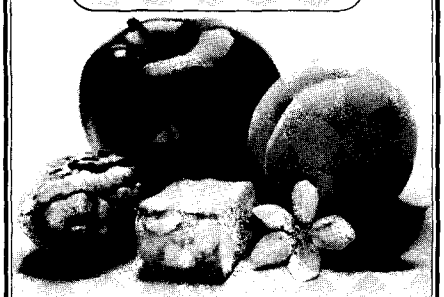

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troduced to us. It wasn't that all the other great teachers hadn't shown an equal interest, but she taught us more frequently and came to understand our faults and how to deal with our impasses to learning.

During these last two years, we also have learned much from other fine teachers from the United States and from England, and our performance in demonstrations and contests has steadily improved. We have danced among the high-performing Canadians and have finished among the final six contestants, and we have won some prechampionship as well as senior events against younger competitors.

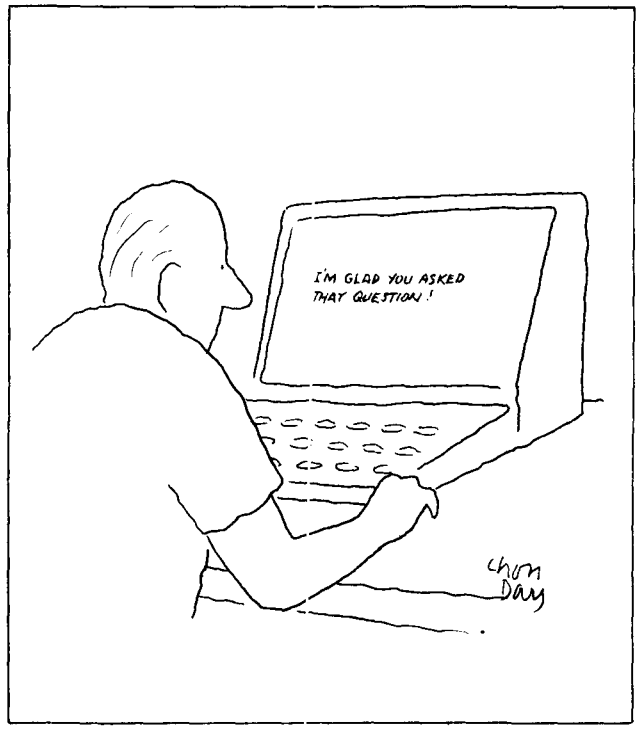
Why have we struggled to excel? I'm not fully sure of the answer, but it concerns the wonderful feel of controlled freedom and swing that a couple finally achieve. It concerns the fascinating complexity of international-style dance. It concerns the new friendships we have made with lively, interesting and intelligent people.

As medical practitioners, we became accustomed to friends much like we are, bookish intellectualizers. The great dancers are action-oriented people with enormous physical energy. These people have added an exhilarating new dimension to our friendships. Finally, a large part of the fascination has been the struggle to develop a good dancing partnership between Bill and me.

Great ballroom dancing demands great partnerships. How does one achieve a great partnership? For a couple who want to be world-class professionals, both man and woman should have begun ballroom dance with topnotch teachers at age eight and have greater-than-average talent and an insatiable drive to win. Most of these conditions cannot be met by the amateur adult couple. They cannot turn back the clock and acquire dance posture and timing that has become as natural as breathing.

Both the man and the woman must want to improve their dancing through lessons and through practice. They must be willing to take criticism from teachers, judges, onlookers and, most important, from each other. They must be prepared to argue often and to leave such disagreements on the dance floor. Otherwise marriages and friendships can be broken.

Ballroom dancing is more difficult for the man than the woman, because he has to direct the team and do the leading. And yet the woman's role is far from easy. While she must first and foremost learn to follow the man's lead, she is as active as the man. She must be as strong as he is. In many figures she must move quickly with full strength after just a slight indication from the man. Certain figures can be confused because the lead for both is so similar. Although in practice sessions the woman may need to put part of her concentration on her own body and action, on the competitive floor she must concentrate solely on the man's action and his leads. The man may change his mind in the middle of a figure because another couple have darted from nowhere and block the way. Or a long floor space may be opened up so that the couple can do a spectacular reverse wave in a series of pivots or in-and-out runs.



The professional couple may dance together for 10 or 15 years to achieve a world-class partnership. The amateur couple usually start much later and may try to get high in the amateur ranks in 5 to 10 years. The professionals may spend most of their days teaching, studying and practicing. The amateur perhaps spends at most two or three hours. After all, the amateur must earn money to support his dancing.

Is dancing worth it—all the time, money and mental anguish? Many evenings after a frustrating practice session at which an action that seemed easy on a lesson is absolutely not reproducible on our own, one or both of us will say, "I'm quitting dancing forever." The next morning we have forgotten the despair and are thinking over what our coaches have said about the elusive dance figure. Or I am planning my next ball gown or contemplating a new hair color or practicing my Latin dancing. I know Latin dancing is not easy for a grandmother, but my teacher is encouraging and fun to dance with. Besides, Bill and I finished in second place at the North American Senior Dance Division, and maybe this year we will do better than we did last year at the United States Ballroom Dance Championships.

Advancing age makes a couple less strong and agile, but I know couples in their 70s who look wonderfully graceful on the dance floor. We women get to dress in gowns that sparkle and flare as we float (the floating is an illusion) around the floor in our partners' arms (we have to be careful to stay in the cradle of their right arms only). Every once in a while Bill and I hit a dance just right. In the waltz we rise and fall exactly together and the many turns are perfect (almost). In the fox trot we glide smoothly around the floor and periodically enliven the dance with bursts of speed and syncopated rhythms.

After the contest, the other amateur couples who were our enemies on the contest floor turn into friends. We give each other encouragement and praise and commiserate with each other over our addiction to competitive ballroom dancing.

Anyone wishing to correspond with us about entering competitive dancing in your region may do so by writing to me or to Lance Sexton, exercise and fitness editor of the *Post*, at 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

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Vets on Pets

continued from page 27

Dear Mrs. Ralston:

Short-acting corticosteroids such as prednisolone can cause side effects such as fluid retention or immunosuppression. However, side effects due to long-term therapy can be reduced by using alternate-day therapy. This means that if one tablet of prednisolone were given at 8 a.m. on day 1, it would be given again at 8 a.m. on day 3 and continued each alternate day. This treatment gives the dog's own adrenal glands, which normally produce steroids, a chance to recover between treatments.

If an animal such as yours has been on corticosteroids for a long period (longer than six months), do not withdraw the drug suddenly. A gradual reduction of dosage is necessary.

I suggest you follow your veterinarian's recommendations. Surgery would probably be the best remedy.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I have a beautiful white cat and have discovered that she has a small lump under the right side of her jaw—in front. She is 14 years and 3 months old. I wonder if I should take her to the veterinarian for an operation, but there are no highly trained veterinarians in our town. So what can I do about my cat? She's so beautiful. I don't know whether she could stand an operation at age 14. I hope to hear from you.

Pete A. Micek
Lakewood, Colorado

Dear Mr. Micek:

The 1984 AVMA Directory lists 21 veterinarians in Lakewood. I'm sure that you'll find one with whom you can consult and establish a good rapport.

I suggest you make an appointment to have your cat examined as soon as possible. Perhaps the lump can be taken care of quickly and simply. You did not mention how long the lump has been there. If it is an abscess rather than a tumor, opening the lump, draining and antibiotics should take care of the problem. If it is a tumor, surgery might be necessary. Your veterinarian should make recommendations after examining the cat. If the cat is in good health, she is not too old for surgery.

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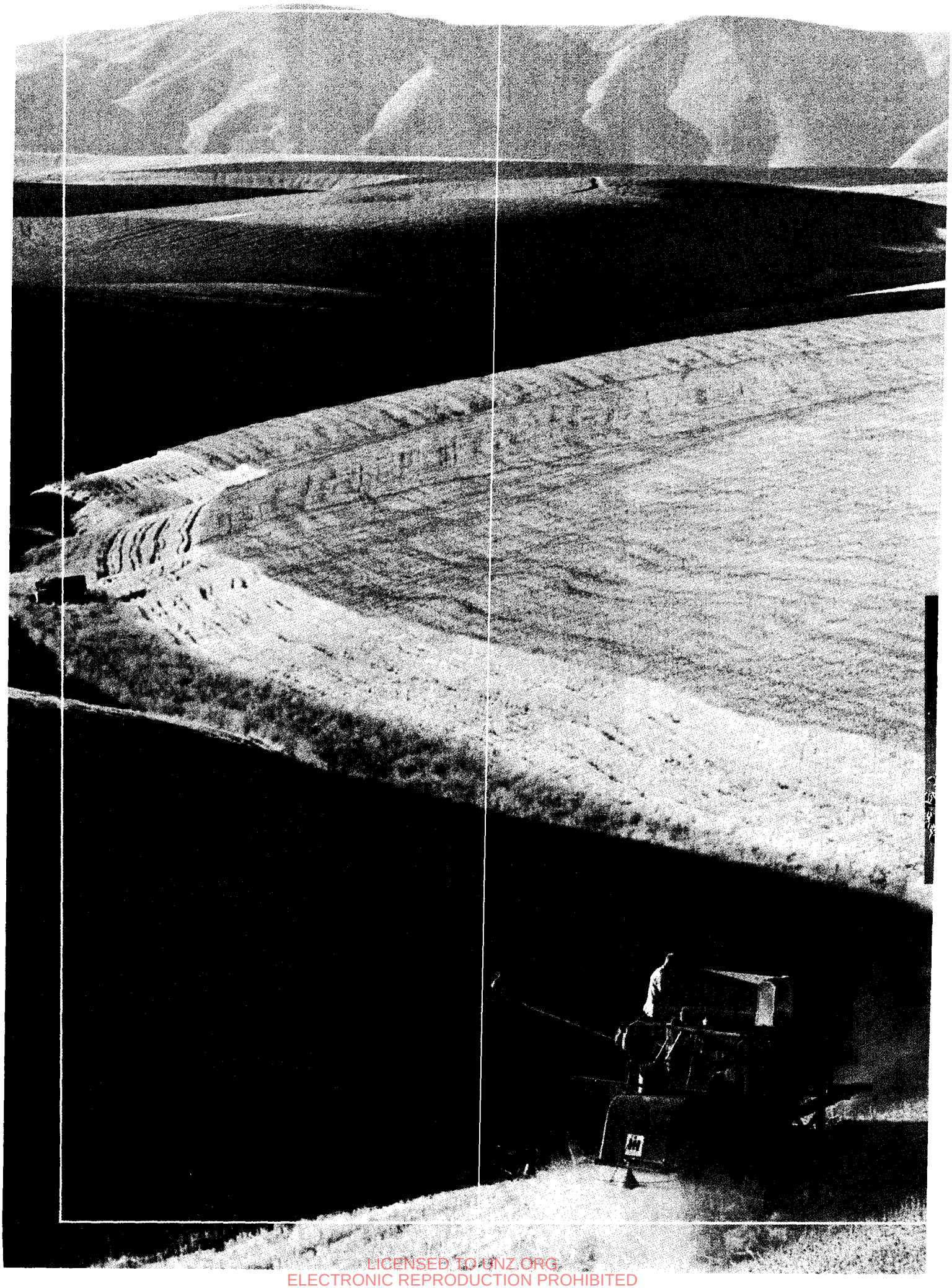

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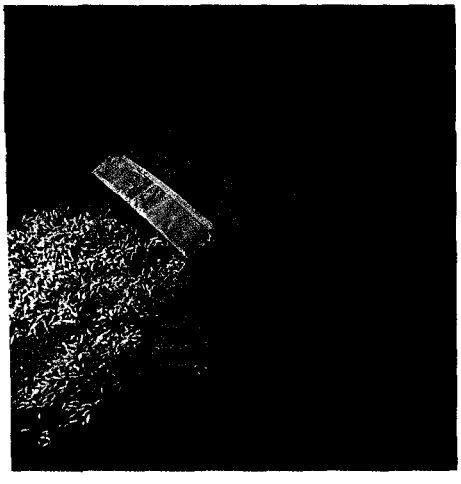

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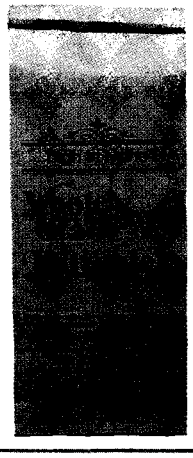

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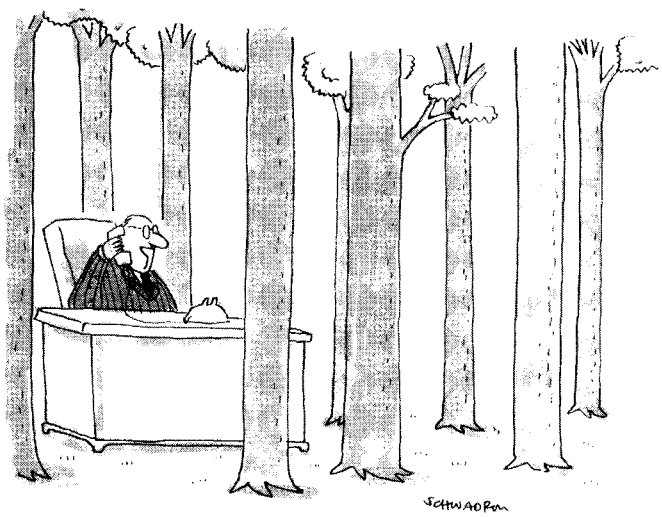
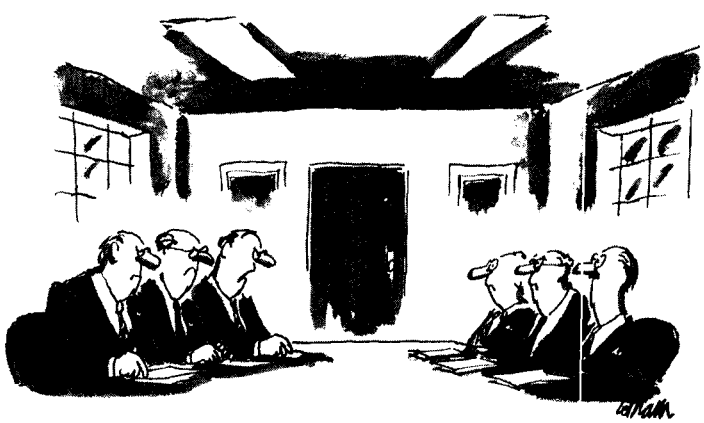


"And how are things in your neck of the woods, Fassler?"



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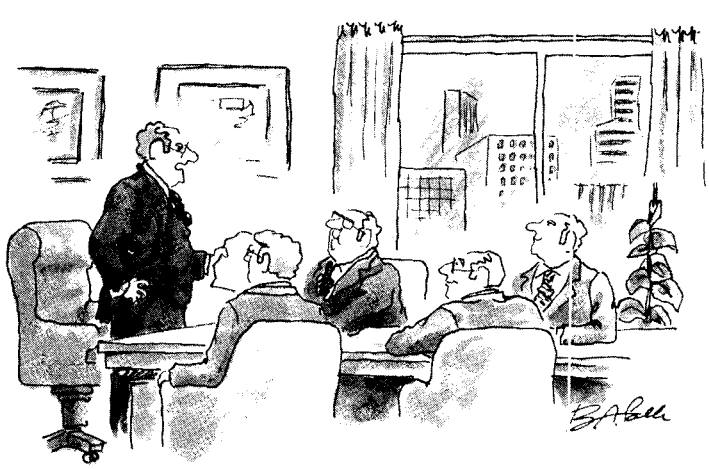

"Amendment to Bylaw 24, Subsection D: No executive holding the rank of vice-president or above shall be required to take the rap for a felony performed in the line of duty."

Caribbean

continued from page 94

water and forget about the "Aztec two-step." "We don't have that bug," our hotel manager tells us. So, if taking things easy is the key to a happy vacation, here is where it can be done best.

Ho hum. . .what to do first? Dive Palancar Reef—"the Grand Canyon of the Caribbean"? Its six miles of coral have been building for Cozumel visitors for 2 million years. Snorkel or scuba dive along *La Ceiba* underwater trail and explore the unique airplane wreck? How about climbing out of that beach chair and "doing" Paradise Reef and its rainbow of colors? Or the famed Santa Rosa Wall? Or try your luck, and muscle, with hard-fighting game fish? (In April and May you might even enter the annual billfish tournaments for fabulous prizes.)

Much too strenuous, you say? Then how about taking the *Jean Lafitte*, the large Spanish galleon, across the glassy, clear waters to Paraiso Reef and taste seafood prepared on a sandy beach over an open fire? Or examine the native wares, especially the beautiful jewelry and decorative items crafted from the rare black coral found in the Palancar Reef.

Even by native admission, the few fast-food establishments turn out to be slow. So "ride with the tide," they advise you. Once you accept this, you will find the gentle pace part of the charm of this fascinating country.

Thus, upon boarding our plane we knew the feelings of the Cozumel Caribe manager, who is being transferred. "I'm not going," he told us. "They are *taking* me."

Caymans

by Ed Roberts

One thing we'd like to tell you right away about the Caymans—they're part of Cuba. That's right—as in Fidel. But not to worry. These fair isles are related to Cuba only topographically—they're actually exposed peaks of an undersea mountain range that eventually comes ashore in Cuba.

In fact, the Caymans could hardly be different from Cuba, or any other of their neighbors, for that matter.

continued on page 111

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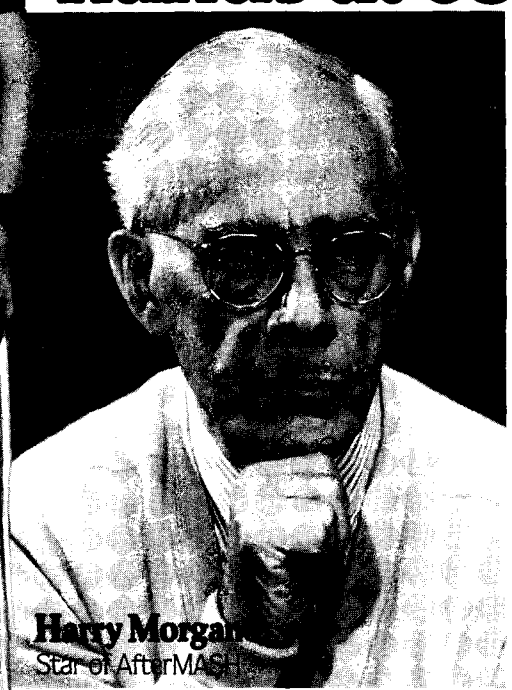
"Unfortunately, a lot of kids are already old hands at coping with arthritis."



Harry Morgan
Star of AfterMASH

"Kevin is just 12. But he can't go out to play with his friends or ride a bike or roller skate. Because Kevin has arthritis.

"You might think of arthritis as an old person's disease. But Kevin sure doesn't. He lies awake at night with pain. He wears braces on his legs that make him self-conscious with his friends. He has to take medication to ease his pain.

"It's hard on Kevin's parents too. They never know how their son is going to feel from day to day, or even from hour to hour. Even knowing there are as many as a quarter of a million other children across America who are struggling against this crippling disease is of little comfort.

"Enough is enough. It's time to stand and fight this vicious disease with all we've got. And that's where the Arthritis Foundation's Victory Team comes in. We've got a plan that just can't miss. But we need your help to make it work.

"One of our strongest commitments is to provide the medical and therapeutic relief children with arthritis so urgently need. But we'll also give doctors and scientists a vitally important boost in funding as they search for the answers that only expensive research projects can bring. And we'll help thousands of people live happier, healthier lives through the expansion of our Arthritis Self-Help Program.

"Join me in this 3-way attack on America's Number One Crippler. Victory Team membership is only $16 a month— just 53¢ a day. But with that kind of ongoing support, we can come to grips with arthritis once and for all.

"As a Victory Team member, you'll get a regular newsletter filled with the latest research progress. You'll also receive a different information booklet each month which gives tips on dealing with arthritis problems.

"So give us a hand. Just mail in the coupon and we'll send you all the details. Then you'll see how people like yourself can help kids like Kevin— and 36 million other Americans— overcome the crippling impact of arthritis."

☐ I've enclosed my first $16 monthly donation.
☐ I'd like to review the Victory Team package without obligation. I will make my first $16 donation when I decide to join.
☐ I can't join the Victory Team now but would like to contribute $_____.
☐ I have a particular interest in ☐ Arthritis Research ☐ Juvenile Arthritis ☐ Arthritis Self-Help Course; please send me additional information.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____

GSEPNO

Please make check payable to the "Arthritis Foundation."
Mail to: Arthritis Foundation, 1314 Spring Street, N.W. Atlanta, Georgia 30309

ARTHRITIS FOUNDATION

Join The Victory Team Today.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"When meditating over a disease, I never think of finding a remedy for it, but, instead, a means of preventing it."—Louis Pasteur

Ectopic Pregnancy

A wistful, gray-haired man tells how he lost his first wife 40 years ago. They had been married less than a year when she was suddenly stricken with a sharp pain in her lower back. He had trouble finding a doctor and when he finally did locate one, a urologist, the doctor advised him that she immediately go to the hospital. But she died just before they arrived, only five hours after the pain began.

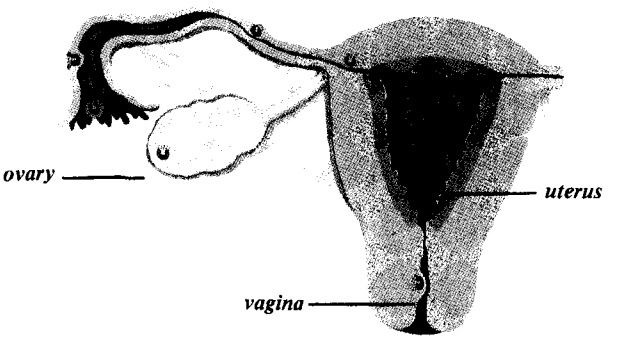
An autopsy showed that a pregnancy had begun in one of her Fallopian tubes. The tube had ruptured and she died of the consequences. Neither she nor her husband knew she was pregnant until it was too late.

When a pregnancy begins in the Fallopian tube, the growing embryo soon ruptures the tube and massive bleeding floods the abdominal cavity.

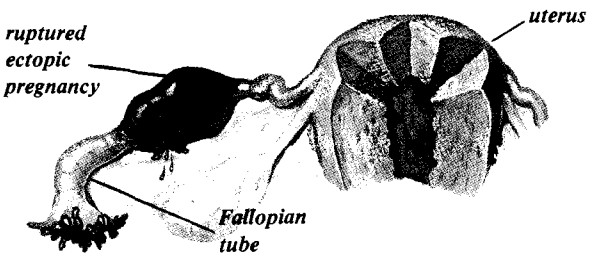
So, women of child-bearing age should be aware of the symptoms of a misplaced or ectopic pregnancy. It can be fatal from internal bleeding if surgery is not performed quickly.

The most common ectopic pregnancy occurs when the fertilized egg becomes attached to the walls of the narrow Fallopian tubes that lead to the uterus, but the embryo may attach itself to an ovary, the abdominal cavity, the cervix or even the broad ligament.

I had a frightening experience when a house guest of ours developed a pain in her lower back, above her rectum. I thought "ectopic pregnancy" but quickly and erroneously ruled it out because she insisted she had just had a menstrual period. In fact, she had been trying to have a baby.



Ectopic pregnancies most commonly occur in the tubes. However, they can occur in the ovaries, the broad ligament or even the cervix or abdomen.



Rupture of the tubal pregnancy is inevitable and untreated tubal pregnancies result in fatal hemorrhaging.

"That was embarrassing! I thought we were in surgery!"

I phoned a fine internal medicine specialist who lived nearby and asked him to come over to give her a thorough examination, particularly because the guest wanted to fly out of town the following morning.

After examining her, he confided to me that he believed the pain to be psychosomatic. I knew our guest wasn't the type for a psychosomatic reaction, so I called an OB GYN doctor to see if she could possibly have an ectopic pregnancy. Still lurking in my mind was the fear that it could quickly become fatal without surgery.

In her case, it was just that. An ectopic pregnancy had started in her ovary and ruptured. The pressure of the bleeding into the peritoneum was causing pain. Had she boarded a plane, she would have been in extreme danger from internal hemorrhaging. She had emergency surgery and has since had children without further difficulty.

Women who have had pelvic infections are at greater risk than those who have not had any infection.

The egg may become joined to the inside of the tube, where the lining is rough and scarred from an infection. If

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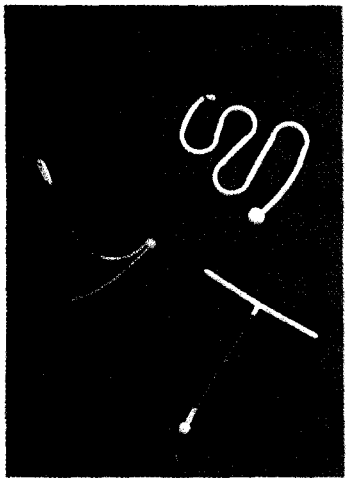
The urine test for pregnancy is dramatic and sufficiently accurate that many very early pregnancies can be detected in the home. This allows the mother to go off liquor, cigarettes and to begin folate supplementation (pregnancy vitamins contain this B vitamin) during the all-important first few weeks of pregnancy. The above over-the-counter, self-administered pregnancy tests will show pregnancy in any location. They should not take the place of a doctor's appointment, but it is a good idea for women of child-bearing age to keep one of these in the medicine cabinet just in the event a serious backache should occur. If the test should be positive, even though no period had been missed, one would know that a medical emergency might have occurred—rupture of an ectopic pregnancy.

the egg is fertilized, it begins forming a baby—an embryo. As the baby grows, the tube begins to stretch. When the tube reaches a limit beyond which it can stretch no farther, it ruptures and bleeding begins.

Gradual internal hemorrhage causes pressure and pain in the abdomen above the rectum, or in the shoulder because the bleeding is irritating the underside of the diaphragm. But rapid hemorrhage results in extremely low blood pressure or shock. The rupture is catastrophic. Go immediately to the nearest hospital, obstetrician or surgeon for help.



Intrauterine devices will not prevent an ectopic pregnancy. They prevent uterine pregnancies by keeping the lining of the uterus agitated so that the fertilized egg cannot find a nesting place. They do not prevent the fertilized egg from finding a place to grow in the less-hostile environment of the tube. Women wearing IUDs should suspect ectopic pregnancies when pain is suspicious.

Don't fail to consider ectopic pregnancy in a woman who thinks she has just menstruated.

The frequency of ectopic pregnancies has increased threefold over the past 11 years. There are now about 15 ectopic pregnancies for every 1,000 live births.

There is some good news, however. The woman suffering an ectopic pregnancy now has a better chance of being diagnosed successfully. The percentage of deaths has dropped to less than one for every 1,000 ectopic pregnancies. Untreated tubal pregnancies almost always have a fatal outcome.

One reason for the increase in ectopic pregnancies may be the popularity of intrauterine contraceptive devices, commonly called IUDs. These small appliances keep the egg from attaching itself to the uterine wall.

They do not prevent the egg from attaching itself to the wall of the Fallopian tube.

For this reason, users of intrauterine contraceptive devices should be aware that their IUDs do not prevent ectopic pregnancies and missed periods are causes for concern for women who use IUDs.

Women who have had tubal infections in the past should not use IUDs. Perhaps the most important preventive measure against tubal pregnancies is to treat pelvic infections promptly to prevent scarring of the tubes.

The key to avoiding fatalities from ectopic pregnancies is awareness on the part of both doctors and women themselves.

Fortunately, women of child-bearing age can get home pregnancy tests that detect unsuspected pregnancies. Many

"Yes, I'm well aware that you're suffering from insomnia. . .after all, you called me in the middle of the night to make an appointment."

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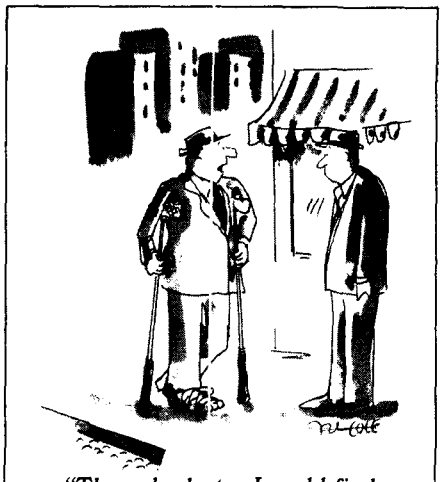
are readily available at your drug store. So-called menstrual periods aren't always that. What looks like menstrual bleeding may in fact be blood draining from a ruptured tube. Vaginal bleeding is an unreliable indication that no pregnancy exists.

Caesarean Section

Many ask why is it necessary for babies to come into the world this "unnatural" way.

One problem is that the fetal skull encasing the developmentally large brain is either too big to pass through the rigid, bony birth canal, or the birth canal formed by the bones of the pelvis is too small; in either case a disproportionate relationship, so-called CPD (cephalopelvic disproportion), exists between the two, and thus a safe passage is not possible. Attempting to have the uterus force a large baby through a normal birth canal or a normal-sized baby through a too-small passage may cause brain injury to the baby, and may subject the mother to an unnecessarily long, painful labor. Pelvic bones misshapen by injuries or diseases such as rickets may make birth canals impassable for the baby.



"The only doctor I could find was on the golf course."

Some babies begin their journey through the birth canal in odd postures. Ideally, the baby proceeds down the birth canal with the back of the head (called the occiput) coming first, preferably with the occiput to the front of the mother's pelvis. This is referred to as "occiput anterior" position. It is the most favorable position for easy passage through the birth canal. Should the arm or shoulder present first, the baby comes to lie crosswise in the pelvis and natural delivery is impossible. Left to nature, both mother and baby will die. Babies coming chin first or brow first come with considerable hazard as do babies born breech. A breech baby has the hazard of having the cord fall out and becoming compressed, thus shutting off the baby's oxygen supply. The baby's legs and hips are small and deliver easily, but delivering the shoulders with the arms wedged up beside the head is extremely difficult in breech delivery. Sometimes the head itself is too large to be born after the rest of the baby has been delivered. These problems lead doctors to favor Caesarean sections for babies that enter the birth canal in problematical positions.

Medical considerations also prompt obstetricians to surgically deliver babies. For unknown reasons, some babies of diabetic mothers die in the womb as the time comes for delivery. Caesarean delivery a few days early may avoid this complication. Similarly, babies of Rh-sensitized mothers and mothers with toxemia do better if delivered early.

A mother with a vaginal herpes infection that flares up in the two weeks before delivery is advised to have a Caesarean section to prevent the baby from contracting the herpes infection in the passage through the birth canal. Herpes infections for the infant can be fatal.

Early delivery poses other problems for babies. If delivered before the lungs have matured, the baby may develop respiratory-distress syndrome or hyaline membrane disease, which plagues premature babies of natural birth. To avoid delivering babies too early, doctors now do amniocentesis—that is, they stick a needle through the mother's abdomen and into the womb. A small amount of the fluid surrounding the baby is then withdrawn. By measuring the ratio of lecithin to syringomyelin, lung maturity can be determined, and optimal timing of delivery established.

Following a Caesarean section, most doctors prefer to deliver subsequent babies by Caesarean section also. When mothers deliver naturally after having had a Caesarean section, 1 to 2 percent have the complication of having their wombs tear through the scar left by the Caesarean section. This is a grave hazard for mother and baby. Vaginal deliveries of women

Study of High-Lysine/Low-Arginine Diets on Death Rate of AKR Mice

Group	Percent lysine by weight	Percent arginine by weight	Number of mice in test group	Number surviving	Percent survival
IV	5.6%	none	14	7	50.0%
III	4.2%	.165%	15	3	20.0%
II	2.8%	.33%	15	3	20.0%
I	2.1%	.495%	13	2	15.4%
Control Group	Standard mouse food pellets		37	6	16.2%

When we look at our leukemia-prone mice, we can't help thinking that it is almost as if our prayers have been answered. The results are better than we dared hope for. There are three times as many survivors in the group that has for the last year received the highest levels of lysine and no arginine.

Our regular readers will remember that two years ago we discovered from the computer read-outs of our cancer-prevention survey that people who had taken lysine for several years had less cancer than those who had not taken lysine. We couldn't ascribe cause-and-effect, of course, but we were curious enough to begin an experiment in feeding high-lysine rations to cancer-prone mice. We have been feeding the mice for more than a year now, and the results are so encouraging that we have scheduled a lysine symposium to be held in Indianapolis next February. Distinguished professors and researchers have been invited to speak. It will be open to physicians, scientists and interested lay persons who wish to learn more about the potentials of high-lysine, low-arginine diet manipulation in disease prevention. Interested persons should write to Lysine, Box 567, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

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who have had a Caesarean section should only be done when facilities and personnel are at hand for immediate operative delivery should a tear occur.

President

continued from page 65

chair for narrative music in the National Symphony under the baton of Mstislav Rostropovich, who has become one of the world's finest conductors. Nancy's joy knew no bounds. Since often the President is honoring a country without resources, one that has sent its representatives to the White House in an effort to receive dollars, a gift of this magnitude was understandably a happy surprise. It was a most appropriate gesture and thanks were given in the best of taste.

That was the end of my "interview" because it was apparent that Nancy was eager to reclaim her man and Beurt couldn't wait to tell me about the great exchange of ideas he'd had with Ed Meese.

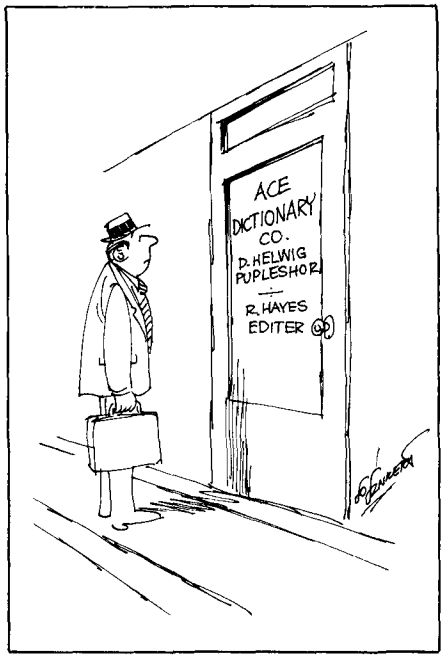
After-dinner music in the East Room was gay and light. Later, in the foyer, the band struck up "Shall We Dance." Nancy, still beaming about the gift to the National Symphony, danced with the President. A little later, to everyone's delight, the band played "Second Hand Rose," and Nancy Reagan went into a dance routine, kicking up her heels and flipping the skirt of her svelte red gown. Guests cheered as the President and the first lady went upstairs to their private quarters. As we were leaving, Helen Thomas, who is herself an Arab, chided me because I wouldn't tell her what the President had told me at dinner. She knew I wanted to save it for *Post* readers.

Davis

continued from page 53

"No, but lasagne is my favorite food, I love to take catnaps and I think jogging is boring," he says. "But you're right, I'm not cynical. I'm an optimist and Garfield is a pessimist. I look on the bright side and he looks on the dark side. I have a feeling that Garfield can say and do a lot of things I can't, and I might be able to express myself in some ways through him that I don't admit to."

Whoever's doing the talking—Garfield or Davis—the public likes the message. The strip is now included in 1,700 newspapers, right behind "Peanuts" (2,000) and "Dagwood and Blondie" (1,900), and it's translated daily into some 20 languages. Another book is in the planning stage (*Garfield: His Nine Lives*) and a third prime-time TV special ("Garfield In The Rough") will be aired this fall. For fans who like to decorate their world in Garfield, the great one's image is available on more than 4,500



licensed products—everything from underwear to the cat's pajamas—all approved by Davis.

When he gets away from it all, he has little trouble shedding Garfield. The cat dutifully stays back on the drawing board at the end of the day and isn't prodded to life until Davis jars his own imagination the next morning. With that kind of discipline the artist hopes to keep Garfield fresh and funny for another 25 years. That's their goal. His and Garfield's.

"I'm happy," he says simply. "There's really nothing else I want. Oh, as far as my writing ability and my art ability go, I'm far from satisfied with them; and we always hope to come out with a funnier strip, a better TV show, a higher quality product. But those are connected with the day-to-day discipline I push myself toward. They're certainly not long-term life goals, because I've reached those." He trades philosophy for humor and seriousness for a grin when a punch line comes to mind: "When you think about it, I couldn't be happier for me."

Caribbean

continued from page 106

No *mañana* here, no exotic drumbeat or mariachi bands. Without their palm trees, endless beaches and limpid waters, you might think you were in Cape Cod—or perhaps Nova Scotia would make a better comparison, for this is an area with staunch British roots. The natives' accent is a vague sort of brogue, and there is a Protestant church or a bank every couple of blocks in George Town, the capital.

Even though the Holiday Inn has come to the Caymans, the atmosphere still has a simple, unspoiled air to it. The water may be the clearest in the world; that British aura of civilization clings to the place; the traditional tropical pastimes are available—snorkeling, scuba diving, fishing, glass-bottom boating. Perhaps we could say that the famous Seven Mile Beach outside George Town is just the best place in the Caribbeans for an extended round of beachcombing.

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MONEY TALK

by H. J. Ullmann

There was a time when banks were banks, good for loaning money or for saving it. Insurance companies sold insurance; stockbrokers sold stock. And that was that.

When we took a mortgage to buy a house, we would go to the bank and sign our promise to pay it back.

Now banks sell stocks, insurance companies loan money and stockbrokers offer checking accounts. And there are more ways to buy a house or a condominium than there are ways to skin a cat.

Some banks still offer the old-style mortgages—fixed-interest, fixed-payment mortgages now called fixed-rate mortgages. But they are expensive. The lenders who make fixed-rate mortgages want large down payments and high interest rates—interest rates that currently run 13 to 15 percent. What the lender gets in these days of high money costs is a guarantee that the money loaned will earn substantial interest during the uncertain 20, 30 or 40 years the mortgage runs. The borrower gets the security of knowing that no matter what happens with inflation and interest rates, the mortgage payments will not go up.

But not everyone can afford the high cost of certainty in uncertain times.

A newer sort of mortgage is the graduated-payment mortgage. This mortgage begins with a low monthly payment—a payment that may actually be too low to fully cover the principal and interest of the loan. But over the first few years of the loan, the payments rise until they do fully cover principal and interest, including the principal and interest not fully paid with the low early payments. The payments remain constant for the rest of the mortgage's life. These mortgages have some obvious advantages for young families of limited means but good economic expectations. But there is the risk that an expected raise or bonus might not materialize.

More speculative for the borrowers are the adjustable-rate mortgages. If the lender can vary the interest rate on the mortgage while inflation rates

and money costs fluctuate, then the mortgage money can be loaned at a lower interest rate—a rate more consistent with today's economy. The terms of such a mortgage usually specify that the interest rate may be adjusted at specific intervals—every six months, for example—and that the interest rate may be adjusted according to changes in some predetermined index, such as the interest rates of U.S. Treasury securities.

Some of these adjustable-rate mortgages may carry a provision that limits the amount the monthly payment may be increased at any single point in the life of the mortgage. This provision offers some protection that the borrower will not be hit with a sudden, whopping increase in the monthly mortgage payment. But usually an accompanying provision protects the lender in case a dramatic surge in interest rates and money costs occurs. Whatever amount the lender loses because of the limit on the one-time increases may be added to the loan's outstanding principal. Thus, if higher interest rates and money costs mean that the lender ought to get $2,000 more for his investment, but the mortgage payments can be increased to recover only $1,000, then the other $1,000 is added to the outstanding balance on the mortgage.

A risky mortgage for borrowers is the balloon-payment mortgage, often a short-term mortgage that runs for only 3 to 7 years but carries repayment schedules typical of 25- or 30-year mortgages. How does it work?

Low payments over a short term obviously will not repay a large mortgage, so the low payments continue only until the last payment—the balloon payment—is due. Then the borrower must repay at once, in a very large payment, the balance not repaid by the other very small payments. The advantage to the borrower is that low payments are assured for a few years; the trade-off is the uncertainty of how to handle the balloon payment when it finally comes due.

Still other varieties are blooming in the mortgage garden. The growing-equity mortgage schedules annual increases in the mortgage payments so that the borrower builds equity faster and the lender recovers the money sooner. This mortgage might be a good option for families that have good prospects of rising incomes, because the faster the principal is repaid, the lower the money spent for interest—and the lower the true cost of the house.

For those who cannot afford higher monthly payments, there are shared-appreciation mortgages. Most of us buy our houses with the hope that their value will increase at a faster rate than inflation. The shared-appreciation mortgage lets the lender share in those hopes. In return for a lower interest rate on the mortgage, the lender will share in the profits if you sell before the mortgage is retired.

All of this complexity really means that you must study the terms of each variety of available mortgage before you buy and that you should choose your mortgage according to your circumstances—if your income is fixed, then you want a mortgage that gives some protection against rising interest rates and rising payments; if your cash reserves are low but your income prospects are good, then you might want a mortgage that will steadily increase the size of the payments in return for a low down payment or a low interest rate. But whatever you choose, read the terms and know what they mean before you sign.

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It's me—GARFIELD the bug-eyed snow cat. I'm as nutty as a cat can be. No one can help but laugh as I race around the tree. My pal, ODIE, right behind. Just watch our daring feats. We're dashing through the snow to get our Christmas treats. Look out Rudolph, here comes ODIE with antlers all fuzzy and flocked. He's so much like a reindeer even Santa will be shocked. Put GARFIELD gift ornaments, musicals and mugs at the top of your Christmas list. Give them to family, friends and teachers. He's the cat no one can resist!

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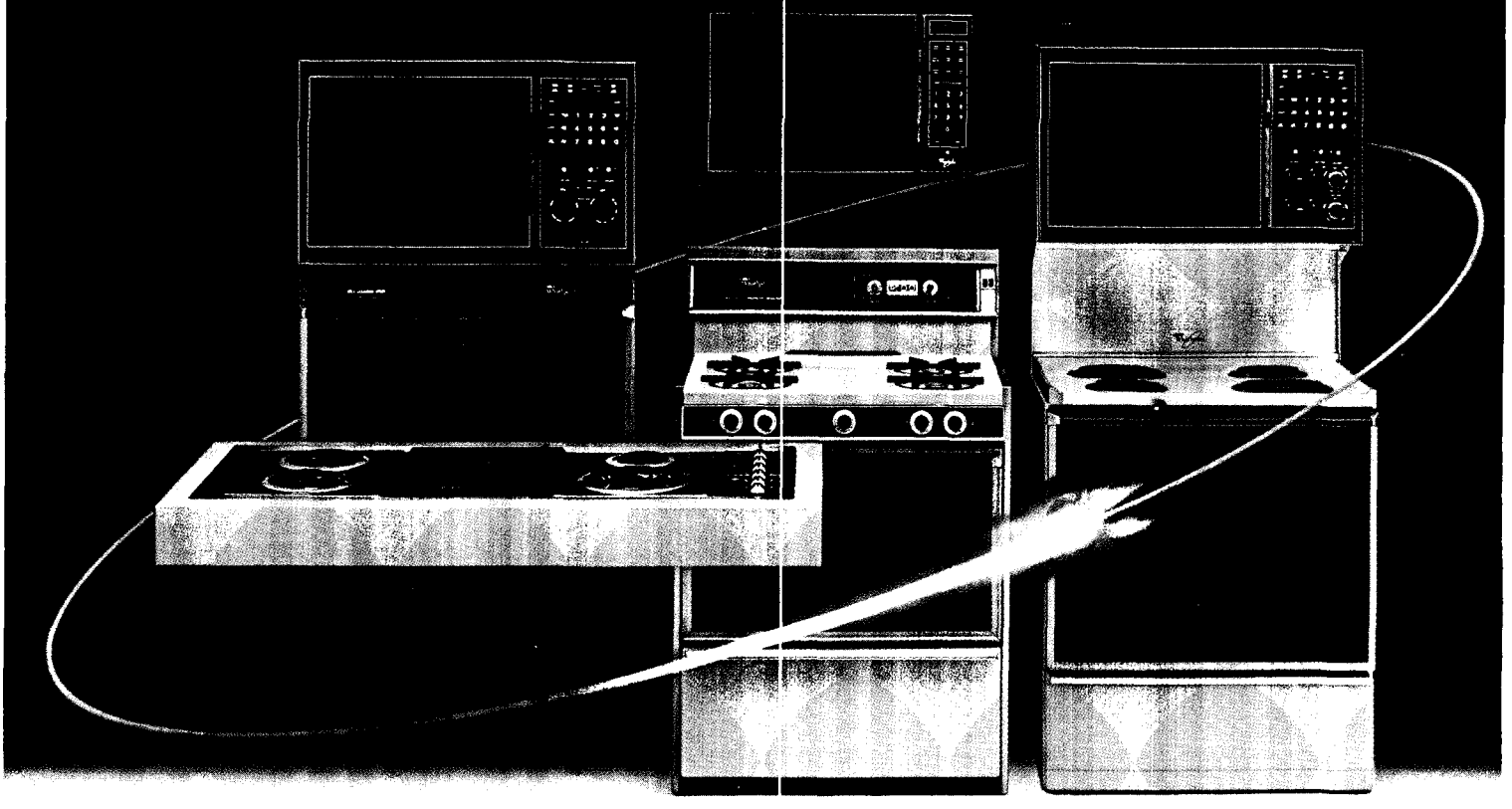

The greatest advancement in modern cooking can be summed up in one word: convenience. And at Whirlpool,® we're proud of our role in creating a wide selection of products that give you great cooking efficiency with a minimum of work.

Better cooking.

Our ranges have ovens with a Balanced Cooking system designed to ensure better results. Our infinitely variable controls are designed to give you more versatile cooking. Most Whirlpool microwave ovens have a Balanced Wave Cooking System and a Quick Defrost cycle that works 40% faster than any other defrost cycle we've ever made. And they're available in many sizes and styles for installation flexibility.

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Whirlpool cooking products are available in a wide variety of colors, most in platinum and toast. All are backed by services that include our toll-free 24-hour Cool-Line® service.* And the Whirlpool promise of good, honest quality that will give you your money's worth and make your world a little easier.

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